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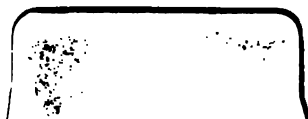
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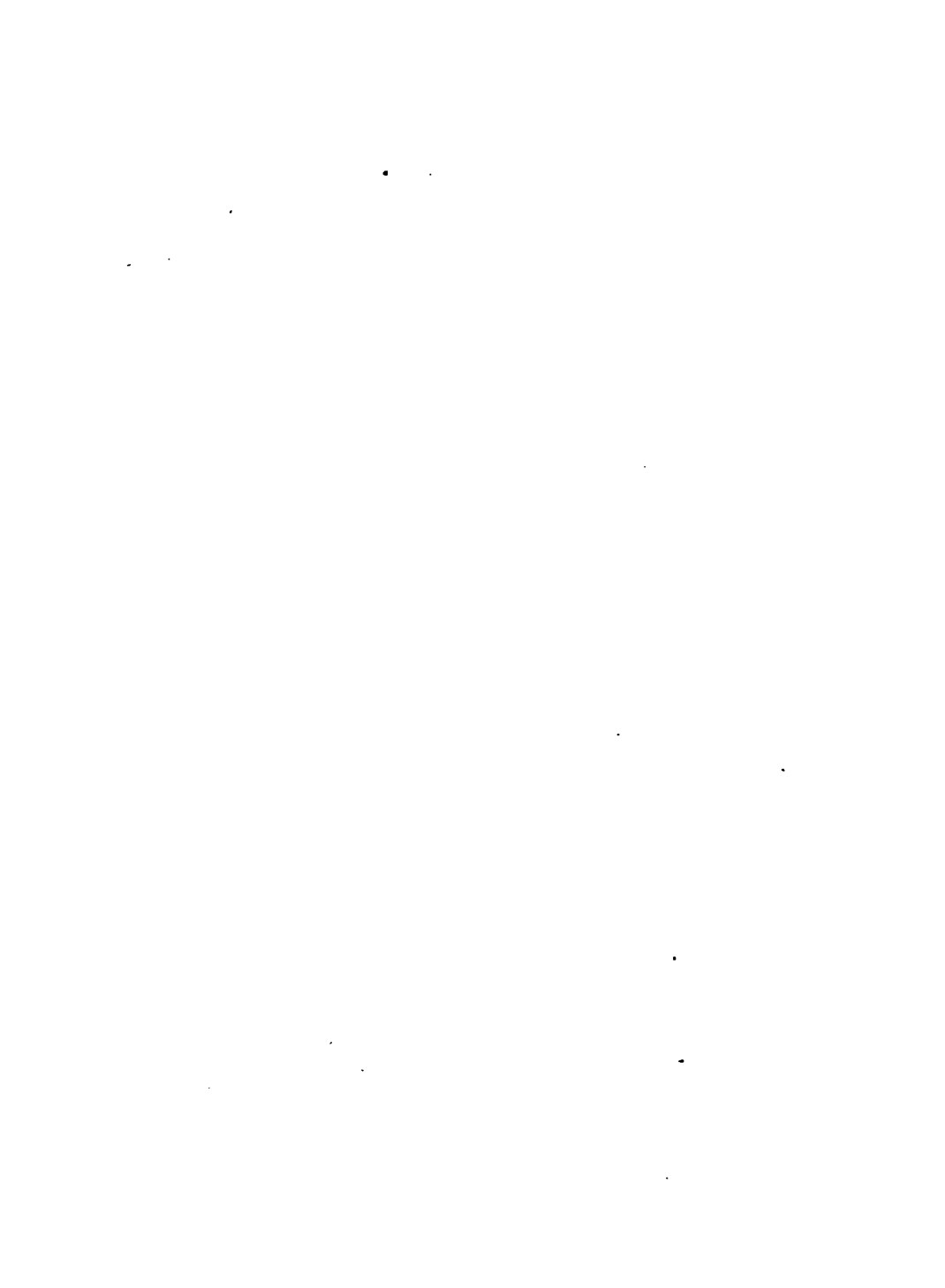
W. & R. CHAMBERS
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A GIPSIES' CAMP.—See No. 108.

CHAMBERS'S
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. XIV.

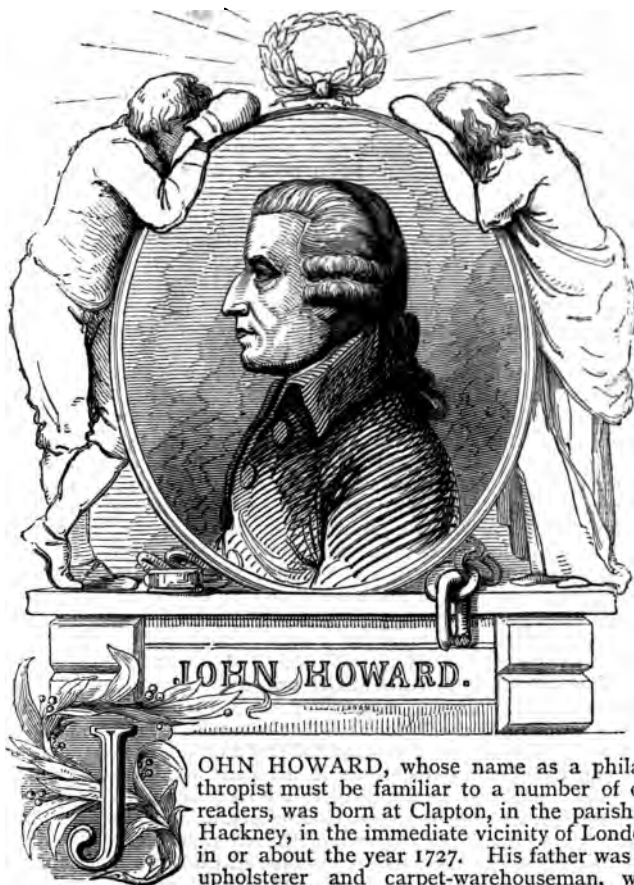


W. AND R. CHAMBERS
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JOHAN HOWARD, whose name as a philanthropist must be familiar to a number of our readers, was born at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, in the immediate vicinity of London, in or about the year 1727. His father was an upholsterer and carpet-warehouseman, who had acquired a considerable fortune in trade, and had retired from business to live at Hackney. Being a dissenter, and a man of strong religious principles, he sent his son at an early age to be educated by a schoolmaster named Worsley, who kept an establishment at some distance from London, where the sons of many opulent dissenters, friends of Mr Howard, were already boarded. The selection appears to have been injudicious; for in after-life Mr Howard assured an intimate friend, with greater indignation than

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he used to express on most subjects, 'that, after a continuance of seven years at this school, he left it not fully taught any one thing.' From Mr Worsley's school he was removed, probably about the age of fourteen, to one of a superior description in London, the master of which, Mr Eames, was a man of some reputation for learning. His acquisitions at both seminaries seem to have been of the meagre kind then deemed sufficient for a person who was to be engaged in commercial pursuits; and it is the assertion of Mr Howard's biographer, Dr Aikin, founded on personal knowledge, that he 'was never able to speak or write his native language with grammatical correctness, and that his acquaintance with other languages—the French perhaps excepted—was slight and superficial.' In this, however, he did not differ perhaps from the generality of persons similarly circumstanced in their youth, and destined, like him, for business.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, Mr Howard was bound apprentice by his father to Messrs Newnham and Shipley, extensive wholesale grocers in Watling Street, who received a premium of £700 with him. His father dying, however, shortly afterwards, and the state of his health or his natural tastes indisposing him for the mode of life for which he had been destined, he made arrangements with his masters for the purchase of the remaining term of his apprenticeship, and quitted business. By the will of his father, who is described as a strict methodical man, of somewhat penurious disposition, he was not to come into possession of the property till he had attained his twenty-fourth year. On attaining that age, he was to be entitled to the sum of £7000 in money, together with all his father's landed and movable property: his only sister receiving as her share £8000 in money, with certain additions of jewels, &c. which had belonged to her mother. Although nominally under the charge of guardians, Mr Howard was allowed a considerable share in the management of his own property. He had his house at Clapton, which his father's parsimonious habits had suffered to fall into decay, repaired or rebuilt, intending to make it his general place of residence. Connected with the repairing of this house an anecdote is told of Mr Howard, which will appear characteristic. He used to go every day to superintend the progress of the workmen; and an old man who had been gardener to his father, and who continued about the house until it was let some time afterwards, used to tell, as an instance of Mr Howard's goodness of disposition when young, that every day during the repairs he would be in the street, close by the garden-wall, just as the baker's cart was passing, when he would regularly buy a loaf and throw it over the wall, saying to the gardener as he came in: 'Harry, go and look among the cabbages; you will find something for yourself and family.'

After passing his twentieth year, Mr Howard, being of delicate health, quitted his native country, and made a tour through France

and Italy, which lasted a year or two, but of the particulars of which we have no account. On his return to England, probably about the year 1750, he took lodgings in Stoke-Newington, living as a gentleman of independent property and quiet retired habits, and much respected by a small circle of acquaintances, chiefly dissenters. The state of his health, however, was such as to require constant care. His medical attendants, thinking him liable to consumption, recommended to him a very rigorous regimen in diet, which 'laid the foundation,' says one of his biographers, 'of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratifications of the palate which ever after so much distinguished him.' This condition of his health obliged him also to have recourse to frequent changes of air and scene. Newington, however, was his usual place of residence. Here, having experienced much kindness and attention, during a very severe attack of illness, from his landlady, Mrs Sarah Loidoire, an elderly widow of small property, he resolved to marry her; and although she remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of the step, considering their great disparity of ages—he being in his twenty-fifth, and she in her fifty-second year—the marriage was concluded in 1752. Nothing but the supposition that he was actuated by gratitude can account for this singular step in Mr Howard's life. The lady, it appears, was not only twice as old as himself, but also very sickly; and that no reasons of interest can have influenced him, is evident, as well from the fact that she was poor in comparison with himself, as from the circumstance of his immediately making over the whole of her little property to her sister. Mr Howard seems to have lived very happily with his wife till her death shortly afterwards, in November 1755.

On his wife's death, he resolved to leave England for another tour on the continent. In his former tour he had visited most of the places of usual resort in France and Italy; during the present, therefore, he intended to pursue some less common route. After some deliberation, he determined to sail first to Portugal, in order to visit its capital, Lisbon, then in ruins from the effects of that tremendous earthquake the news of which had appalled Europe. Nothing is more interesting than to observe the effects which great public events of a calamitous nature produce on different minds; indeed, one of the most instructive ways of contrasting men's dispositions is to consider how they are severally affected by some stupendous occurrence. It is to be regretted, therefore, that we are not informed more particularly by Howard's biographers of the reasons which determined him to visit the scene of the awful catastrophe which had recently occurred in Portugal—whether they were motives of mere curiosity, or whether they partook of that desire to place himself in contact with misery, that passion for proximity to wretchedness, which formed so large an element in Howard's character, and marked him out from the first as predestined for a career of philanthropy.

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Before leaving England to proceed on his tour to the south of Europe, Mr Howard broke up his establishment at Stoke-Newington, and, with that generosity which was so natural to him, made a distribution among the poorer people of the neighbourhood of those articles of furniture for which he had now no necessity. The old gardener already mentioned used to relate that his *dividend* of the furniture on this occasion consisted of a bedstead and bedding complete, a table, six new chairs, and a scythe. A few weeks after this distribution of his furniture, Mr Howard set sail in the *Hanover*, a Lisbon packet. Unfortunately, the vessel never reached her destination, being captured during her voyage by a French privateer. The crew and passengers were treated with great cruelty by their captors, being kept for forty hours under hatches without bread or water. They were carried into Brest, and confined all together in the castle of that place as prisoners of war. Here their sufferings were increased; and after lying for many hours in their dungeon without the slightest nourishment, they had a joint of mutton thrown in amongst them, which (not having a knife to cut it) they were obliged to tear with their hands, and gnaw like dogs. For nearly a week they lay on straw in their damp and unwholesome dungeon, after which they were separated, and severally disposed of. Mr Howard was removed first to Morlaix, and afterwards to Carpaix, where he was allowed for two months to go about on parole—an indulgence usually accorded to officers only, but which Mr Howard's manners and behaviour procured for him from the authorities. He was even furnished, it is said, with the means of returning to England, that he might negotiate his own exchange for some French naval officer, a prisoner of war in the hands of the English. This exchange was happily accomplished, and Mr Howard was once more at liberty, and in England. His short captivity in France, however, was not without its good effects, by interesting him strongly in the condition of those unfortunate men who, chancing like himself to be captured at sea during war, were languishing in dungeons both in France and England, and atoning by their sufferings for the mutual injuries or discords of the nations to which they belonged. Mr Howard's imprisonment may be said to have first given a specific direction to his philanthropic enthusiasm. In his *Account of the State of Prisons*, published a considerable time afterwards, he subjoins the following note to a passage in which he contrasts the favourable treatment which prisoners of war usually receive, with the cruelties which domestic prisoners experience: 'I must not be understood here to mean a compliment to the French. How they then treated English prisoners of war I knew by experience in 1756, when a Lisbon packet in which I went passenger, in order to make the tour of Portugal, was taken by a French privateer. Before we reached Brest, I suffered the extremity of thirst, not having, for above forty hours, one drop of water, nor hardly a morsel of food. In the castle

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of Brest I lay for six nights upon straw ; and observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, during the two months I was at Carpaix upon parole I corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan. At the last of these towns were several of our ship's crew and my servant. I had sufficient evidence of their being treated with such barbarity, that many hundreds had perished, and that thirty-six were buried in a hole at Dinan in one day. When I came to England, still on parole, I made known to the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen the sundry particulars, which gained their attention and thanks. Remonstrance was made to the French court ; our sailors had redress ; and those who were in the three prisons mentioned above were brought home in the first cartel-ships. Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people whose case is the subject of this book.' In Mr Howard's conduct, as here described by himself, we discern the real characteristic of active philanthropy. How few men are there who, like him, would have turned a personal misfortune to such good account ; and who, while enduring sufferings themselves, would have occupied their thoughts with the means of putting an end, for all time coming, to the system which permitted such sufferings ! Most men would have occupied the time of their imprisonment with sighs and lamentations ; and once at liberty, they would have returned gleefully to the enjoyment of their homes, without troubling themselves about their less fortunate fellow-sufferers whom they had left behind, or at least without conceiving that their exertions could do anything for their benefit. But it is the characteristic of men like Howard, when once their attention is called to a wrong, not to rest until they have seen it rectified.

PRIVATE AND DOMESTIC CHARACTER—CONDUCT AS A LANDLORD.

On his return to England, Mr Howard went to reside on the small estate of Cardington, near Bedford, which had been left him by his father, and which he had increased by the purchase of an additional farm. He appears to have resided here for the next two years, leading the life of a quiet country-gentleman, superintending his farms, and earning the respect and good-will of all the people in the neighbourhood by his attention to the comforts of his tenants, and his charities to the poor. It was during this period also, on the 13th of May 1756, that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society ; an honour which did not necessarily imply that he possessed reputation as a scientific man, or even as a man of brilliant abilities, but only that he was a gentleman of respectability, who, like many others of his class, took an interest in scientific pursuits. Howard's attainments in science do not seem to have ever been very great.

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and the only point of his character which connected him particularly with a scientific body was his taste for meteorological observations.

On the 25th of April 1758, Mr Howard contracted a second marriage with Miss Henrietta Leeds, eldest daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq. of Croxton, Cambridgeshire. The lady whom he had selected as his partner in life is described as amiable, affectionate, pious, and in every way worthy of such a husband. Her tastes were the same as his, and she cordially seconded all his charitable plans for the assistance and relief of those who depended upon his benevolence.

For seven years Mr Howard enjoyed uninterrupted happiness in the society of his wife. During this period, he resided first at Cardington, next for about three years at Watcombe in Hampshire, and latterly at Cardington again. The even tenor of his existence during these years presents few incidents worth recording. Reading, gardening, and the improvement of his grounds occupied most of his time. His meteorological observations were likewise diligently continued; and it is mentioned, as a proof of his perseverance in whatever he undertook, that on the setting in of a frost, he used to leave his bed at two o'clock every morning while it lasted, for the purpose of looking at a thermometer which he kept in his garden. His charities, as before, were profuse and systematic. His desire, and that of his wife, was to see all around them industrious and happy. To effect this, they used all the influence which their position as persons of property and wealth gave them over the villagers and cottagers in their neighbourhood. One of their modes of dispensing charity was to employ persons out of work in making articles of furniture or ornament; and in this way, it is said, Mrs Howard soon increased her stock of table-linen to a quantity greater than would ever be required by any household.

On the 31st of March 1765, Mrs Howard died in giving birth to a son, the first and only issue of their marriage. This event was a source of poignant affliction to her husband. On the tablet which he erected to her memory in Cardington Church, he caused to be inscribed the following passage from the Book of Proverbs: 'She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue was the law of kindness.' Her miniature was ever after his constant companion by sea or land; and the day of her death was observed by him annually as a day of fasting, meditation, and prayer.

From the death of his wife in 1765 to the end of the year 1769, Mr Howard appears to have remained in England, and at Cardington as before, with the exception of a month or six weeks in the year 1767, which he devoted to a tour through Holland. His principal occupation during these four years was the education of his infant son. From the circumstance that this boy, when he arrived at the years of manhood, conducted himself in a profligate manner, and at

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last became insane, much attention has been drawn to Mr Howard's mode of educating him in his infancy; some insisting that his conduct as a parent was harsh and injudicious, others going so far as to assert that this man—whom the world reveres as a philanthropist, and whose benevolent soul yearned for the whole human race—was in his domestic relations a narrow and unfeeling tyrant. This last assertion—although, abstractly considered, there is nothing impossible or absurd in it, inasmuch as we may conceive such a thing as real philanthropy on the large scale conjoined with inattention to one's immediate duties as a husband or a father—appears to have absolutely no foundation whatever in Howard's case; and to have originated either in malice, or in that vulgar love of effect which delights in finding striking incongruities in the characters of great men. Nor does the other assertion—that Howard's mode of educating his infant son was harsh and injudicious—appear more worthy of credit. The truth seems to be, that Howard was a kind and benevolent man, of naturally strict and methodical habits, who entertained, upon principle, high ideas of the authority of the head of a family. A friend of his relates that he often heard him tell in company, as a piece of pleasantry, that before his marriage with his second wife he made an agreement with her, that in order to prevent all those little altercations about family matters which he had observed to be the principal causes of domestic discomfort, *he* should always decide. Mrs Howard, he said, had cheerfully agreed to this arrangement; and it was attended with the best effects. The same principle of the supremacy of the head of a family—a principle much less powerful in society now than it was a generation or two ago—guided him in his behaviour to his son. 'Regarding children,' says Dr Aikin, 'as creatures possessed of strong passions and desires, without reason and experience to control them, he thought that nature seemed, as it were, to mark them out as the subjects of absolute authority, and that the first and fundamental principle to be inculcated upon them was implicit and unlimited obedience.' The plan of education here described may to some appear austere and injudicious, while others will cordially approve of it, as that recommended by experience and common-sense; but, at all events, the charges of harshness and cruelty which some have endeavoured to found upon it are mere calumnies, refuted by the testimony of all who knew Mr Howard, and were witnesses to his affection for his son.

Sensible of the loss which the boy had sustained by the death of his mother, Mr Howard placed him, in his fifth year, under the care of a lady in whom he had confidence, who kept a boarding-school at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. This and other arrangements having been made, he went abroad on a fourth continental tour towards the end of 1769. Proceeding through the south of France, and spending a few weeks at Geneva, he visited most of the remarkable places in Italy, some of them for the second time; and returned home through

Germany in the latter part of 1770, having been absent in all about twelve months.

When Howard had again settled at Cardington, he resumed his benevolent schemes of local improvement. It appears that the vicinity of Bedford, and Cardington especially, was inhabited by a very poor population, liable to frequent visitations of distress from the fluctuations of the only manufacture which yielded them employment—that of lace; as well as generally from the unhealthy and marshy nature of the soil, rendering ague prevalent. Mr Howard's first care with respect to those to whom he was attached as landlord, was to improve their dwellings. 'At different times,' says his biographer, Mr Brown, 'he pulled down all the cottages on his estate, and rebuilt them in a neat but simple style, paying particular attention to their preservation, as much as possible, from the dampness of the soil. Others which were not his property before, he purchased, and re-erected upon the same plan; adding to the number of the whole by building several new ones in different parts of the village. To each of these he allotted a piece of garden-ground sufficient to supply the family of its occupier with potatoes and other vegetables; and generally ornamented them in front with a small fore-court, fenced off from the road by neat white palings, enclosing a bed or two of simple flowers, with here and there a shrub or an evergreen; thus imparting to these habitations of the poor, with their white fronts and thatched roofs, that air of neatness and comfort so strikingly characteristic of everything in which he engaged.' 'These comfortable habitations, which he let at a rent of twenty or thirty shillings a year,' says another biographer, Dr Aikin, 'he peopled with the most industrious and sober tenants he could find; and over them he exercised the superintendence of master and father combined. He was careful to furnish them with employment, to assist them in sickness and distress, and to educate their children.' In consequence of these exertions of Mr Howard, aided and seconded by those of his friend and relative, Samuel Whitbread, Esq., who possessed property in the same neighbourhood, 'Cardington, which seemed at one time to contain the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, soon became one of the neatest villages in the kingdom—exhibiting all the pleasing appearances of competence and content, the natural rewards of industry and virtue.' Industry and cleanliness were the two virtues which Mr Howard sought by all means to naturalise among the villagers of Cardington. It was his custom to visit the houses of his tenants now and then, conversing with them on the state of their affairs. During such visits, he was particular in requesting them to keep their houses clean; and it was one of his standing advices that they should 'swill the floors well with water.' After talking with the children, he would tell them, at parting, to be 'good boys and girls, and keep their faces and hands clean.'

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Among Mr Howard's other benefactions to the locality of Cardington, he established schools for the education of the boys and girls of the neighbourhood in the rudiments of knowledge. Of these it was strictly required that they should regularly attend some place of worship on Sundays; whether the Established Church, or any other, was indifferent, provided it was a church at all. His anxiety on this point also led him to convert one of his cottages into a preaching station, where the neighbouring clergymen of different persuasions, or occasionally a clergyman from a distance passing through the village, might officiate to such as chose to attend; and very rarely was the little congregation without at least one sermon a week. Mr Howard, when at Cardington, was invariably present at these meetings. His regular place of worship was the Old Meeting-house at Bedford, of which the Rev. Mr Symonds was pastor from 1766 to 1772. In the latter year, however, when Mr Symonds declared his adherence to the theological tenets of the Baptists, Mr Howard seceded along with a considerable part of the congregation, and established a new meeting-house. The truth is, however, that, with all his piety, and indeed on account of the very strength and sincerity of it, the theological differences of sects occupied very little space in his attention, and did not in the least affect his schemes of philanthropy; and though a dissenter of a particular denomination himself, dissenters of all other denominations, as well as members of the Established Church, were equally the objects of his respect and his benevolent solicitude.

The following recollections of Mr Howard's habits at this period, by the Rev. Mr Townsend, who resided with him at Cardington for a short period, in the interval between the secession from the Old Meeting-house and the erection of the new one, may be interesting. 'He found him,' he said, 'not disposed to talk much; he sat but a short time at table, and was in motion during the whole day. He was very abstemious; lived chiefly on vegetables, ate little animal food, and drank no wine or spirits. He hated praise; and when Mr Townsend once mentioned to him his labours of benevolence'—not those general ones for which he is now so celebrated, but his exertions for the improvement of the condition of the people in his neighbourhood—'he spoke of them slightly, as a whim of his, and immediately changed the subject.' 'He was at all times,' adds his biographer, Mr Brown, 'remarkably neat in his dress, but affected no singularity in it. Though he never thought it right to indulge in the luxuries of life, he did not despise its comforts. Wine or fermented liquors of any kind he himself never drank; but they were always provided, and that of the best quality, for his friends who chose to take them. He always maintained an intercourse of civility with some of the most considerable persons in the county, and was on visiting terms with the greater part of the country-gentlemen around him, and with the most respectable inhabitants of the town.

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of Bedford, churchmen and dissenters. His aversion to mix much with promiscuous assemblies was the result of his religious principles and habits, which taught him that this was no very profitable method of spending his time; yet however uncomplaining he might be with the freedoms and irregularities of polite life, he was by no means negligent of its received forms; and though he might be denominated a man of scruples and singularities, no one would dispute his claim to the title of a *gentleman*.'

APPOINTED HIGH-SHERIFF OF BEDFORD—COMMENCES AND COMPLETES HIS SURVEY OF BRITISH PRISONS.

From these details, our readers will be able to fancy Mr Howard as he was in the year 1773—a widower country-gentleman of plain, upright, methodical habits, aged about forty-six; devout and exemplary in his conduct, and a dissenter by profession, but without any strong prejudices for or against any sect; temperate and economical, but the very reverse of parsimonious; fond of travelling, and exceedingly attentive to what fell under his observation; of a disposition overflowing with kindness at the aspect of a miserable object, and prompting him to go out in search of wretchedness, and to distribute over his whole neighbourhood the means of comfort and happiness. Such was Mr Howard in the year 1773; and if he had then died, his name would never have been so celebrated as it is over the world, but would only have been remembered in the particular district where his lot was cast, as the names of many benevolent landlords and good men are locally remembered all over the country. Fortunately, however, a circumstance happened which opened up for this unostentatious benefactor of a village a career of world-wide philanthropy. This was his election, in the year 1773, to the important office of high-sheriff of the county of Bedford. Regarding the special circumstances which led to his election to such a post, we have no information. It may be mentioned, however, that, in accepting the office, he subjected himself to the liability of a fine of £500—the laws which disqualified dissenters from holding such offices not having been yet repealed, although they were practically set at defiance by the increasing liberality of the age. A story was indeed once current that Mr Howard, on his nomination to the office, stated to Earl Bathurst, then Lord Chancellor, his scruples about accepting it, arising from the fact of his not being a member of the Church of England; and that Lord Bathurst, in reply, gave him an assurance of indemnification, in case any malicious person should endeavour to put the law in force against him. This story, however, does not appear to have been well founded.

The duties of a high-sheriff in England are important and various. 'To him are addressed the writs commencing all actions, and he

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returns the juries for the trial of men's lives, liberties, lands, and goods. He executes the judgments of the courts. In his county, he is the principal conservator of the peace. He presides in his own court as a judge; and he not only tries all causes of forty shillings in value, but also questions of larger amount. He presides at all elections of members of parliament and coroners. He apprehends all wrong-doers, and for that purpose, in criminal cases, he is entitled to break open outer doors to seize the offender. He defends the county against riot, or rebellion, or invasion. The sheriff takes precedence of all persons in the county. He is responsible for the execution of criminals. He receives and entertains the judges of assize, on whom he is constantly in attendance whilst they remain in his shire. To assist him in the performance of his duties, the sheriff employs an under-sheriff, and also a bailiff and jailers, from whom he takes securities for their good conduct.* Such was the office to which, fortunately for society, Mr Howard was appointed at the annual election of sheriffs in the year 1773.

The office of high-sheriff became a different thing in the hands of such a man as Howard from what it had been before. It was no longer a mere honourable office, all the drudgery of which was performed by the under-sheriff; it was no longer the mere right of going in state twice a year to meet the judges, and of presiding during the gaieties of an assize-week; it was a situation of real power and laborious well-doing. Already alive to the existence of numerous abuses in prison management—as well by his general information respecting the institutions of the country, as by his own experience of prison-life in France seventeen years before—he had not been a month in office before all the faculties of his heart and soul were engaged in searching out and dragging into public notice the horrible corruptions and pollutions of the English prison-system.

Within Mr Howard's own cognisance as sheriff of Bedfordshire, there were three prisons—the county jail, the county bridewell, and the town jail, all in Bedford; and, as a matter of course, it was with these that his inquiries commenced. Various abuses struck him in their management, particularly in that of the county jail, the accommodations of which, whether for the purposes of work, health, or cleanliness, he found very deficient. But what roused his sense of justice most of all was to find that the jailer had no salary, and depended for great part of his income on the following clause in the prison regulations: 'All persons that come to this place, either by warrant, commitment, or verbally, must pay, before being discharged, fifteen shillings and fourpence to the jailer, and two shillings to the turnkey.' The effect which this and similar exactions from prisoners in the Bedford jail made upon him, will be best learned from his own statement prefixed to his *Account of the State of Prisons*. 'The

* Art. 'Sheriff,' *Penny Cyclopædia*.

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distress of prisoners,' he says, 'of which there are few who have not some imperfect idea, came more immediately under my notice when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was seeing some who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*—some on whom the grand-jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again till they should pay sundry fees to the jailer, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship,' he continues, 'I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the jailer in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense.'

With a view to find the precedent required, Mr Howard undertook to visit the jails of some of the neighbouring counties, that he might inquire into the practice adopted there. His first visits were to the jails of Cambridge and Huntingdon; and in the course of the same month—November 1773—he prosecuted his tour through those of the following counties in addition—Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Stafford, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Oxford, and Buckingham. In each and all of these jails he found abuses and grievances; different, indeed, in one from what they were in another, and in some fewer and less shocking than in others, but in all disgraceful to a civilised country. In all of them, the income of the jailer was derived, as at Bedford, from fees exacted from the prisoners, and not from a regular salary; nay, in one of them the sheriff himself drew fees from the prisoners; and in another, that of Northampton, the jailer, instead of having a salary, paid the county £40 a year for his office. To enter into the details of his investigations of the abuses of the various prisons above enumerated, as these are given in the first edition of his *Account of the State of Prisons*, would be impossible; suffice it to say that Mr Howard's reports on the various jails he visited are not mere general assertions that this or that jail was defective in its arrangements, but laborious and minute accounts of the statistics of each—containing, in the briefest possible compass, every circumstance respecting every jail which it could possibly be useful to know. Indeed, no parliamentary commission ever presented a more searching, clear, and accurate report than Howard's account of the state of the prisons he visited.

His visits to the jails of the counties adjoining Bedford had only disclosed to him those depths of misery which he was yet to sound. 'Looking into the prisons,' he says, 'I beheld scenes of calamity which I became daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the county jails in England.' This more extensive tour was begun

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in December 1773, and by the 17th of that month he had inspected the jails of the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, and Sussex; occupying, therefore, it will be perceived, a much less space of time in his survey than most official commissions, and yet probably doing the work much better. The next six weeks he appears to have spent at Cardington with his son, then about eight years of age, and at home no doubt on his Christmas vacation; but towards the end of January 1774, his philanthropic tour was resumed. The jails of Rutlandshire were first visited, then those of York: on his journey southward from York he passed through the shires of Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, visiting the prisons of each: a fortnight was then devoted to an examination of the monster prisons of London: from London he set out on a journey to the western counties, inspected the jails of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Hereford, and Monmouth; and, after a short absence, returned to London, having, in the course of three months of expeditious and extensive, but most thorough scrutiny, acquired more knowledge of the state of English prisons than was possessed by any other man then living. Such is the effect of having a definite object in view, and attending exclusively to it. If we measure ability by mere largeness of intellect, there were undoubtedly hundreds of abler men than Howard then alive in England; but what is the lazy and languid greatness of these intellectual do-nothings compared with the solid greatness of a man like Howard, who, gifted by God with a melting love for his fellow-men, laboriously and steadily pursued one object, made himself master of one department, and dragged into daylight one class of social abuses till then unknown or unheeded!

It happened, by a fortunate conjunction, that at the time Mr Howard was pursuing his prison inquiries, a few members of the legislature were interesting themselves in the same subject. In the previous session of parliament a bill had been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr Popham, member for Taunton, proposing the payment of jailers, not by fees from the prisoners, as heretofore, but out of the county rates. The bill had been dropped in committee on the second reading; but the subject of prison management was resumed next session, the principal movers in the inquiry being Mr Popham, and Mr Howard's intimate friends, Mr St John and Mr Whitbread. It would appear that it had been in consequence of consultations with Mr Howard that these gentlemen broached the subject in parliament at so early a period in the session; at all events, we find Mr Howard, immediately after his return from his western tour, examined before a committee of the whole House regarding his knowledge of the state of English prisons. So full and valuable were the details submitted to the committee by Mr Howard, that on the House being resumed, the chairman of the committee, Sir Thomas Clavering, reported that 'he was directed by the committee to move the House that John Howard, Esq., be

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called in to the bar, and that Mr Speaker do acquaint him that the House are very sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and to communicate to the House the interesting observations he has made upon that subject.' The motion passed unanimously; and Mr Howard had, accordingly, the honour of receiving the public thanks of the House for his philanthropic exertions. To shew, however, how little the spirit which animated these exertions was understood or appreciated, we may mention that it is related that, during his examination before the committee, one member put the question to him: 'At whose expense he travelled?'

Mr Howard, however, was still only at the commencement of his labours. In the month of March 1774, only a few days after receiving the thanks of the House of Commons, he set out for the extreme north of England, to visit the jails there. In an incredibly short space of time he had traversed the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancaster, Chester, and Shropshire, visiting the jails in each; then, after revisiting those of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, and Northampton, he returned home to Cardington; from which, after a week's repose, he set out for Kent. With the examination of the jails of Kent, Mr Howard's first survey of the jails of England may be said to have been finished. To give, once for all, an idea of the minute and thorough manner in which he discharged his self-imposed duty, we may quote his remarks on the county jail at Durham. After giving a list of the officials and their salaries, he proceeds thus: 'The high jail is the property of the bishop. By patent from his lordship, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., is perpetual sheriff. The court for master's side debtors is only 24 feet by 10: they are permitted sometimes to walk on the leads. They have beds in the upper hall, and in several other rooms. Their rooms should be ceiled, that they might be lime-whited, to prevent infectious disorders, and that great nuisance of bugs, of which the debtors complain much here and at other places. Common side debtors have no court; their free wards, the *low jail*, are two damp, unhealthy rooms, 10 feet 4 inches square, by the gateway; they are never suffered to go out of these except to chapel, which is the master's side debtor's hall; and not always to that; for on a Sunday, when I was there, and missed them at chapel, they told me they were not permitted to go thither. No sewers. At more than one of my visits I learned that the dirt, ashes, &c. had lain there many months. There is a double-barrelled pump, which raises water about 70 feet. Felons have no court; but they have a day-room, and two small rooms for an infirmary. The men are put at night into dungeons: one, 7 feet square, for three prisoners; another, the *great hole*, 16½ feet by 12, has only a little window. In this I saw six prisoners, most of them transports, chained to the floor. In this situation they had been for many weeks, and were

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very sickly ; their straw on the stone floor almost worn to dust. Long confinement, and not having the king's allowance of two shillings and sixpence a week, had urged them to attempt an escape ; after which the jailer had chained them as already mentioned. There is another dungeon for women felons, 12 feet by 8 ; and up-stairs a separate room or two. The common side debtors in the *low jail*, whom I saw eating boiled bread and water, told me that this was the only nourishment some had lived upon for near a twelvemonth. They have, from a legacy, one shilling and sixpence a week in winter, and one shilling a week in summer, for coals. No memorandum of it in the jail : perhaps this may in time be lost, as the jailer said two others were—namely, one of Bishop Crewe, and another of Bishop Wood, from which prisoners had received no benefit for some years past. But now the bishop has humanely filed bills in Chancery, and recovered these legacies, by which several debtors have been discharged. Half-a-crown a week is paid to a woman for supplying the debtors with water in the two rooms on the side of the gateway. The act for preserving the health of prisoners is not hung up. The clauses against spirituous liquors are hung up. Jail delivery once a year. At several of my visits there were boys between thirteen and fifteen years of age confined with the most profligate and abandoned. There was a vacant piece of ground adjacent, of little use but for the jailer's occasional lumber. It extends to the river, and measures about 22 yards by 16. I once and again advised the enclosing this for a court, as it might be done with little expense ; and it appears that formerly here was a doorway into the prison. But when I was there afterwards in January 1776, I had the mortification to hear that the surgeon, who was uncle to the jailer, had obtained from the bishop, in October preceding, a lease of it for twenty-one years, at the rent of one shilling per annum. He had built a little stable on it.'

Having completed his survey of the English jails, Mr Howard turned his attention next to those of Wales ; and by the end of the autumn of 1774, he appears to have visited the principal jails in that principality. During these last months the field of his inquiries had been extended, so as to embrace a new department. 'Seeing,' he says, 'in two or three of the jails some poor creatures whose aspect was singularly deplorable, and asking the cause of it, the answer was : "They were lately brought from the *bridewells*." This started a fresh subject of inquiry. I resolved to inspect the *bridewells* ; and for that purpose travelled again into the counties where I had been ; and indeed into all the rest, examining *houses of correction, city and town jails*. I beheld in many of them, as well as in the *county jails*, a complication of distress.'

Mr Howard's philanthropic labours for now nearly a twelvemonth had of course made him an object of public attention, and it became obviously desirable to have such a man in parliament.

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Accordingly, at the election of 1774, he was requested by a number of the electors of Bedford to allow himself to be put in nomination for that town, in the independent interest, along with his friend Mr Whitbread. Mr Howard consented; but when the polling had taken place, the numbers stood thus—Sir William Wake, 527 votes; Mr Sparrow, 517; Mr Whitbread, 429; and Mr Howard, 402. A protest was taken by the supporters of Mr Whitbread and Mr Howard, most of whom were dissenters, against the election of the two former gentlemen, on the ground that the returning officers had acted unfairly in rejecting many legally good votes for Messrs Whitbread and Howard, and receiving many legally bad ones for the other two candidates. Petitions impeaching the return were also presented to the House of Commons by Mr Whitbread and Mr Howard.

Nothing, however, could divert our philanthropist from his own peculiar walk of charity, and the interval between the election and the hearing of the petitions against its validity was diligently employed by him in a tour through Scotland and Ireland, for the purpose of inspecting the prisons there, and comparing them with those of England and Wales. With the Scotch system of prison management he seems to have been, on the whole, much better pleased than with that of England; and he mentions, with particular approbation, that in Scotland 'all criminals are tried out of irons; and when acquitted, they are *immediately* discharged in open court;' that 'no jailer has any fee from any criminal;' and that 'women are not put in irons.' Still he found sufficient grounds for complaint in the state of the prisons themselves. 'The prisons,' he says, 'that I saw in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Jedburgh, Haddington, Ayr, Kelso, Nairn, Banff, Inverness, &c. were old buildings, dirty and offensive, without court-yards, and also generally without water.' 'The tolbooth at Inverness,' he afterwards observes, 'has no fireplace, and is the most dirty and offensive prison that I have seen in Scotland.' In the Irish prisons he found, as might have been expected, abuses even more shocking than those he had generally met with in England.

In March 1775, Mr Howard having by this time returned to England, his petition and that of Mr Whitbread against the return of Sir William Wake and Mr Sparrow were taken into consideration by a committee of the House of Commons. On a revision of the poll, the numbers, after adding the good votes which had been rejected, and striking off the bad ones which had been accepted, stood thus—Mr Whitbread, 568; Sir William Wake, 541; Mr Howard, 537; Mr Sparrow, 529. Thus, although by a small majority Mr Howard lost the election, his friend, Mr Whitbread, who had formerly been in the same predicament, was now returned at the top of the poll in lieu of Mr Sparrow.

It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for the world that Mr

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Howard did not succeed in being returned to parliament. He might no doubt have been of great service as a member of the legislature; but his true function was that which he had already chosen for himself—a voluntary and unofficial inquirer into the latent miseries of human society. It was not so much as a propounder of schemes of social improvement that Mr Howard appeared; it was rather as an explorer of unvisited scenes of wretchedness, who should drag into the public gaze all manner of grievances, in order that the general wisdom and benevolence of the country might be brought to bear upon them. In a complex state of society, where wealth and poverty, comfort and indigence, are naturally separated from each other as far as possible, so that the eyes and ears of the upper classes may not be offended and nauseated by the sights and sounds of woe, the interference of this class of persons—*inspectors*, as they may be called, whose business it is to see and report—is among the most necessary of all acts for social wellbeing.

VISITS TO FOREIGN PRISONS—PUBLICATION OF HIS GREAT WORK ON EUROPEAN PRISONS.

Mr Howard having completed his survey of the prisons of Great Britain, began to prepare his reports for publication. 'I designed,' says he, 'to publish the account of our prisons in the spring of 1775, after I returned from Scotland and Ireland. But conjecturing that something useful to my purpose might be collected abroad, I laid aside my papers, and travelled into France, Flanders, Holland, and Germany.' The precise route which he pursued during this his fifth continental tour is not known; he appears, however, to have gone to France first. He gives the following account of his attempt to gain admission to the famous Bastille of Paris. 'I was desirous of examining it myself, and for that purpose knocked hard at the outer gate, and immediately went forward through the guard to the drawbridge before the entrance of the castle. But while I was contemplating this gloomy mansion, an officer came out much surprised, and I was forced to retreat through the mute guard, and thus regained that freedom which, for one locked up within those walls, it is next to impossible to obtain.' On this singular adventure of Mr Howard one of his biographers makes the following remark: 'In the space of four centuries, from the foundation to the destruction of the Bastille, perhaps Mr Howard was the only person that was ever compelled to quit it reluctantly.' Although denied admission to the Bastille, Mr Howard was able to obtain entrance into the other prisons of Paris. His first application, indeed, for admittance to the Grand Châtelet was unsuccessful; but happening to remark that, by the tenth article of the *arrêt* of 1717, jailers were authorised to admit persons desirous of bestowing charity on the prisoners, he pleaded it before the *Commissaire de la Prison*; and in this way

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gained admission not only to that prison but to the others. Except for the horrible subterranean dungeons, in which he found that certain classes of prisoners were sometimes confined in France, he appears to have considered the prisons in that country better managed than those of England.

Mr Howard's proceedings in France, French Flanders, and the Netherlands, will be best gathered from the following letter to a friend: 'I came late last night to this city; the day I have employed in visiting the jails, and collecting all the criminal laws, as I have got those of France. However rigorous they may be, yet their great care and attention to their prisons is worthy of commendation: all fresh and clean; no jail distemper; no prisoners ironed. The bread allowance far exceeds that of any of our jails; for example, every prisoner here has two pounds of bread a day; once a day, soup; and on Sunday, one pound of meat. I write to you, my friend, for a relaxation from what so much engrosses my thoughts. And indeed I force myself to the public dinners and suppers for that purpose, though I shew so little respect to a set of men who are so highly esteemed (the French cooks), that I have not tasted fish, flesh, or fowl since I have been this side the water. Through a kind Providence, I am very well; calm, easy in spirits. The public *voitures* have not been crowded, and I have met, in general, agreeable company. I hope to be in Holland the beginning of next week.'

After visiting the principal prisons in Holland and part of Germany, most of which seem to have particularly pleased him, when contrasted with those at home, Mr Howard returned to England in the end of July 1775—not to rest, however; for he immediately commenced a second survey of the English prisons. This was interrupted, in the beginning of the year 1776, when he made a trip to Switzerland to visit the Swiss jails, taking some of the French ones in his way. Returning to England, he resumed his second survey of the English and Welsh prisons; and when this was completed to his satisfaction in the beginning of 1777, he took up his residence for the spring at the town of Warrington, in Lancashire, where he had resolved to have his work on Prisons printed. His reasons for printing the book there, rather than in London, were various; one of them was, that he wished to be near his friend, Dr (then Mr) Aikin, employed as a surgeon in Warrington, whose literary talents were of assistance to him in fitting the work for publication. Dr Aikin gives the following account of the process which Mr Howard's notes underwent, in order to qualify them for being sent to press—his own composition, as our readers are already aware, being none of the most correct in a grammatical point of view. 'On his return from his tours,' says Dr Aikin, 'he took all his memorandum-books to an old retired friend of his, who assisted him in methodising them, and copied out the whole matter in correct language. They were then put into the hands of Dr Price, from

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whom they underwent a revision, and received occasionally considerable alterations. With his papers thus corrected, Mr Howard came to the press at Warrington; and first he read them all over carefully to me, which perusal was repeated sheet by sheet, as they were printed. As new facts and observations were continually suggesting themselves to his mind, he put the matter of them upon paper as they occurred, and then requested me to clothe them in such expressions as I thought proper. On these occasions, such was his diffidence, that I found it difficult to make him acquiesce in his own language, when, as frequently happened, it was unexceptionable. Of this additional matter, some was interwoven with the text, but the greater part was necessarily thrown into notes.' So intent was he upon the publication of the work, that, 'for the purpose,' we are told by his biographer, Mr Brown, 'of being near the scene of his labours, he took lodgings in a house close to his printer's shop; and during a very severe winter he was always called up by two in the morning, though he did not retire to rest till ten. His reason for this early rising was, that in the morning he was least disturbed in his work of revising the sheets as they came from the press. At seven he regularly dressed for the day, and had his breakfast; when, punctually at eight, he repaired to the printing-office, and remained there till the workmen went to dinner at one, when he returned to his lodgings, and putting some bread and raisins, or other dried fruit, in his pocket, generally took a walk in the outskirts of the town, eating, as he walked, his hermit fare, which with a glass of water on his return, was the only dinner he took. When he had returned to the printing-office, he generally remained there until the men left work, and then repaired to Mr Aikin's house, to go through with him any sheets which might have been composed during the day; or, if there were nothing upon which he wished to consult him, he would either spend an hour with some friend, or return to his own lodgings, where he took his tea or coffee in lieu of supper, and at his usual hour retired to bed.'

In April 1777 appeared the work which had cost him so much labour. Its title was, '*The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an Account of some Foreign Prisons.* By John Howard, F.R.S.' Although the work was very bulky, consisting of 520 quarto pages, with four large plates, yet 'so zealous was he,' says Dr Aikin, 'to diffuse information, and so determined to obviate any idea that he meant to repay his expenses by the profitable trade of book-making, that he insisted on fixing the price of the volume so low, that, had every copy been sold, he would still have presented the public with all the plates and great part of the printing.' Besides, he distributed copies profusely among all persons who possessed, or might possibly possess, influence in carrying his benevolent views into effect. 'As soon as the book appeared,' continues Dr Aikin, 'the world was astonished at the

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mass of valuable materials accumulated by a private unaided individual, through a course of prodigious labour, and at the constant hazard of life, in consequence of the infectious diseases prevalent in the scenes of his inquiries. The cool good sense and moderation of his narrative, contrasted with that enthusiastic ardour which must have impelled him to the undertaking, were not less admired ; and he was immediately regarded as one of the extraordinary characters of the age, and as the leader in all plans of meliorating the condition of that wretched part of the community for whom he interested himself.

To give an idea of the extent of the evils of the prison system in the time of Howard, and of the thorough manner in which these were taken cognisance of by him, we will present our readers with an abridgment of the introductory section of his work, in which, before passing to his special report on the state of the various prisons which he had visited, he gives a summary, or 'General View of Distress in Prisons.' The extracts will be found not only interesting in their connection with Howard's life, but also interesting in themselves.

'There are prisons,' he begins, 'into which whoever looks will, at first sight of the people confined, be convinced that there is some great error in the management of them ; their sallow, meagre countenances declare, without words, that they are very miserable. Many who went in healthy, are in a few months changed to emaciated, dejected objects. Some are seen pining under diseases, "sick and in prison," expiring on the floors, in loathsome cells, of pestilential fevers and confluent small-pox ; victims, I must not say to the cruelty, but I will say to the inattention, of sheriffs and gentlemen in the commission of the peace. The cause of this distress is, that many prisons are scantily supplied, and some almost totally destitute, of the necessaries of life.

'*Food.*—There are several *bridewells* in which prisoners have no allowance of food at all. In some, the keeper farms what little is allowed them ; and where he engages to supply each prisoner with one or two pennyworths of bread a day, I have known this shrunk to half, sometimes less than half the quantity—out of, or broken from, his own loaf. It will perhaps be asked : Does not their work maintain them ? The answer to that question, though true, will hardly be believed. There are few *bridewells* in which any work is done, or can be done. The prisoners have neither tools nor materials of any kind, but spend their time in sloth, profaneness, and debauchery, to a degree which, in some of those houses that I have seen, is extremely shocking. . . . The same complaint—*want of food*—is to be found in many *county jails*. In above half of these, debtors have no bread, although it is granted to the highwayman, the housebreaker, and the murderer ; and medical assistance, which is provided for the latter, is withheld from the former.

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In many of these jails, debtors who would work are not permitted to have any tools, lest they should furnish felons with them for escape, or other mischief. I have often seen these prisoners eating their water-soup (bread boiled in mere water), and heard them say: "We are locked up, and almost starved to death." As to the relief provided for debtors by the benevolent act 32d of George II., I did not find in all England and Wales, except the counties of Middlesex and Surrey, *twelve debtors* who had obtained from their creditors the fourpence a day to which they had a right by that act. The truth is, some debtors are the most pitiable objects in our jails. To their wanting necessary food, I must add not only the demands of jailers, &c. for fees, but also the extortion of bailiffs. These detain in their houses (properly enough denominated *sponging-houses*), at an enormous expense, prisoners who have money. I know there is a legal provision against this oppression; but the mode of obtaining redress is attended with difficulty, and the abuse continues. The rapine of these extortioners needs some more effectual and easy check: no bailiff should be suffered to keep a public-house. . . . Felons have in some jails two pennyworth of bread a day; in some, three halfpennyworth; in some, a pennyworth; in some, none. I often weighed the bread in different prisons, and found the penny loaf seven ounces and a half to eight ounces: the other loaves in proportion. It is probable that, when this allowance was fixed by its value, near double the quantity that the money will now purchase might be bought for it; yet the allowance continues unaltered, and it is not uncommon to see the whole purchase, especially of the smaller sums, eaten at breakfast—which is sometimes the case when they receive their pittance but once in two days; and then, on the following day, they must fast. This allowance being so far short of the cravings of nature, and in some prisons lessened by farming to the jailer, many criminals are half-starved; such of them as at their commitment were in health, come out almost famished, scarcely able to move, and for weeks incapable of labour.

'*Water*.—Many prisons have no water. This defect is frequent in bridewells and town jails. In the felons' courts of some county jails there is no water; in some places where there is water, prisoners are always locked up within doors, and have no more than the keeper or his servants think fit to bring them; in one place they were limited to three pints a day each—a scanty provision for drink and cleanliness.

'*Air*.—And as to air, my reader will judge of the malignity of that breathed in prisons, when I assure him that my clothes were, in my first journeys, so offensive, that in a post-chaise I could not bear the windows drawn up, and was therefore obliged to travel commonly on horseback. The leaves of my memorandum-book were often so tainted that I could not use it till after spreading it 21

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hour or two before the fire ; and even my antidote—a vial of vinegar—has, after using it in a few prisons, become intolerably disagreeable. I did not wonder that in those journeys many jailers made excuses, and did not go with me into the felons' wards. From hence any one may judge of the probability there is against the health and life of prisoners crowded in close rooms, cells, and subterranean dungeons for fourteen or fifteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. In some of these caverns the floor is very damp ; in others there is an inch or two of water ; and the straw, or bedding, is laid on such floors—seldom on barrack bedsteads. Where prisoners are not kept in underground cells, they are often confined to their rooms, because there is no court belonging to the prison—which is the case in many city and town jails ; or because the walls round the yard are ruinous, or too low for safety ; or because the jailer has the ground for his own use. Some jails have no sewers or vaults ; and in those that have, if they be not properly attended to, they are, even to a visitor, offensive beyond description. How noxious, therefore, to people constantly confined in those prisons ! One cause why the rooms in some prisons are so close is the window-tax, which the jailers have to pay ; this tempts them to stop the windows, and stifle the prisoners.

'Bedding.—In many jails, and in most bridewells, there is no allowance of bedding or straw for prisoners to sleep on ; and if by any means they get a little, it is not changed for months together, so that it is offensive, and almost worn to dust. Some lie upon rags, others upon the bare floors. When I have complained of this to the keepers, the justification has been : "The county allows no straw ; the prisoners have none but at my cost."

'Morals.—I have now to complain of what is pernicious to the morals of prisoners ; and that is, the confining all sorts of prisoners together—debtors and felons, men and women, the young beginner and the old offender ; and with all these, in some counties, such as are guilty of misdemeanours only. In some jails, you see—and who can see it without sorrow?—boys of twelve or fourteen eagerly listening to the stories told by practised and experienced criminals of their adventures, successes, stratagems, and escapes.

'Lunatics.—In some few jails are confined idiots and lunatics. These serve for sport to idle visitants at assizes, and other times of general resort. Many of the bridewells are crowded and offensive, because the rooms which were designed for prisoners are occupied by the insane. When these are not kept separate, they disturb and terrify other prisoners.

'Jail-fever.—I am ready to think that none who have given credit to what is contained in the foregoing pages, will wonder at the havoc made by the jail-fever. From my own observations in 1773, 1774, and 1775, I was fully convinced that many more prisoners were destroyed by it than were put to death by all the public execu-

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tions in the kingdom.* This frequent effect of confinement in prison seems generally understood, and shews how full of emphatical meaning is the curse of a severe creditor, who pronounces his debtor's doom to *rot in jail*. I believe I have learned the full import of this sentence from the vast numbers who, to my certain knowledge, and some of them before my eyes, have perished by the jail-fever. But the mischief is not confined to prisons. In Baker's *Chronicle*, p. 353, that historian, mentioning the assize held in Oxford in 1577 (called, from its fatal consequences, the *Black Assize*), informs us that "all who were present died within forty hours—the lord chief-baron, the sheriff, and about three hundred more"—all being infected by the prisoners who were brought into court. Lord Bacon observes, that "the most pernicious infection next the plague is the smell of a jail when the prisoners have been long, and close, and nastily kept; whereof," he says, "we have had in our time experience twice or thrice, when both the judges that sat upon the jail, and numbers of those who attended the business, or were present, sickened and died." At the Lent assize in Taunton, 1730, some prisoners who were brought thither from Ivelchester jail infected the court; and Lord Chief-baron Pengelly, Sir James Sheppard, sergeant, John Pigot, Esq., sheriff, and some hundreds besides, died of the jail distemper. At Axminster, a little town in Devonshire, a prisoner discharged from Exeter jail in 1755, infected his family with that disease, of which two of them died; and many others in that town afterwards. The numbers that were carried off by the same malady in London in 1750—two judges, the lord mayor, one alderman, and many of inferior rank—are well known. It were easy to multiply instances of the mischief; but those which have been mentioned are, I presume, sufficient to shew, even if no mercy were due to prisoners, that the *jail distemper* is a national concern of no small importance.†

* It may be necessary to remind our readers here that the annual number of public executions in Howard's time was fearfully large.

† Of the famous 'Black Assize' at Oxford, mentioned in the text as an instance of the malignity of the jail-fever, the following is the account given by the chronicler Stowe: "The 4th, 5th, and 6th days of July 1577, were holden the assizes at Oxford, where was arraigned and condemned one Rowland Jenkes for his seditious tongue; at which time there arose such a damp, that almost all were smothered. Very few escaped that were not taken at that instant. The jurors died presently. Shortly after died Sir Robert Bell, lord chief-baron; Sir Robert D'Olie, Sir William Babington, Mr Weneman, Mr D'Olie, high-sheriff; Mr Davers, Mr Harcourt, Mr Kirle, Mr Phetplace, &c. &c. There died in Oxford three hundred persons; and sickened there, but died in other places, two hundred and odd, from the 6th of July till the 12th of August, after which day died not one of that sickness, for one of them infected not another, nor any one woman or child died thereof." An occurrence so horrible gave rise of course to much speculation at the time, and various strange explanations were had recourse to, of which the following will serve as a specimen: 'Rowland Jenkes,' says one anonymous writer, 'being imprisoned for treasonable words spoken against the queen, and being a popish recusant, had notwithstanding, during the time of his restraint, liberty sometimes to walk abroad with a keeper; and one day he came to an apothecary and shewed him a recipe which he desired him to make up; but the apothecary, upon the view of it, told him that it was a strong and dangerous recipe, and required some time to prepare it, but also asked him to what use he would

‘Vicious Examples.’—The general prevalence and spread of wickedness in prisons and abroad by discharged prisoners, will now be as easily accounted for as the propagation of disease. It is often said: “A prison pays no debts;” I am sure it may be added, that a prison mends no morals. Sir John Fielding observes, that “a criminal discharged, generally by the next sessions after the execution of his comrades, becomes the head of a gang of his own raising.” And petty offenders who are committed to bridewell for a year or two, and spend that time, not in hard labour, but in idleness and wicked company, or are sent for that time to county jails, generally grow desperate, and come out fitted for the perpetration of any villainy. Half the robberies in and about London are planned in the prisons, and by that dreadful assemblage of criminals, and the number of idle people who visit them. Multitudes of young creatures, committed for some trifling offence, are totally ruined there. I make no scruple to affirm, that if it were the wish and aim of magistrates to effect the destruction, present and future, of young delinquents, they could not devise a more effectual method than to confine them so long in our prisons, those seats and seminaries of idleness and every vice.

‘Those gentlemen who, when they are told of the misery which our prisoners suffer, content themselves with saying: “Let them take care to keep out,” prefaced perhaps with an angry prayer, seem not duly sensible of the favour of Providence which distinguishes them from the sufferers. They do not remember that we are required to imitate our gracious Heavenly Parent, who is kind to the unthankful and to the evil; they also forget the vicissitudes of human affairs; the unexpected changes to which all men are liable; and that those whose circumstances are affluent, may in time be reduced to indigence, and become debtors and prisoners. And as to criminality, it is possible that a man who has often shuddered at hearing the account of a murder, may, on a sudden temptation, commit that very crime. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall, and commiserate those that are fallen.’

apply it. He answered, to kill the rats that, since his imprisonment, spoiled his books; so, being satisfied, he promised to make it ready. After a certain time he cometh to know if it were ready; but the apothecary said the ingredients were so hard to procure, that he had not done it, and so gave him the recipe again, of which he had taken a copy, which mine author had there precisely written down, but did seem so horribly poisonous, that I cut it forth, lest it might fall into the hands of wicked persons. But after, it seems, he had got it prepared, and against the day of his trial had made a week or wick of it (for so is the word—that is, so fitted, that, like a candle, it might be fired), which, as soon as ever he was condemned, he lighted, having provided himself a tinder-box and steel to strike fire. And whosoever should know the ingredients of that wick or candle, and the manner of the composition, will easily be persuaded of the virulency and venomous effects of it.’ This explanation seems to have been adapted to the public appetite for the wonderful; at all events, being anonymous, it is to be regarded as nothing more than a curiosity. The generally received explanation was, that the disease arose from infection brought into court by the prisoners; and the opinion, sanctioned by Lord Bacon, that this infection was a fever bred by the filth of the jail, was but too surely confirmed by subsequent instances of a precisely similar nature.

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Such, in an abridged form, is the introductory section of Mr Howard's work, entitled 'A General View of Distress in Prisons;' but in order fully to appreciate the enormous extent of his labours, it would be necessary to follow him into the remainder of the work, in which he describes and criticises, one by one, the various prisons, both foreign and British, which he had visited during the preceding four years. It is only in this way that one can gain an adequate conception of the misery and wretchedness of the prison system of Great Britain in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

DOMESTIC MISFORTUNES—NEW SCHEME OF PHILANTHROPY —SURVEY OF FOREIGN HOSPITALS.

Mr Howard did not consider that his labours were over when he had published his work on Prisons, and laid before the world grievances which had long flourished in society undetected and unknown. In the end of the first edition of his work, he had made a promise that, 'if the legislature should seriously engage in the reformation of our prisons, he would take a third journey through the Prussian and Austrian dominions, and the free cities of Germany. This,' he says, 'I accomplished in 1778, and likewise extended my tour through Italy, and revisited some of the countries I had before seen in pursuit of my object.' His observations during this tour he published in a second edition of his work in 1780. Wishing, before the publication of a third edition, to acquire some further knowledge on the subject, he again visited Holland and some cities in Germany. 'I visited also,' he says, 'the capitals of Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland; and, in 1783, some cities in Portugal and Spain, and returned through France, Flanders, and Holland.' The substance of all these travels he threw into a third and final edition of his work on Prisons.

Thus, during ten years, had Howard laboured incessantly at a single object, allowing no other to interfere with it; travelling almost without intermission from place to place, and undergoing innumerable risks. From a table drawn up by one of his biographers, it appears that, between 1773 and 1783, he had travelled on his missions of philanthropy, at home and abroad, upwards of forty thousand miles. Forty thousand miles travelled in ten years!—not from mountain to mountain, or from one object of natural beauty to another, but from jail to jail, and bridewell to bridewell—no wonder that Howard, on the retrospect of such a labour fairly accomplished, wrote in his diary, 'I bless God who inclined my mind to such a scheme.'

During his journeys in Great Britain and Ireland, Mr Howard was usually accompanied by a single servant. He travelled generally on horseback, at the rate of forty miles a day. 'He was never,' says his biographer, Dr Aikin, 'at a loss for an inn. When in

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Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he used to stop at one of the poor cabins that stuck up a rag by way of sign, and get a little milk. When he came to the town he was to sleep at, he bespoke a supper, with wine and beer, like another traveller; but made his man attend him, and take it away while he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters, postilions, &c. liberally, because he would have no discontent or dispute, nor suffer his spirits to be agitated for such a matter; saying that, in a journey which might cost three or four hundred pounds, fifteen or twenty pounds in addition were not worth thinking about.'

In the spring of 1784, Mr Howard, now about fifty-seven years of age, retired to his estate of Cardington, intending to spend the remainder of his life in peace and quiet, assisting in his private capacity in furthering those schemes of prison improvement which his disclosures had set on foot. He resumed the mode of life which he had led before commencing his prison inquiries; with this difference, that, being now a distinguished public character, his visitors were more frequent and more numerous than formerly. There was one sad circumstance, however, which embittered the peace of this benevolent man. His only son, who had received his early education at several academies in England, and had been sent in his eighteenth year to the university of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable and well-known Dr Blacklock, had unhappily contracted habits of extravagance and dissipation; which, to any parent, and especially to one of Howard's principles, must have caused poignant grief. Already the unfortunate young man had shewn symptoms of that malady, brought on by his own imprudent and vicious conduct, which ultimately settled into complete insanity. Of the full extent of this domestic misfortune Mr Howard was not yet aware.

After nearly two years of repose, interrupted only by the circumstance to which we have alluded, Mr Howard resolved to quit home on a new mission of philanthropy, fraught with greater danger than the one he had accomplished so successfully. During his inquiries into the state of prisons, his attention had been often directed to the spread of infectious diseases, and the inadequacy of the means provided for checking the progress of fever, pestilence, &c., whether originating in jails or elsewhere. The subject thus suggested to him occupied much of his thoughts during his leisure at Cardington; and he at length determined to devote the remainder of his life to an inspection of the principal hospitals and lazarettos of Europe, with a view to ascertain their defects, and the possibility of effecting such improvements in them as would in future preserve the populations of Europe from the ravages of that dreadful visitation—the plague.

Towards the end of November 1785, Mr Howard left England on his new expedition of philanthropy. He proceeded first to France,

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with a view to inspect the lazaretto at Marseille ; but, owing to the jealousy of the French government, it was with the utmost difficulty he could accomplish his object ; indeed, he narrowly escaped apprehension and committal to the Bastille. After visiting the hospitals of Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence, he next proceeded to Rome. Here he was privately introduced to Pope Pius VI., himself a benevolent man. On this occasion, the ceremony of kissing the pope's toe was dispensed with ; and at parting, his Holiness laid his hand on his visitor's head, saying kindly : ' I know you Englishmen do not mind these ceremonies, but the blessing of an old man can do you no harm.' From Rome our traveller went to Naples, and thence to Malta, pursuing always, as his single object, a knowledge of the state of the hospitals on his route. Writing from Malta to a friend in England, he says : ' I have paid two visits to the Grand Master. Every place is flung open to me. I am bound for Zante, Smyrna, and Constantinople. One effect I find during my visits to the lazaretto ; namely, a heavy headache—a pain across my forehead ; but it has always quite left me in an hour after I have come from these places. As I am quite alone, I have need to summon all my courage and resolution.'

After remaining about three weeks at Malta, Mr Howard set out for Zante. ' From thence,' he says, ' in a foreign ship I got a passage to Smyrna. Here I boldly visited the hospitals and prisons ; but as some accidents happened, a few dying of the plague, several shrunk at me. I came thence to Constantinople, where I now am, about a fortnight ago. As I was in a miserable Turk's boat, I was lucky in a passage of six days and a half. I am sorry to say some die of the plague about us. One is just carried before my window ; yet I visit where none of my conductors will accompany me. In some hospitals, as in the lazarettos, and yesterday among the sick slaves, I have a constant headache ; but in about an hour after it always leaves me. I lodge at a physician's house, and I keep some of my visits a secret.' From Constantinople he returned to Smyrna, where the plague was also raging ; his object being to obtain a passage from that port to Venice, in order that he might undergo the full rigours of the quarantine system, and be able to report, from personal observation, respecting the economy of a lazaretto. On the voyage from Smyrna to Venice, the ship in which he sailed was attacked by a Tunis privateer, and all on board ran great risks. At length, after a desperate fight, a cannon loaded with spikes, nails, and old iron, and pointed by Mr Howard himself, was discharged with such effect upon the corsair vessel, that it was obliged to sheer off. From Venice he writes thus to his confidential servant Thomasson, at Cardington ; the letter being dated Venice Lazaretto, October 12, 1786 : ' I am now in an infectious lazaretto, yet my steady spirits never forsook me till yesterday, on the receipt of my letters. Accumulated misfortunes almost sink me. I am sorry,

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very sorry, on your account. I will hasten home; no time will I lose by night or day. But forty days I have still to be confined here, as our ship had a foul bill of health, the plague being in the place from whence we sailed. Then that very hasty and disagreeable measure that is taken in London wounds me sadly indeed. Never have I returned to my country with such a heavy heart as I now do.' The two circumstances which he alludes to in this extract as distressing him so much, and making him so anxious to leave Venice and return home, were the misconduct of his son, of which he had received further accounts, and a proposal which had just been made in London, and of which intelligence had been conveyed to him, to erect a monument to commemorate the nation's sense of his former philanthropic labours.

The term of his quarantine at Venice being finished, he proceeded to Trieste, and thence to Vienna. How the thoughts of his sad domestic affliction mingled and struggled with his daily exertions in connection with the great object of his tour, we may learn from the following touching postscript to a letter to Mr Smith of Bedford, written from Vienna, and dated 17th December 1786: 'Excuse writing, &c., as wrote early by a poor lamp. What I suffered, I am persuaded I should have disregarded in the lazaretto, as I gained useful information. Venice is the mother of all lazarettos; but oh, my son, my son!' At Vienna, Mr Howard had an interview with the Austrian emperor, who entered into conversation with him on the subject of his tour, discussed with him the state of the prisons and hospitals in his Austrian dominions, and expressed his intention to adopt some of his suggestions for their improvement. The attention shewn by the emperor to his distinguished visitor procured him the notice of many of the courtiers; and a characteristic anecdote is told of his interview with the governor of Upper Austria and his lady. The Austrian noble asked Howard, in a somewhat haughty manner, what he thought of the prisons in *his* government. 'The worst in all Germany,' said Howard; 'particularly as regards the female prisoners; and I recommend your countess to visit them personally, as the best means of rectifying the abuses in their management.' 'I!' said the astonished countess—'I go into prisons!' and she rapidly descended the staircase with her husband, as if shocked beyond measure. The philanthropist indignantly followed, and called after her: 'Madam, remember you are but a woman yourself; and must soon, like the most miserable female in a dungeon, inhabit a little piece of that earth from which both of you sprung.'

Returning home in February 1787, after an absence of fifteen months, Mr Howard found his unhappy son a confirmed and incurable lunatic. For some time he attempted to keep him in his own house at Cardington, under a mild restraint; at length, however, he yielded to the advice of the medical attendants, and suffered him to be removed to a well-conducted asylum at Leicester.

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The proposal to erect a memorial to Mr Howard was so strenuously resisted by him on his return to England, that it was obliged to be given up. Out of £1533 which had been subscribed for the purpose, about £500 were returned to the donors; the remainder was placed in the stocks—£200 of it being employed in obtaining the discharge of fifty-five poor prisoners in London, a similar sum in the striking of a medal in memory of Howard, and the rest being appropriated, after his death, to the object for which it had been originally collected. Howard's opposition to the scheme of erecting to him any species of monument amounted to positive antipathy; indeed, nothing was more remarkable in his character than his dislike to be praised for what he had done. When one gentleman happened to speak to him respecting his services to society in a flattering manner, Howard interrupted him by saying: 'My dear sir, what you call my merit is just my hobby-horse.'

The three years which followed Mr Howard's return from his first tour through the lazarettos of Europe, were spent by him in a new general inspection of the English, Scotch, and Irish prisons, with a view to ascertain whether any improvements had been effected in them since his former survey; and in the preparation of a work giving an account of his recent continental journey. This work was entitled, *An Account of the Principal Lazarettos of Europe, with Papers Relative to the Plague*; and was published in the year 1789. It contained, in the form of an Appendix, additional remarks on the state of British prisons.

LAST PHILANTHROPIC JOURNEY—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

In the conclusion of his work on Lazarettos, Howard announced his intention of again quitting England to visit the hospitals of Russia, Turkey, and the Eastern countries, in order to gain more accurate and extensive views of the plague. 'I am not insensible,' he says, 'of the dangers that must attend such a journey. Trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me, I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring Wisdom. Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty, and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life.' With regard to his objects in undertaking this journey, his biographer, Dr Aikin, observes that he had various conversations with him on the subject; and found rather a wish to have objects of inquiry pointed out to him by others, than any specific views present to his own mind.

On the 4th of July 1789, Mr Howard, accompanied by a single

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servant, quitted England on his last philanthropic journey. He passed through Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and several cities of Russia, examining the state of the hospitals; and about the end of the year had reached Cherson, a new settlement of the Russian empress, at the mouth of the Dnieper. This was destined to be the closing scene of his labours. Visiting, according to one account, the Russian hospital of the place—according to another, a young lady, whose friends were anxious that he should prescribe for her, as he had done successfully in many similar cases, he caught a malignant fever, which, after an illness of twelve days, carried him off on the 20th of January 1790, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. On his death-bed he shewed the same calm and Christian spirit which had distinguished him through life. To Admiral Priestman, who resided at Cherson, and who visited him during his illness, and endeavoured to amuse and cheer him by his remarks, thinking to divert his thoughts, he said: ‘Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live: my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, that get over these fevers.’ Then alluding to the subject of his funeral, he continued: ‘There is a spot near the village of Dauphigny; this would suit me nicely. You know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument nor monumental inscription whatever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten.’ These directions were in spirit, although not strictly, complied with; and on the 25th of January 1790, the body of Howard was buried in the spot which he had chosen near the village of Dauphigny, at a little distance from Cherson. The authorities and the inhabitants of the place testified their respect for him by attending his remains to the grave. Instead of the sun-dial, a small brick pyramid was erected on the spot. In Cardington Church, according to his directions, a plain slip of marble was erected by his wife’s tomb, bearing this inscription: ‘JOHN HOWARD; died at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, January 20, 1790. Aged 64. Christ is my hope.’ A more stately monument was soon afterwards erected to his memory in St Paul’s Cathedral. Howard’s son, who never recovered from his malady, died in April 1799, in his thirty-fifth year.

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CONCLUSION.

Howard is described as having been under the middle size, thin and spare in his make, sallow-complexioned, large featured, with nothing striking or commanding, but rather something mean and forbidding, in his general appearance. His eye was keen and penetrating; his gait quick and animated; his demeanour soft, gentle, and sweet, indicated by a voice almost effeminate. Of all the features of his character, the grandest was his unintermitted determination towards a single object; the calm, slow, resolute obstinacy with which he persevered in the particular walk of well-doing which he had chosen as properly his. 'It was this singular devotedness to the great work in which he was engaged,' says his biographer, Mr Brown, 'that induced him not only to decline so generally as he did every invitation to dinner or supper while upon his tours, but also to abstain from visiting every object of curiosity, how attractive soever it might be to his taste and natural thirst for information, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted for a moment from the main end of his pursuit. Once, indeed, and it would seem only once, he deviated from the rule he had prescribed for himself, by yielding to the entreaties of some of his friends, who wished him to accompany them to hear some extraordinarily fine music in Italy; but finding his thoughts too much occupied by the melody, he could never be persuaded to repeat the indulgence. The value he set upon his time was most remarkable. Punctual to a minute in every engagement he made, he usually sat, when in conversation, with his watch in his hand, which he rested upon his knee; and though in the midst of an interesting anecdote or argument, as soon as the moment he had fixed for his departure arrived, he rose, took up his hat, and left the house.' It was this resolute adherence to one object, conjoined with his noble philanthropic heart, which so distinguished Howard above his fellow-men; and not what we call intellect, genius, or comprehensiveness of mind. 'Minuteness of detail,' says Dr Aikin, 'was what he ever regarded as his peculiar province. As he was of all men the most modest estimator of his own abilities, he was used to say: "I am the *plodder* who goes about to collect materials for men of genius to make use of."' With all this absence of those general ideas and large views of human life, the existence of which we usually imply when we use the word genius, Howard was an infinitely greater man than thousands of those whom the world honours with the name. Listen to the following eulogies pronounced on him by two men who possessed, in an extraordinary degree, that very generality of thought which he wanted. 'This man,' says Edmund Burke, 'visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make

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accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, or to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and of pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan was original; and it was as full of genius as it was of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery—a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labour is felt more or less in every country.' And Bentham, speaking of the literary defects of Mr Howard's productions, says even more eloquently: 'My venerable friend was much better employed than in arranging words and sentences. Instead of doing what so many could do if they would, what he did for the service of mankind was what scarce any man *could* have done, and no man *would* do, but himself. In the scale of moral desert, the labours of the legislator and the writer are as far below his as earth is below heaven. His was the truly Christian choice; the lot in which is to be found the least of that which selfish nature covets, and the most of what it shrinks from. His kingdom was of a better world; he died a martyr, after living an apostle.'

The best eulogy on Howard, however, is the reformation which has been effected in the prison system since his time, and in consequence of his labours. Until his time, little or no attention had been paid to the subject of prisons or prison discipline: all doomed to incarceration were treated with uniform indifference; and every jail was an engine of vengeful inhumanity. Howard's revelations turned attention to the subject, and various regulations were instituted, which in time remedied some of the more obvious evils of the system. Yet it was left for Mrs Fry and other philanthropists of our own day to effect a thorough revision of prison management—to cause the separation and classification of individuals, to introduce work of various kinds into the jails, and to aim at the moral reform of offenders. Much still remains to be effected in all these respects; but not the less is society indebted to the early and untiring exertions of the BENEVOLENT HOWARD.



NAMES OF PERSONS.

IN the Bible, the oldest and most venerable of our books, the personages mentioned are, with few exceptions, respectively distinguished by a name consisting of but a single word; such as Abraham, David, Samuel, Matthew, and so on. Such was the ancient practice in the east in regard to the names of individuals; the term employed by parents in giving names to their children having often a reference to some passing and memorable circumstance. According to this method of naming, there were no family names. It was therefore customary, for the sake of distinguishing the family connection, to specify whose son a person was, as for example, 'Joshua the son of Nun.' The Scriptures, old and new, abound in lists of nativity of this kind.

The Greeks were not farther advanced in their system of naming than the Hebrews. They bore only one name from the beginning to the end of their political existence. It was customary to give the eldest son the name of his paternal grandfather, and other relatives were similarly complimented by giving their names to the other children. The Greeks, aided by the remarkable flexibility of their language, had a happy knack in inventing names, and thus possessed a large stock. Still the ambiguity arising from the single-name system made it necessary to have recourse to expedients for marking more unmistakably who was meant. The most common expedient was to say who a person's father was, as Socrates the (son) of Sophroniscus. This was sometimes done by what is called a patronymic, that is, a name formed from the father's name; thus, Achilles was Peleides or Peleus-son. To indicate a man's city, or nation, or his profession, served the same purpose, as Thucydides 'the Athenian,' Dionysius 'the Tyrant.' In the familiar intercourse of life, they made a liberal use of nicknames.

The Romans were more ingenious. They had a very complete system of nomenclature, more perfect, in fact, than anything in modern times. Every Roman in the days of the republic had at least two, and nearly always three names—(1) a forename (*prænomen*), (2) a name (*nomen*), and (3) an additional name, called *cognomen*. The forename belonged to the individual personally, corresponding to our Christian name; and of this class there were never more than about thirty. The middle name denoted the *gens* (kin) or clan to which he belonged, and was socially of great importance. Every Roman belonged to some clan, who all bore the same 'name;' thus, all the members of the Julian clan had Julius for their second name.

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Much of the Roman law turned on the mutual rights and obligations of those possessing the same clan-name. Names of this class end in *ius* or *eius*, and are of the nature of patronymics, like M'Donald or O'Connor, as if all the Juliuses had been descended from a common ancestor Julius. Each clan comprised a number of branches or families, and the cognomen designated to which of these families a man belonged. Thus, Caius Julius Cæsar denotes the individual Caius of the Julian clan, and of that branch or family of it called Cæsar; Marcus Tullius Cicero is another typical example. Some Romans had a second cognomen added as an honorary distinction, as Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus (from his wars in Africa). But clan and family were not the only social and genealogical relations that the Roman nomenclature could express. If a person by adoption passed from one gens into another, he assumed the three names of his adoptive father, and added to these the name of his former gens, with the termination *anus* (sometimes *inus*); Caius Octavius being adopted by C. Julius Cæsar, became C. Julius Cæsar Octavianus. Slaves had only one name; and when a slave was manumitted, he received the forename and clan-name of his former master along with his own name as a cognomen. Cicero's slave, Tiro, became as a freedman M. Tullius Tiro. This shews what might be made of a rational and consistent nomenclature.

The Romans, however, stood alone in having an effective name system; and this is one of the many proofs we have of that genius for political and social organisation in which that people so far transcended all the other nations of antiquity. But even among the Romans, in the earlier period of their history, one name seems to have been the rule, at least with some of the tribes that united to form the Roman people; as we see in the case of Romulus and Remus.

Although the Romans conquered and held sway for a time over a large part of Western Europe, including the British Islands, their example in the way of naming individuals was not followed. The Germans and Celts continued as formerly to maintain the single-name system. By the introduction of Christianity, the plan was adopted of giving a child a name at its baptism, such as John, Andrew, Mary, and so forth, by which the child on growing up came to be generally known; but this still created no family name. It remained the practice, for distinction's sake, to say Andrew the son of John, or William the son of Thomas. Evidently, there was in all this a great social imperfection. Such was the inconvenience that, as in the case of the Greeks, nicknames were employed to distinguish certain individuals. Of this practice we have examples in Frederick Barbarossa, meaning 'Frederick with the red beard'; Richard Cœur de Lion, 'Richard the Lion-hearted'; Malcolm Canmore, 'Malcolm with the large head.' In humble life, nicknames, or they may be called distinguishing names, were exceedingly common; such as

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Walter the smith, Thomas the cooper, and so on. Old writs connected with heritable property, or with civic offices, are prolific in names of this familiar kind.

Things continued in this primitive condition till about the eleventh century of our era, in some places till a later period. The confusion became so great, that as a remedy the plan of having a family name which should descend from father to son was adopted; every one having a baptismal name besides. The reason why the family name was called the *surname* is not very clear. The French style it the *surnom*, or overname, because, as is alleged, it was originally written *over* the baptismal or Christian name; and our term surname may have the like origin.

It is impossible to assign any definite date to the introduction of surnames; like the abolition of serfdom and many other social changes, it took place silently, gradually, and without being noted or recorded at the time. It is only indirectly, by inference from genealogies and other incidental notices, that we can gather what progress it had made at particular epochs. The innovation seems to have been begun in France by the beginning of the eleventh century; at all events before the invasion of England in 1066, many of the Norman chiefs had taken family names from their châteaux in Normandy. These names (De Warren, De Mortimer, &c.) the adventurers brought with them into England; and with the establishment of the feudal system, the practice of taking a territorial designation there became general, families of Saxon origin styling themselves de Ford, de Ashburnham, and the like. The Anglo-Norman knights whom David I. (died 1153) and his successors gathered round them, established the same system in Scotland in the twelfth century. It spread about the same time into Germany and other parts of Europe. Of course it was only the lords of the soil who could assume names of this kind; and from this circumstance the prefix *de*, and the corresponding German *von*, continue to be coveted distinctions in France and Germany, as marks that their owners belong to, or at least are descended from the landed nobility. In England, as the Norman conquerors melted into the native population, the *de* was gradually dropped, and only a few relics of it remain, as de Clifford, de Ros, de Vere.

In the reign of Henry I. (1100—1135), it had already become indispensable in persons of rank to have two names; for when that monarch wished to marry his natural son Robert to Mabel, one of the heiresses of Fitz-Hamon, the lady demurred:

‘It were to me a great shame
To have a lord withouten his twa name.’

The difficulty was got over by the king giving his son the surname of Fitzroy. The essential principle of a surname, however, that of descending from father to son, was not steadily adhered to for

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several generations. A Norman called Alan accompanied the Conqueror into England, and got a gift of lands in Shropshire. His eldest son, William, became the ancestor of the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel; the second son, Walter Fitzalan, passed into Scotland, in the service of David I., and acquired large possessions along with the office of Grand Steward. His son bore the name, not of Alan Fitzalan, but of Alan Fitzwalter, with the title of Steward of Scotland, and it was this title of Steward or Stewart that finally became fixed as the family name.

But while this was going on among the lords of the soil, the commonalty continued, for two or three generations, to be distinguished for the most part by names like the following, taken from records of the beginning of the fourteenth century: William at Byshope Gate, Agnes the Pr'sts sister, Thom in Thelane, Johēs le Taillour, Peter atte the Bell. After a while, however, the example set by the aristocracy, and the obvious convenience of the thing itself, produced its effect, and the second names of the middle and lower classes began to descend from father to son. Yet it took centuries to establish it as a regular practice. 'Hereditary surnames,' says Mr Lower, 'can scarcely be said to have been permanently settled among the lower and middle classes before the era of the Reformation. The introduction of parish registers was probably more instrumental than anything else in settling them; for if a person were entered under one surname at baptism, it is not likely that he would be married under another, and buried under a third. Exceptions to a generally established rule, however, occurred in some places. The Rev. Mark Noble affirms that it was late in the seventeenth century that many families in Yorkshire, *even of the more opulent sort*, took stationary names.' It is doubtful if the use of hereditary surnames is even yet fully established in some places, unless the recent more stringent laws regarding registration have brought it about.

Let us now take a survey of the sources whence surnames are derived. Their variety, and the oddness of some of them, are surprising.

The territorial names of the landed gentry have already been considered. If the commonalty had not estates and castles, they could at least call one another after their places of birth or residence. A naturalised foreigner was called after his native country; hence Alman (German), Burgoyne (Burgundian), Fleming, French or Francis, Hanway (Hainault), Ireland. The first Scott probably got his name while sojourning temporarily in England, and brought it back with him to his native land; similarly, English originated in Scotland, where it has the form Inglis.

A person coming from one county or town and settling in another, was distinguished by his birthplace: as Cornwall, Durham, Berwick, Aberdeen, Sutherland, London, Wells, Bathgate. Not only counties and cities, but obscure villages, and even manors,

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farms, and single houses have furnished surnames that count by thousands.

We have seen that before there were surnames, one John or William was distinguished from another as John over the water, John in the lane, William atte kirk, atte hall, atte mylne, atte wood, atte style, under wood, by field, &c. These topographical descriptions of residence now became stereotyped, and descended from father to son, generally shortened into one word—Water, Lane, Kirk, Hall, Milne, Wood and Attwood, Style or Styles, Underwood, Byfield. Before a vowel, *atte* took the form of *atten*, as ‘atten ash,’ ‘atten oaks;’ and in shortening, the *n* naturally adhered to the following word, giving the familiar names Nash and Noakes. Every conceivable object natural or artificial, forming a distinguishable feature in a locality, was thus pressed into the service of name-making.

Before the invention of numbering houses, merchants’ or artisans’ shops, and inns, were distinguished by signs, as many old established inns are to this day; and the tradesman or innkeeper was known as Will at the Bull, Tom at the Tankard, Dick at the Mallet, Ned at the Needle, &c.—‘which names,’ says Camden, ‘as many other of like sort, with omitting *at*, became afterward hereditary to their children.’ It can hardly be doubted that a great majority of our natural-history family names, as we may call them, had this origin—Moon, Hart, Kydd, Gammon, Crane, Heron, Wildgoose, Herring, Salmon, Blackadder, Crabbe, Broome, Nutt, Oates, Chrystal, Gold, Flint, &c.; as well as such names as Crosskeys, Griffin, Hammer, Pott, Scales, &c. Some of them, perhaps, were first given as emblematic nicknames; the forefather of the Foxes (in Scotland Todds) was perhaps counted a sly fellow; of the Pikes, greedy; of the Bullocks or Stotts, stolid and bovine.

Pertaining to a household of the olden time, there was the Chamberlayne; and there were the Butler, and the Baker, and the Cook, with the Cookson to help him make the cakes; and the Brewer to brew good beer; and the Gardner, and Hunter, and Fisher, and Fowler, and the Groom to come in hot from their toil, and drink it; and the Forrester, Ranger, Woodman, Parker, Grover, Sheppard, and Hind to have their share of the good draught too. And if the house wanted mending, there were the Mason, Sawyer, Glaisher, Painter, Plummer, Thatcher, Carpenter, Tyler, and the Smith, ready at once to do it; and they had but to go to the Marghant, Brazier, Naylor, Leadbetter, Tinker, Sclater, and the Turner, and they could get all the materials to set to work. Whosoever’s name is Taylor, may be sure one of his ancestors made clothes; whosoever’s name is Glover, may be as sure his progenitors made (or sold) gloves; and the Draper sold *drap*, the French for cloth; and these were helped by the Dresser and the Webber (weaver), the Skinner and the Tanner, the Fuller and the Dyer; all

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of whom trusted their wares to the Chapman, the Hawker, and the Pedler, to sell them when they were done. The same office might give rise to more than one name. Thus John the Chamberlayne was otherwise designated as John atte the Chambers; and hence the name Chambers—a provincial form of which is Chalmers. The name Chambers is in some families traced to the French name *De la Chambre*, but that does not alter the characteristic origin of the name, which is the same in France as in England.

With regard to the families of King, Emperor, Knight, Bishop, we cannot suppose them descended from persons actually holding these dignities; the most probable explanation is that they originated in the popular plays and merry-makings of those days, when the man who excelled in personating a bishop would get the title as a sobriquet, and so of the rest.

Personal characteristics, as we have seen, were the source of most of our personal or baptismal names, and they were copiously drawn upon when second names came in vogue. As these, however, were formed at a more recent stage, and mostly from the vernacular tongue, they are more transparent than the former. The Blacks, Browns, Fairbairns, Grissels, Whitelocks; the Longs or Langs, Longfellows, Smalls, Broadheads, Cruickshanks, Prettymans, Lowes, Stronges, Starks, Armstrongs, Lightfoots, Heavisides; the Hardys, Meeks, Moodys, Wilds, Humbles, Stills, Goodenoughs, require no explanation of their pedigree.

Baptismal names have furnished surnames in several ways. A considerable number are used without change of any kind; as Walter, Adam, Oliver, James, Arthur, Andrew, David. Others are corruptions of old forenames, some of which are no longer in use; as Austin (Augustin), Edlin (Atheling), Bennet (St Benedict), Ingram (Ingelram), Semple (St Paul), Terry (Theodoric), Tipple (Theobald), Tudor (Theodoric).

Patronymics, or names derived by modification from the father's name, form a very large class of surnames. This, as already observed, was one of the oldest expedients in name-making. The most obvious kind of English patronymic is made by affixing *son*, as Williamson, Johnson. Others consist of the father's name in the possessive case, the *son* being suppressed; John Williams was originally John William's (son); William Jones was William John's (son); Harris corresponds to Harrison. The Normans prefixed *Fitz* (Lat. *filius*, son), and formed names like Fitz-Alan. This is exactly parallel to the Gaelic *Mac* (son) in Macadam, M'Alaster. The Welsh form of the word is *Map*, which shortened into *ap*, gives ap Griffith, ap Roger, ap Rhys. When the *p* is capable of coalescing with the first letter of the name, the *a* is dropped, and we have Prodder, Price, Pritchard (ap Richard), Powell (ap Howell), Pugh (ap Hugh), Parry and Barry (ap Harry), and a great many of the current English surnames beginning with B and P. In early times, a Welshman's name gave

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his pedigree for half-a-dozen generations. The following dialogue is quoted by Lower from a play printed in 1600 :

Judge. What bail? What sureties?

Davy. Her cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffin, ap Davis, ap Owen, ap Shinkin Jones.

Judge. Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sheriff. And 't please your Lordship, these are all BUT ONE !'

The O' in Irish patronymics, as O'Connel, is a corruption of *ua* a grandson, and, hence, any descendant. But in many Irish names *Mac* has been substituted for O'. Other languages have equivalent forms. The Germans have their *Mendelssohns*, the Danes their *Thorwaldsens*, the Russians their *Paulowitz* (Paulson). The German names *Jacobi* and *Pauli* are the Latin genitives of *Jacobus* and *Paulus*, corresponding to the English possessive, *Jacobs* and *Pauls*, The Italian *dei Medici* means (one) of the Medici, or descendants of *Medico* (the physician); and the Spanish *Fernandez* is *Fernand's* son.

Diminutives may be considered a kind of patronymics. They are mostly formed in English by the affixes *kin* and *cock*, or *ock*, of Teutonic origin, and *ot* or *et*, a French termination. *Peterkin*, little or young Peter, was perhaps first used to distinguish the son from old or big Peter his father. They were also used as terms of endearment, and then became fixed as real names. Most of them, as well as patronymics in *son*, are derived, not from the full name, but from the shortened and familiar form of it; thus, *Walter*, *Wat*, *Watson*, *Watkin*. By means of these various modes of derivation, a single personal name sometimes gives birth to a long list of family names: Ex.—

WILLIAM—Williams, Williamson, Will, Wills, Willock, Willox, Wilks, Willmot, Wilkin, Wilkins, Wilkinson, Wickens, Bill, Bilson, Wilson, Wilcocke, Wilcox, Wilcockson, Willet, Willott, Willy, Willis, Wylie, Till, Tillot, Tilson, Tillotson, Tilly.

PETER—Peters, Peterson, Pierce, Pierson, Perkin, Perkins, Peterkin, Peterkins, Purkiss, Perk, Parkins, Parkinson, Parr, Porson, Parson.

NICHOLAS—Nichol, Nicholls, Nicholson, Nixon, Cole, Colet, Colson, Colins, Collison.

JOHN—Jones, Johnson, Janson, Jennings, Jenks, Jenkin, Jenkins, Jenkinson, Jack, Jackson, Hanson, Hancock.

GILBERT—Gilbertson, Gill, Gillot, Gilpin, Gibb, Gibbs, Gibbon, Gibbons, Gibson, Gubbins, Gipp, Gipps.

Many of these variations in names originated, doubtless, in that disregard of orthography which was once so prevalent. Of three brothers, one will write his name Johnson, another Jonson, and the third Johnston. Instances of this indifference to accuracy are often observable in the records of births and marriages in old families.

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Bibles. A man would seldom write his own surname the same way.

Chance circumstances have originated names. This is particularly the case in regard to foundlings thrown on the bounty of the parish. Any term that strikes the fancy of the officials is given to the child. One found in a place will be called Place, another found in a street would be called Street. In Camden's *Remains*, the story is told of a foundling at Newark-upon-Trent who received from the inhabitants the name of Tom Among-us; but who, becoming a great man, changed it to Dr Thomas Magnus. One luckless child found exposed on the high-road was called by the indignant vestrymen Jack Parish; another, found tied up in a napkin beside a brook, got the name of Napkin Brooker. Among names derived from casual circumstances, we may reckon such as Father, Brothers, Youngson, Younghusband, Bairnsfather, Child, Suckling, Winter, Day, Monday.

Epithets of ridicule and contempt have had a good deal to do with names. A great many of this description would come under the head of Personal Characteristics, but they merit consideration apart. That a man's neighbours should fix upon him a ridiculous or opprobrious nickname, is natural enough; but that any one should be content to hand down such a name as an inheritance to his family is hard to understand. To what an extent this has been done is amazing; witness Addlehead, Scraggs, Sheepshanks, Trollope (slattern), Bastard, Silliman, Hussey, Gallows, Pennyfather (penurious), Craven, Saveall, Doolittle, Timeslow, Boast, Swindles, Drinkwater, Drinksop, Pistol, Coffin, Twigger, Ragg, Prigg, and hundreds more equally complimentary. Not a few of this class, however, were, in their origin, innocent of the vulgar or ridiculous ideas now associated with them. Among the most inelegant, not to say offensive, of surnames are those compounded with *bottom*. Yet there was no reference to the person intended by them. Bottom means a low-lying ground or valley, and in some dialects takes the place of valley or dale, so that what in one county is Longdale is in another Longbottom. These names, then, were names of places before they became names of persons. Ramsbottom is the name of a township in Lancashire, so called probably from the wild onions (*roms*) for which it is remarkable. Shufflebottom is thought to be a corruption of Shaw-field-bottom; and Higginbottom may be from *hickin*, a provincial name for the mountain-ash. Rather than believe that any one would be so callous as to brand his offspring as Cowards, we prefer to think that he was a respectable Cow-ward, an important officer in a village community, where the pasture was in common.

In many cases the derivation is obscured by corruption, or by the words being foreign or obsolete. Duffus is probably Dovehouse; Malthus, Malthouse. Law has nothing to do with the profession so

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called, it is from the provincial word *Law*, a hill (Ang.-Sax. *hlaw*, probably cognate with Lat. *cliv(us)*, Celt. *sliev*). Thorpe is Ang.-Sax. for a village; Spence, a yard or enclosure; Stow, Stoke, a place; Cheyne, Fr. *chêne*, an oak. Wallace is from Lat. *Wallensis*, or Welsh, that is, foreign, one who has been in foreign countries; Gowan, Celt. smith; Chapman, a merchant, from Ang.-Sax. *chepe*, a market; Latimer, originally Latiner, one who knew Latin, and hence an interpreter; Barker, a tanner; Jenner, a joiner; Lorimer, a harness-maker (Lat. *lorica*, a cuirass); Arkwright, a chest or cabinet maker; Lander, contracted for (Fr.) Lavandier, a washerman; Walker, a fuller (Ang.-Sax.; in Scotland a fulling-mill is still a wauk-mill); Crocker, Croker, a potter; Naper, Napier, one who had charge of the napery; Notman for Neatman, the neat-herd; Tupper, a maker of tubs; Trotter, a running footman; Lardner, a hog-keeper; Bowyer, bow-maker; Fletcher, a maker of arrows (Fr. *flèches*); Todhunter, a foxhunter; Ussher, the door-keeper (Fr. *huissier*, from Lat. *ostiarius*); Durward, the door-ward; Spencer, the steward (Fr. *le Despenser*); Kemp, a champion; Coleman, a charcoal-burner. Brewster, Sangster, Baxter, Webster, are the feminine forms in Ang.-Sax. of Brewer, Sanger (singer), Baker, Webber. As the feminine forms prevail in Scotland, perhaps we might infer that in that country these occupations were in early times chiefly filled by women. Lizars, probably from Lazarhouse; Michel, Mitchel (Ang.-Sax.), great; Seward, the warden of the coast; Corbet (Fr.), a raven. Bickerstaff, probably from the sign of an inn where *bickering*, or skirmishing with staves, was practised. Some suppose Fisher to be a corruption of the Norman name Fitzurze, which became Fitzour, and then Fishour.

We are quite at a loss to conceive what chance or caprice led to the choosing of such names as the following: Moneypenny, Bodle, Playfair, Fairweather, Double, Third, Furlong, Cubitt, Foote, Peabody, Hathaway, Beanskin, Goodyear. There is said to be a family called AND, who have for arms the character &.

The Registrar-general for England, in one of his instructive annual reports, gives a list of 2000 'peculiar' surnames, from which a writer in *Chambers's Journal* has culled a number of amusing groups.

'The need of the *law* is vindicated by Lawless, Felony, and Felons—its character by Just and Justice—its operations by Sessions and Jury—its pleasures by Fee—and one of its results by Fines.

'The science of *medicine* is celebrated under the homely name of Physick. The Pothecary and his Pill are not far apart. A Hospital, indeed, leaves the mind free to roam over Collick, Cramp, Fever, and the painful plural Fevers; but more cheerful thoughts of Balm and Balsam are not absent; while Heal and Cure shed a cheerful hue over the sable scene.

'*Naval matters* are not overlooked. The Ship multiplies into Shipping, and it swells into a Fleet. The single vessel has its Keel

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and Deck, its Helm, its Middlemast, and its Tackle; and for the boat there must be the Oar. When launched, it can Float, and with a Chart may set out upon its Cruise, in the course of which it will often have to Tack before the Gale. Should a Tempest cause a Leak, the sailors will look with anxiety for a Harbor or Haven on the Mainland; and failing this, even the most skilful Diver will be liable to Drown.'

THE MEANINGS OF NAMES.

Although proper names are not, in their ordinary use, intended to convey any meaning, they were all significant words to begin with; and an interesting branch of etymology consists in accounting for the application of words as names, and tracing out the original signification where it has become obscure. The subject is not only curious but instructive, for not a little of the history and character of a people may be traced in the personal names that have prevailed among them.

In most names of modern origin the meaning is transparent enough; but in the majority of historical names it has been obscured—in some cases altogether lost—by the root words having either died out of the language as we know it, or been so changed and disguised that only a student of antiquity, and not always he, can interpret the meaning. In fact, it is only within the last half-century that the meanings of many names in everyday use over the most of Europe have been dug up, as it were, after lying hid for many hundreds of years. Not that there were wanting attempts to explain them before; in fact this kind of etymology has always been a favourite exercise of ingenuity; but the method was, until lately, none of the surest, and the results generally laughable enough. In a monastery in the north of France, of which the register for the ninth century is still extant, it appears that the abbot, Smaragdus, was in the habit, when he recorded the admission of a new brother, of appending to the name an explanation in Latin of what he thought it meant, in thiswise: Altmir, *vetulus mihi* (old to me); Ainard; *unus durus* (one hard). Even men like Luther and Grotius, when they tried their hand at this kind of interpretation, could only produce such desperate conjectures as Albert, *all beard*; Harald, *old hair*; Altwine, *old wine*; Heinrich (Henry), *rich in hens*. It was little wonder that speculations of this kind should be looked upon as childish trifling. But the inquiry is now conducted in a very different way. Instead of catching at superficial resemblances of sound in the names as they now stand, they are first traced back historically to their oldest known forms, and then the resources of the modern science of comparative philology are brought to bear in dissecting them and finding their significant roots. The best scholars of the day do not think this branch of antiquarianism beneath their serious attention, and much that may be trusted has

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been brought to light.* We will therefore now bring together, from a variety of sources, a few of the more remarkable results.

In early times, with the remarkable exception of the Romans, people were contented with one name; it is not above eight hundred years since the custom became established of having a second name descending from father to son. Individual, personal, or, as we call them, baptismal or Christian names, are thus older than family names or surnames, and it is chiefly names of this class that require explanation. Not that there is any absolute distinction between the two classes as regards the words themselves; for almost all personal names are also used as family names, as we have seen.

Our present stock of personal names has been gathered chiefly from five languages—the Teutonic, Celtic, Greek, Roman, and Hebrew.

1. *Teutonic Names.*

We will begin with those names that have their roots in the Teutonic languages—that is, the class to which English belongs—and come down to us from our own ancestors of the heathen heroic age. They were made expressive of the attributes then held in highest estimation, betokening either personal qualities or the favour of the gods. Originally, no doubt, they were bestowed upon grown-up men who had deserved them; but they were spread and perpetuated by being given to the young, as of good omen; they were thought to be a kind of presage of what the fortune of the individual would be. Among the northern peoples, most names were compounded of two words; this was the case also among the Greeks; and it is remarkable how identical many of them are in meaning and in mode of formation. The Greek Theophilus, beloved of God, looks like a translation of Godwin, or Oswin; Democrates, ruler of the people, of Theoderich. And yet we know that they must have been formed independently: the two peoples only felt and thought alike, and naturally expressed these thoughts and feelings in a similar way.

The words that enter into our primitive proper names relate for the most part either to religion, or to the all-engrossing occupation—war. The most general appellation for a Divine Being, Gott, God, Gode, is copiously employed, as in Gottfrid (Godfrey) and Godwin. As or Ans (in other dialects, Os, Es), plural, Asen or Ansen, was the general name for the gods of the Odin dynasty; and though this word has died out of the language, as the beings it designated have out of our creed, we find petrifications of it in Anshelm, Oskar, Esmond, and the like. (The other elements in these and the following names will be explained farther on.)

* Among the foremost investigators in this field may be mentioned the German scholars Wackernagel and Pott. For the English reader, Miss Young's *History of Christian Names* is a perfect repertory of all that concerns one branch of the subject; and Lower's *English Surnames* is equally exhaustive of the other branch.

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Of the various spirits and genii with which our ancestors peopled the air, the earth, and the waters, none occupied a more prominent place than the *alps*, *albs*, *aelfs*, or *elves*. The word is akin to the Latin *albus*, white; and denotes the 'white' benign spirits. It is an element in Alfred, Albuin, Aelfstan, and many more. One case deserves special notice: with the syllable *ric* or *rich*, which is neither more nor less than *rex*, 'ruler,' it forms Aelfric—the name of the Bishop of Canterbury in the year 1000. This name in other dialects was Alberich; in Norman and other Romanic languages, it became Auberon, and hence the Oberon of our poets—an appropriate enough title, being literally, Elfin-king.

The primitive goddess of the northern peoples, the feminine complement of Wodan or Odin, went by various names in different localities: one of the most prevalent was Berta or Berchta. This goddess presented the benign side of the divine attributes. She owes her name, Berchta, to the appearance under which she manifested herself: it is from the same root as the English *bright*. Frau Berchta, therefore, was 'the shining one.' Traces of this benign being still linger in the White Lady, that watches over the destinies of many a distinguished house. The name is not yet quite extinct; and surely, if there is anything in antiquity, it is one in every way to be proud of, reaching back to the foretime of Odin himself; Clara, or Claire, of the same import, is a mere parvenu in comparison, though it may have come in with William the Conqueror. Besides, Clara is a Latin stranger, unable to claim kindred with words of the native stock. We are disposed at once to augur bright things of any young woman that wears the name of Bertha.

Besides forming a name by itself, the syllable *bert*, *bercht*, *brecht*, *precht*, in its sense of brightness and splendour, was a favourite ingredient in compound names. Thus, we have Bertram, Landpert or Lambert, Robert, Albrecht or Albert, &c.

At that stage of civilisation when the fiercer animals are rivals with man for the lordship of the forest, their strength, swiftness, and cunning are objects of his admiration and envy. To be likened to the eagle or the lion, is to receive the highest praise; to be named after them, the highest honour. The animals that chiefly served as ideals of excellence to our ancestors, were the bear, the wolf, the boar, the eagle, the swan, the raven, and the serpent. In the estimation in which these animals were held, there was a blending of respect for their qualities and of religious feeling; for there is good reason to believe that at one time every tribe had some one animal that they held in special reverence as a kind of god, and whose name they bore. In the north of Europe, in days of yore, it was the bear that was the king of the beasts, and not the lion, which was probably unknown. The Bear was styled Forest-king, Gold-foot, Honey-hand, the Great, the Ancient, Grandfather, &c. His worship yet lingers in Bern, of which city he was the patron

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divinity. The worshippers of Odin delighted to bear his name. It appears in their nomenclature in the form of *pero*, *pirin*, *birn*, *beru*, *bern*, *beorn*—as in Bernhard, hardy or brave as a bear; Wolfsbirin, the (she) wolf-bear—a rather fierce title, we should think, for a lady; Asbförn, (Anglo-Saxon) Osbeorn, Osborne, the god-bear—a name, therefore, as old as the times of the demigods and heroes.

Our name for the Eagle is, through the French, from the Latin, *aquila*; his native northern name was *ara*, *ar*, *arn*, allied to the Celtic root from which our *eyry* is derived. This element is recognisable in Arnold—which does not, however, mean *old eagle*, but *valiant* as an eagle.

The Boar (Ger. *eber*, Lat. *aper*), besides being admired for his strength, was also a sacred animal: he first taught men how to plough the earth, and no doubt the first ploughshare was made after the model of his snout. Such names as Eberhard, Everard, took their rise in this reverence for the wild-boar.

But above all others, the Wolf and the Raven were held in special esteem as beasts of good omen. The appearance of a wolf or a raven leading the way, was the sure sign that Odin was on your side. The very names presaged victory; and that, to a war-like people, embraced all good-fortune. Accordingly, there are countless proper names in early history into which the wolf and the raven enter, and many of them are still in use. Wolfgang, so well known as Goethe's Christian name, denotes a hero whom the wolf of victory goes before—wolf-attended. Wolf takes the forms *wulf*, *ulf*, *olf*; and raven—in German *rabe*, *raben*—becomes *ram*. In Wolfram and Ramnulf both the auspicious names are united. Others are Adolf, Bertram, Ludolf.

It will save repetition in explaining the meanings, if we throw the more common of the name-roots signifying qualities into the form of a glossary.

Adal, *adhel*, birth, nobility.

Balt, *bald*, *bold*, *pold*, bold, prince.

Brand, a sword, so called, according to some, because it *burns* or glitters.
Deut, *diut*, *theod*, the people; the Germans call themselves *the Deutsch*, or people, par excellence.

Fried, *frid*, peace.

Ger, *gar*, *kar*, spear or dart. Compare Fr. *guerre*, and Eng. *war*; the Germans are supposed to be so called because they were 'spear-men.'

Gunt, *gund*, war. This word is preserved in Italy in *gonfalone*, war-standard, imported thither by the northern nations.

Har, *heri*, *her*, warrior, army.

Hart, hardy.

Heim, *hein*, home.

Heim, helmet.

Hild, *Hilta*, battle, the goddess of battle.

Hlut, *hlud*, *chlud*, *lud*, *lot*, is allied to Eng. *loud*; the sounding of praise or fame is the idea involved.

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Hruod, rud, rot, rò, also signifies fame; compare *cry*.

Hugo, thought.

Kun, brave; allied to 'keen.'

Leip, las, left, relict, progeny, born.

Lieb, leof, love.

Liut, leut, the people; compare *laity* and *lewd*.

Macht, mat, might.

Mund, mond, protection.

Od, ead, ed, possession or fortune. This root enters into *allodial* and *feodal*: the first meaning a possession all or quite one's own; the second, that which is held for a fee.

Rad, rat, red, and

Ragin, regin, rein, counsel, wisdom; compare Lat. *ratio*, reason.

Reich, rich, rule or ruler.

Sig, victory

Thiuda, theod, teut, the people.

Trut, trud, the trusted, beloved, a maiden.

Walt, wald, wald, old, expresses the exercise of power or sway; it is allied to Eng. *wield*, and Lat. *prevail*.

Wart, ward, guard.

Wig or *wik*, war or fight; probably allied to *victory*.

Will. A mysterious power was ascribed to the act of willing or wishing, similar to that ascribed to the eye.

Win, liking, love; compare *winsome*.

In these roots the reader will find a key to such of the names already cited as have been left partly unexplained, and to many besides. It is not, indeed, always easy to see how the one of the two ideas usually entering into a name was intended to modify the other, but a general notion can mostly be gathered. We give a few specimens of interpretation, confining ourselves to the more usual and interesting of the class we are discussing.

The religious idea prevails in such names as—*Gottfried*, or *Godfrey*, God's peace; *Godwin* and *Oswin*, beloved of God; *Esmond*, god-guardian; *Godgiftu*, or *Godiva*, God's gift; *Gotthard*, or *Goddard*, divine firmness, or bold in God; *Gottlob*, praise-God; *Ansgar*, or *Oskar*, divine spear; *Anselm*, or *Anselm*, divine helmet.

Nobility of birth and large possessions in—*Adalolf*, *Adolf*, or *Adolphus*, the noble wolf, another form of which is *Ethelwolf*; *Adalbercht*, *Albercht*, or *Albert*, of illustrious birth; *Adela*, or *Adele*, *Ethel*, the noble lady; *Landpert*, or *Lambert*, bright land; *Edward* and *Edmund*, guardian of the possession.

Authority and rule in—*Theoderic*, ruler of the people; *Heimrich*, *Heinrich*, or *Henry*, ruler of the home or country; *Liutpold*, or *Leopold*, bold among the people, or prince of the people; *Harald*, powerful warrior; *Friedrich*, or *Frederick*, prince of peace; *Walther*, wielder of the army.

Personal prowess and courage in—*Randolf*, the shield-wolf; *Hildebrand*, the war-brand, or flame of war; *Gerhard*, or *Gerard*,

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spear-strong ; *Gerold*, spear-wielding ; *Garibaldi*, spear-bold ; *Wicief*, or *Wicliffe*, son of war ; *Gunstaf*, *Gustaf*, or *Gustavus*, the staff of war (though some make this to be the divine staff) ; *Wilhelm* (*William*), wishing or resolute helmet.

Next to personal strength, wisdom was held in high esteem, as we see in such names as—*Alfred*, elfin-counsel, or wise as the fairies ; *Kunrat*, or *Konrad*, bold in counsel ; *Reginhard*, *Reinhard*, or *Reynard*, daring in counsel—the appropriate title of the fox in the fable.

Glory was prized before there were cannons' mouths to seek it in ; witness—*Hludwig* (*Clovis*), now *Ludwig*, or *Louis*, glorious warrior ; *Ruotprecht*, *Rupert*, or *Robert*, bright with fame ; *Lothar*, or *Luther*, glorious army, or warrior ; *Roderic*, renowned commander.

Charles, Ger. *Karl*, seems to have signified primarily male, manly. It became the name of the line of rulers that culminated in Charles Martel and Charles the Great, and has continued to be popular ever since.

These instances will suffice to give our readers a notion of this branch of antiquarianism. They suggest some curious reflections on the state of society in those 'good old times,' if our space permitted us to indulge in them. To say nothing of the men, what a strange notion must have been formed as to 'woman's mission,' when to express the ideal of female excellence such names were chosen as *Wulfhilde*, the wolf-heroine ; *Bertramna*, the bright raven ; *Wolftint*, the wolf-serpent ; *Eberlind*, the boar-serpent ; *Ethelinde*, the noble serpent ; *Adalhilt*, the noble heroine ; *Gertrude*, the spear-maiden, or warrior-love ; *Chlothilde*, the famous amazon ; *Mathilda*, the mighty amazon ; *Gudrun*, the war-oracle. Nor are we to fancy that these formidable 'additions' were empty sound. These ladies supported their titles. On occasion of the two great battles in which Marius defeated the Teutones and Cimbri—the one in Provence, the other on the plains of Lombardy—we get rather startling pictures of the Gertrudes and Mathildas of these peoples. Plutarch tells us, that when the Romans pursued the routed enemy to their camp, the women were stationed at the rampart of wagons, and slew alike pursuers and fugitives—one her husband, another her brother, another her father ; they then threw their children, strangled with their own hands, under the wheels and horses' hoofs ; and, finally, plunged their weapons into their own breasts, rather than become captives. Dangerous mates these for milk-livered men !

There were, however, a few names more in accordance with our ideas of feminine excellence. There were a *Minna*, the one born in mind, the beloved ; and *Bertha*, the bright, already mentioned. *Amalia*, *Emily*, is from a root signifying work, industry. It has been suggested that *Emma* is of the same origin, and would thus mean 'the diligent,' just as *emmet* does (compare the Ger. *ameise*, or *couse*, an ant, and *emsig*, diligent) ; it may, however, be merely the

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first lisplings of infancy which form the German *amme*, meaning a nurse.

Names in primitive times seem to have been formed on the principle on which savages paint their bodies, namely, to make them look hideous and fierce, so as to frighten their enemies. More than one early Teutonic saint bore the rather inappropriate title of *Eberulf*, boar-wolf, which must have been invented for some warlike ancestor. *Bjornulf*, bear-wolf, was a Scandinavian name; and a modern Norwegian writer is called *Bjornstern Bjornsen*, bear-star bearson. *Bjornger*, bear-spear, was carried by the Northmen to the south of Europe, and there became *Berengar*, *Berenger*, the name of the French Burns. Danes delighted in the name of *Hrossbjorn*, horse-bear; and one character, mentioned in a Latin Chronicle under the respectable-looking name of *Rostiophus*, was really *Hrossthjof*, horse-thief, no doubt as honourable a calling in those days as cattle-lifting once was in Scotland. It is to this root *hross*, rather than to *rose*, that we are to refer such names as *Rosamond* (*Hrossmund*, horse-protection), *Rosalind* (*Hrosslind*, horse-serpent). *Harald Hardrada*, Army-wielder Bold-counsel, is a typical northern name.

The disguise in which some of those ancient names are now current is so complete that it is necessary to follow the successive stages of the transformation before it is possible to believe in the identity. Thus:

Gottfried became in French *Geoffroi*; which was borrowed by the English as *Geoffrey*, and transformed into *Jeffrey*, which the Americans have shortened into *Jeff*.

Millicent, Melicent, Melusine, Melisende, Melisenda, Amalasonda, Amalaswinth, 'dignity of labour.'

Lola is, in Spanish, short for Carlota, corresponding to Charlotte and Caroline, which are also clipped away to Lotty and Lina; and all from *karl*.

Roger, homely as it sounds, is the offspring of Rudiger, Hruodgar, 'famous spear.'

The famous Danish name *Ragnar* (Raginar), 'judge-warrior,' became in England Raynar, Rayner; in French it was reduced to René, and for women *Rénée*; and the Italians thinking this meant 'born again,' borrowed it as Renato and Renata.

Hludwigus, the Latin form of Hludwig, 'famous warrior,' was softened in Provençal into Aloys; this threw out a feminine Aloyse, which then became Heloïse. Aloys is thought to be the origin of the surname Alison.

Audrey, Awdrey, St Etheldreda, Æthelthryth, 'the noble threatener.'

Alice, Alisa, Adelisa, Adelidis, Adalheit, 'nobleness.' Adelaide is little changed.

Bowverie, a name of some note in England, has its root in the same word as *byre*, the Scottish term for 'cow-house.' Both are

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from *bauerie*, or *bowrey*, the Dutch for a farm-steading, or residence of *bauers*, or *boors*.

2. Names of Celtic Origin.

But older yet than the Teutonic Osbornes and Williams—older at least as denizens of the British Islands—are the Celtic Brans or Brians, Caradocs, and Ferguses. In proceeding to explain a few of them, it is necessary to premise that the Celtic languages are divided into two branches—(1) the Kymric, consisting of Welsh, Cornish, and Breton; and (2) the Gadhelic, consisting of the Irish or Erse, and the Gaelic, spoken in the Highlands of Scotland. For the purposes of etymology, Irish and Gaelic are nearly identical. Welsh and Irish differ greatly in the forms of the words; where the Welsh has a *p*, for instance, the same word in Irish or Gaelic has *c* (always pronounced *k*), as *pen* (Welsh), *cean* (Irish), head. A great difficulty in tracing the derivation of Celtic names arises from singular to plural, or from nominative to genitive. When a consonant is aspirated, or takes *h* after it, its sound is quite altered, and sometimes altogether destroyed; thus, *bh* or *mh* sounds like *v* or *w*, so that the name Boromhe is pronounced Boru; and *sh* and *th* both have the force only of *h*.

Bri or *brigh* (Irish), force, valour, is believed to be the root of the favourite Irish name Bran or Brian. The name seems to have been the general term for a king or ruler, like the Pharaoh of the Egyptians. Classic authors speak of more than one Brennus, leaders of hordes of Gauls who invaded the south of Europe before the Christian era. *Aodh*, fire, is the name of numerous early kings, or chiefs, in Ireland and Scotland. *Aeddon* is another form of the name. According to some, Edinburgh was at first Dun Aeddon, not Dun Edin. St Aidan, the apostle of the north of England, is one of those sons of fire.

Maedoc, Madog, beneficent, has from early times been a favourite name in Wales. It is used in England under the forms of Maddock and Maddox.

Fear (Gaelic), *gwr* (Welsh), corresponds to Latin *vir*, man, hero. The plural of *fear* is *fir*; that of *gwr* is *wyr*. Fearghus or Fergus, the name of so many heroes and chiefs, both fabulous and historic, among the Scots both in Ireland and Scotland, is explained as 'man of action,' from *gus*, a deed; but as *fearg* (from the same root) means wrath, Fergus may mean 'fierce.' *Fearachas* means 'manhood;' and Fearachur, Ferchar, Farquhar, is interpreted 'champion.' The ancient Irish name, Fearghal, man of strength, has given rise to the modern O'Ferrol and Ferral.

The favourite Irish name Neill, in Scotland Niel, is derived from a root signifying 'brave.' It is curious to find this name in the form Njal, early prevailing in Scandinavia, pointing to a very ancient

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communication with Ireland. The patronymic Nielsen is common in Scandinavia, and this is probably the origin of the English Nelson. The Latin chroniclers, supposing that the name meant 'black,' translated it Nigellus; hence Nigel.

Finn, fion (Irish), *gwynn, wynn, wen* (Welsh), white. Finn, the white, brilliant, or fair, was the name of the most famous of the mythical heroes of the Irish legends. He is usually called Finn mac Cumhail (pronounced Coole), Finn the son of Cumhal; and this, in the Scottish traditions, was corrupted into Fingal. Irish antiquaries accuse Macpherson of plagiarism in transferring Fingal and his son Oisín (Ossian) to Scotland. Be that as it may, the legends and traditions of the gigantic exploits of Finn and his band of heroes were, and are, common to the Celtic populations of both countries; and this is but natural, seeing that in those early times the mother-country of the Scots was Ireland, and the inhabitants of the west of Scotland were colonists from the north of Ireland. Irish scholars are satisfied that there is a substratum of fact under these fables; that, in the third century, there did exist a military organisation or militia for the defence of the throne, under a leader called Finn, from whom the band took the name of Fianna, Fians, or Fenians. The modern Fenians have copied the name, if nothing more. There are numerous hill-tops crowned with cairns throughout Ireland, called Seefin (Suidhe-Finn, Finn's Seat), which tradition makes Finn and his heroes to have used as resting-places in the intervals of the chase. Finn was used as a name in Scotland until it became the fashion to translate it into Albany. Phinn and Mac-Phunn seem to be relics of it; and it enters into names like Finlay. The Irish forms, Fionnan and Fionnagan, have become Finnucane and Finnegan.

The Welsh form, *gwen*, stands both for the colour white, and a woman—'the fair.' Gwenever or Guenever, the name of Arthur's faithless queen, was originally Gwenhwyvar, the 'swelling white wave.' The French transformed it into Génieève, and it was this name probably that became also Généviève.

Other Celtic words for colour are *ban*, white; *dhu*, black; *dearg* and *ruadh*, red; *don*, brown; *boid*, yellow. Bancu or Banquo was 'the white dog.' Dhu or dubh furnishes Dougall or Dugald, 'the black stranger;' Duff; Dow, Dove, Dewes; O'Dubhda or O'Dowd. Douglas, the famous name, is the Dhu-glas, the dark stream, on which the original seat of the family was. Donald is for Donghal, the brown stranger, and one Donald was then distinguished from another by calling him Donaldbane or White Donald. Duncan was Donnachu, the brown chief; and this or Donchada has furnished Donoghoe. The O'Connor sept split early into two branches, the brown and red—O'Connor Don, and O'Connor Roe.

Ruadh (Irish), *rud* or *rhydd* (Welsh), gives the common names Roe, Rowe, and Roy. Derivative forms were Ruadri, Ruairidh,

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Rhyddereh, which came to be pronounced Rory; and this being supposed to be a familiar form of Roderick, the Teutonic name has supplanted the Celtic.

Connel or Connal is the modern form of Congal, which is variously explained. *Cu* (genitive *conn*, dative *cuin*) means a dog; it evidently corresponds to the Latin *canis*, and the English *hound*. *Conn*, however, also means wisdom or a chief; and *gal* also has two meanings—courage, or a stranger. Strange to say, the dog was a favourite ingredient in Irish heroic names; there was a Cu Connacht, the Hound of Connaught; and Macpherson's hero Cuchullin, was Cu Uladh, the Hound of Ulster. The descendants of the dog family, the MacCuinns, have become the MacQueens; and O'Cuinn is now simply Quin.

Grig, the fierce or cruel, was the real name of the Scottish king whom the Latin chroniclers dignify with the classical title of Gregorius, which means watchman. From this corruption come Gregor and M'Gregor; but the original Celtic name is still prevalent in Scotland as Greig, pronounced Grig.

Grim, 'war,' was the root of Græme, Graham; *tadhg*, 'a poet,' of Teague, Thady, which is anglicised Thaddeus or Timothy; *mathghamhain*, 'a bear' (pron. mahoon), of Mahon. Some of the MacMahons have Normanised themselves into Fitz Ursulas.

Beath (from the same root as Eng. to *be*) is 'life,' so that Macbeth is 'son of life,' or rather son of Beath, whose direct descendants are the modern Beiths. Bethia or Bathia is probably of the same origin.

Celtic names of devotion were formed by styling the person the friend, servant, or disciple of the object of veneration. The chief words employed in this way were: *Car* (identical with Lat. *carus*), meaning, 'friend;' *ceile*, attendant, servant; *caileag*, handmaid; *gille*, lad, servant; *maol*, bald, tonsured—hence a disciple. Of the once numerous names of this class, the following are a few of the survivors: Carmichael, the friend of Michael (the Archangel); the Culdees were the *ceile De*, the attendants of God; Gillies, servant of Jesus (in Gael. Josa); Malise, disciple of Jesus; Gilchrist, servant of Christ; Gilmory, Gilmour, servant of Mary; Gilbert, possibly for the old Gilbrid, servant of St Bridget; Malcolm, disciple of Columba; Gillespie, Gillespiug, Gillescop, servant of the bishop (*episcopus*).

Llywelyn is from *Llewel*, lightning, the root being *Llew*, light, allied to Lat. *lux*. Caractacus is the Latin form of the British Caradwg or Caradoc, meaning 'beloved,' from the root *car*, dear.

In Buchanan's *Latin History of Scotland*, we read of a Scottish king with the classical-looking name of Achaius, who formed an alliance with Charlemagne. His real name was Eochaid or Auhy, meaning 'horseman,' from *each*, a horse, allied to Lat. *equus*. Other Eochuids were Latinised Eugenius. Eachan was another form of the same name.

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3. *Names of Greek, Roman, and Hebrew Origin.*

The derivation of most Greek names is transparent, and their meaning must have continued to be felt by those who spoke the language. They bear a strong analogy to Teutonic names, being mostly compounded of two words. We can only afford to give a few examples to illustrate the type, and in doing so we select those that have become household words through their importance in history, or are in use at the present day. Most of these last are either mentioned in the New Testament, or were formed in later times to express Christian ideas.

Zeus, gen. *dios* or *zenos*, the god Zeus; *theos*, the divine being. An immense crop sprang from these two roots. Diogenes, heaven-born (*genesis*, birth, origin); Diocles and Diocletian, divine fame (*kle*-, rumour, fame); Diodorus, gift of Zeus; Theodorus, divine gift; Theodora and Dorothea, divine gift; Theophilus, beloved of God; Theophylact, God-protected.

Of animal names, the lion (*leon*), the horse (*hippos*), and the wolf (*lykos*), were the favourites. There have been countless Leos from the dawn of history down to modern popes; the patronymic Leonidas (Lionson) was also common, and is historically famous. Hipparchus, horse-chief (*arch*-, chief); Hippocrates, horse-ruler (*kratin*-, to rule), are well-known names; as are Lycurgus, wolf-worker (*erg*-, work) Lycidas, wolf-son, or son of Lycus.

The most common of the other roots of names are: *andr*-, man, hero; *machē*, fight, war; *eu*-, well, auspicious, happily; *hier*-, sacred; *nike*, victory; *agath*-, good; *arist*-, best, excelling; *demos*, the people; *laos*, the people; *phil*-, love; *soph*-, wisdom; *tim*-, honour. The following are examples: Andreas, manly; Andromache, heroic fight; Telemachus, fighting from a distance, or with missile weapons (archer); Leander, lion-man; Aristarchus, best ruler; Aristides, son of the best; Aristobulus, excelling in counsel; Eugenēs, well-born; Euphemia, fair or lucky speech—avoiding words of bad omen; Philippus, lover of horses; Philadelphus, brother-loving; Hieronymus (Jerome), sacred name; Nicodemus, conquering people, or subduer of the people; Nicolaus, similar in meaning; Kleopatra, father's fame, or, of famous ancestry; Sophocles, famed for wisdom; Georgius (George), husbandman, from *ge*-, the earth; Timotheus, honour-God; Christopher, Christ-bearer; Petrus, a stone; Ambrosius (from *a*-, negative, and a root akin to Lat. *mors*, death), immortal; Athanasius (from *a*-, negative, and *thanat*-, death), immortal; Sophia, wisdom; Gregorius, watchman; Barbara, foreigner; Agnes, sacred, a sacrificial lamb; Katharine, pure; Margarites, a pearl (a word which J. Grimm acutely suggests may have been borrowed by the Greeks from the northern nations, among whom it would signify sea-pebble, from *mar*-, the sea, and the root of the Eng. *griif*, meaning sand, pebble); Stephanos, a crown.

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Angelos, messenger, became a name in Italian, Angelo, Aniello; and Thomasso Aniello was shortened by the Neapolitans into Masaniello.

Roman names were few in number compared with Greek, and many of them are of doubtful or unknown derivation. This arose from the circumstance that the Romans being a mixed people, their inherited names belonged to a variety of dialects and languages which had become extinct at an early period. In the times of the republic, every Roman had three names; each of which served a special purpose. Of this system of nomenclature, something has been said when speaking of surnames.

Of the personal names, Caius or Gaius is supposed to imply joy, from the root of *gaudium*. Lucius and its derivatives, Lucianus, Lucanus, Lucas (Luke), are, to all appearance, from *lux*, light; Marcus, Marcius or Martius, Martinus, Marcellus, are probably connected with Mars, the god of war; as is also Marius. Publius is allied to *populus*, the people, the nation; Publicola is the courter of the people. Tiberius was derived from the Tiber. To eke out their scanty round of original names, the Romans—so prosaic and barren were they in the way of invention—had recourse to numerals, just as prisoners in a jail are called No. 3, No. 59, &c. The earlier numerals were less frequent; but Quintus, Sextus, Septimus, Octavus, were very common, with their derivatives, Quintius, Quintianus, Quintilius, Octavius, Octavianus.

Aurelius appears to be connected with *aurum*, gold. The founder of the Claudian gens was probably lame (*claudus*). This name has survived in modern Europe, as Eng. Claud, French Claude, feminine Claudine. The first Fabius was so called, according to Pliny, because he introduced the culture of the bean (*faba*). Flavius and Fulvius both denoted yellow-haired. Junius may be translated by young; Hortensius, a gardener. Pompeius is derived from the city; Porcius is a breeder of pigs (*porcus*)—it survives in the feminine Portia.

The cognomen, or name that marked what division or family of the clan a man belonged to, was originally a nickname or sobriquet that had been given to the founder of the family, from his occupation, his personal appearance, or some other circumstance. Some of them are homely enough: Crassus, fat; Balbus, the stammerer; Naso, long-nose; Brutus, stupid; Cæcus, blind. Cognomina from animals and plants had most probably a religious import; as Corvinus, from *corvus*, a crow; Cicero, a vetch. Agricola means farmer (*ager*, field, *colo*, to till); Augustus, reverend, from the root of 'awe'. Cæsar is variously interpreted, either blue-eyed (*cæsius*) or long-haired (*casarius*). Clemens, Constantius, Felix, Serenus, and their derivatives, hardly require explanation. Scipio is a staff. Paullus, the little, is current wherever Christianity has been heard of. Magnus, great, Maximus, greatest, from mere epithets, passed into names.

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Since the introduction of Christianity, a multitude of names have been coined from Latin words, expressive of religious sentiments and moral or other qualities. The greater part explain themselves by their evident relation to current English words; as Benedict, Pius, Justus and Justinus, Innocent, Vincent, Victoria, &c. In the following, the signification may not be so apparent to the mere English reader: Deodatus, God-given; Amadeus, love-God; Amabilis, lovable—French Aimable, English Amabel, Mabel; Beatrix, conferring blessings; Bonifacius, Boniface, good-worker; Clarus, Clara, clear, bright—French St Clair, Scottish Sinclair; Columba, dove, Columbanus; Letitia, Letty, gladness; Patricius, Patrick, patrician, noble. The apostle of Ireland, who is believed to have been born among the partly Romanised Britons of the kingdom of Strathclyde, and to have had at first a native Celtic name, got, in some way, the Roman designation of Patricius; and hence the prevalence of this name in Ireland and Scotland. It is quite distinct from Peter, with which it is sometimes associated. Ursus (a bear) and Ursinus were common names, even among bishops; and gave rise to the Italian Orso and Orsini, as well as to Ursula.

The Greek word *amauros*, or *mauros*, meant 'dim,' 'dark,' whence *amaurosis*, dimness or loss of eyesight; and the inhabitants of North Africa were called Mauri or Moors, from their dusky hue. A mediæval saint, probably of African origin, was known as Maurus, the Moor, and gave his name to the famous Benedictine Abbey of St Maur, which has been transformed in English into Seymour. Another saint and martyr was called after his birthplace Neapolis (new town), Napoli or Naples, and, having become the patron saint of the Orsini, spread the name Neapolion, Napoleone, till it lighted on one who has become a saint of a kind to a whole nation. Mauritius, of Moorish lineage, was the name of one of the greatest Constantinopolitan emperors, and of several saints; and hence Maurizio, Mauritz or Moritz, Meurice, Maurice, Morris, Morison.

Natalis, the natal (day of Christ), shortened into Noël, is French for Christmas; it is given as a name to children born on that day, and is not unknown in Britain. Dies Dominica, the Lord's day, is the origin of Dominic, denoting one born on that day.

The names of Hebrew origin current in Christian Europe are mostly of those mentioned in the New Testament. The practice of taking names directly from the Old Testament, is characteristic of Puritanism. The meanings of many Hebrew names are explained in the Bible narratives.

Ab, father, is an element in the composition of many names; as Abner, father of light; Abram, father of elevation; Abraham, father of a multitude; Absalom, father of peace. *Ben*, son, in Syriac *bar*, is also a frequent element; as Benjamin, son of the right hand, or fortunate, in opposition to Benoni, son of sorrow; Bartholomæus, son of Talmai.

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Jemima, the name of one of Job's daughters, means either day, or dove; Moses is the Egyptian or Coptic *Mo-ushe*, that is, drawn out of the water; Jonah, a dove; Miriam, in Greek Mariam, Maria, either 'their rebellion,' or from *marah*, bitter. Isaac, laughter or joy; Rachel, a ewe; Jacob, the supplanter; Thomas, a twin. Joseph gets a double etymology in the Bible narrative—'God hath taken away (*asaph*) my reproach,' and: 'will add (*joseph*) to me another son.'

As was to be expected among a people so essentially religious as the Hebrews, the divine name enters into an immense number of proper names. They had two words equivalent to God. *Eloah* (Arabic *Ilâh*), might, power, in the plural, *Elohim*, signified collective or highest power, great beings, kings, angels, gods, *Deity*. Used with a singular verb, it denoted the one true God, the Almighty. The mysterious word which we pronounce Jehovah, more correctly Jahve, is believed to mean, 'He that is,' 'the Everlasting.' It was the name of the national God of the Hebrews. At the beginning of compounded names, it appears as *Jo* or *Jeho*; at the end as *jah* or *jahu*.

Lazarus is a contraction of Eleazar, God will help; Elisabeth, the Greek form of Elisheba, God hath sworn; Elijah combines both roots, God-Jehovah; Elisha, God the Saviour or salvation; Nathanael, gift of God—Nathan, a gift, being used also as a name by itself; Daniel, the judgment of God; Samuel, heard of God.

Judah or Jehudah, from *Jah*- and *odeh*, praise—its Greek form, Judas, became an abomination to Christian ears; Joshua or Jehoshuah, Jehovah the saviour or helper, or Jehovah helps; Jesus is only the Greek, or rather Latin, disguise of the same word. John comes through the Greek Joannes, from Johanan or Jehohanan, and means Jehovah's gift; Hananiah (Ananias) is compounded of the same elements in inverted order. The root *hanan* signifies to bestow freely, or of grace, and furnishes Hannah, grace or gift, from which Anna, Anne. Anna, the sister of Dido, Hanno and Hannibal (gift of Baal), are of the same stock. Mattathiah, Matthias, Matthew, gift of Jehovah.

David is the beloved, the darling; Solomon, the peaceful; Tobijah, Tobias, Tobit, Toby, the goodness of Jehovah; Susanna, a lily; Obadiah, servant of Jehovah; Zachariah, remembrance of the Lord; Michael, who like God? Gabriel, the hero of God.

The transformations of these Greek, Latin, and Hebrew names are no less strange than those of the Teutonic and Celtic.

Philippus, Philip, Phil, Philipot, Lip (Ger.), Filippo (Ital.), Pippo and Pippa.

Alexander, Secunder, Iskander, Skander, Alysander, Elshender, Elshie, Alick, Sanders, Sandy, Sawny, Alaster, Alexei (Rus.)

Nicholas, Nick, Nicol, Colas and Colin (Fr.), Klaus and Nils (Dut.), Cola (Ital.).

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Peter, Piers, Pierce, Perrin (Fr.), Pietro and Pietruccio (Ital.), Pedro (Sp.), Petronella (fem.).

Margaret, Margery, Marjorie, Maggy, Meg, Madge, Peggy, Gritty, Maisie, May, Margot (Fr.), Margoton, Goton, Gogo, Malgherita (Ital.), Ghita, Rita, Gretchen (Ger.).

Jacobus, James, Jeames, Jem, Jemmy, Jack, Jock; Jaques (Fr.), Jacquot; Jacob (Ger.), Jackel, Jokel; Bopp (Swiss), Jock; Jacopo (Ital.) Jachimo, Jago, Coppo, Lapo; Jacobo (Sp.), Jago, Jayme.

Although Jack is now used in Britain as the familiar for John, there can be no doubt of its derivation from Jacobus. The confusion may have arisen thus: the first transformation of the original Jacobus was Jaquemes (Fr.), Jachimo (Ital.). In England, Jaquemes was shortened into James, in France into Jaques. Being the most frequently used name in France, Jaques came to signify a common man, a peasant, as we see in the word Jaquerie, signifying peasantry. In this sense it came over to England; and as John happened to be the most common English name (John Bull), Jaques or Jack came to be used as familiar for John.

John, Johnny; Jan (Welsh); Ian (Gael.), Shawn (Irish); Johannes (Ger.), Hans; Jan (Dut.), Jantje; Hanneken (Belg.); Jean (Fr.); Juan (Sp.); Joao (Port.), Joazinho; Giovanni (Ital.), Gian, Vanni, Nanni; Ivan (Rus.).

The feminine is no less varied and capricious in its forms: Joanna or Johanna, Joan, Jane, Jean (Scot.), Jenny, Janet, Jeanie, Jessie; Giovanna (Ital.), Giovannina; Juana (Sp.), Juanita; Ivanna (Rus.), Zanita. The familiar Jenny has undergone the same kind of fate as Jack; from designating any serving-man, Jack becomes a machine or implement, as in boot-jack; similarly Jenny, in spinning-jenny.

Maria, Mary, Marion, Molly, Moll, Polly, Malkin, Mawkes, Mawkin, May; Maria (Ital.), Marietta, Mariuccia; Maria (Sp.) Marinha, Maritornes; Marie (Fr.), Marion, Manon; Marija (Rus.), Maika, Maschinka.

Elisabeth, Eliza, Lisa, Lizzy; Bessy, Betty, Betsey, Elspeth (Scot.), Elspie; Lise (Ger.), Lischen; Bettina (Ital.); Betha (Swiss), Bebbä, Liserli; Erzebet (Hung.), Orsike.

Hanna, Anna, Anne, Nan, Nancy, Nanny, Annot; Anne (Fr.), Annette, Nanette, Nanon, Ninon, Nichon, Nillon; Antje (Dut.), Naatje; Nannel (Swiss), Nanneli.

But these transformations are nothing compared with what takes place when a name, belonging to one of the Aryan languages, is transferred into one of a different type, deficient, perhaps, in some of the most common sounds, or with a peculiar style of articulation. Chinese, for instance, is a monosyllabic language, and has no sound corresponding to *r*, *b*, *d*, or short *a*. Accordingly, the Sanscrit name Buddha is represented in Chinese by Fo-to, or shortly Fo; Brahma, is Fan-lon-mo, or Fan; the Ganges is Heng-ho; Benares is Polonai; Ki li sse tu stands for Christ; Ya me li ka for America. The

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Society-Islanders have no gutturals, and could not come nearer Captain Cook's name than Tute. In Arabic there is no *p*, and no word begins with two consonants without a vowel between them; hence Plato assumes the guise of Iflatún.

During the enthusiasm for the classical languages which attended the revival of learning, as it is called, it was a fashion among scholars to translate their names from the vernacular into what they considered the equivalents in Greek or Latin. Luther's fellow-labourer in the Reformation was originally Schwarzerd (black earth), which in Greek becomes Melanchthon. A German theologian of the eighteenth century, of the name of Goldmann, must needs be Chrysander. The famous scholar whom we know as Erasmus was originally Gheraerd or Gerhard. This really means 'spear-brave;' but etymology was then in its infancy, and fancying that it meant somehow 'beloved' or 'desired,' the bearer of it substituted Desiderius, a Latin name of that import, and to this he added the Greek equivalent Erasmus (from a Greek root, to love). Wishart, the Scottish martyr, figures in Buchanan's *History* with the fine-sounding Greek name Sophocardius (wise-heart). The more likely etymology of the word (if of Teutonic origin) is 'wise-brave,' or perhaps 'wish-brave,' that is, 'resolute will;' but it is possibly a corruption of the French *huissier*, door-keeper; the common English form of which is Ussher. In documents of those times, many a homely name appears in an imposing form. 'The matriculation book of the Edinburgh University, in the seventeenth century, is signed by a student whom mortals called Blyth, but who, aiming at something higher, writes his own name Hilarius; while another, christened Colin Caldwell, subscribes the oaths of admission as Colinus *a fonte gelido*.' The most desperate attempt of the kind we remember to have seen is one Andrew Borde made into Andreas Perforatus!

PUNS ON NAMES.

To play on the meaning, real or fancied, of names, has always been a favourite exercise of wit. Even grief can find relief in it. 'Call me not Naomi [pleasant], call me Marah [bitter], for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.' Shakspeare never misses an occasion for this kind of wit, even in the most serious circumstances:

'King Richard. How is it with old Gaunt?

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition!

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old'—

and so on for ten lines. Falstaff is fertile in name-puns: 'Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the *peace*.—I do see the *bottom* of this Justice *Shallow*.—*Discharge* yourself of our company, *Pistol*.'

Among the happiest things of this kind is the epitaph on the witty and humorous divine, Dr Fuller: 'Here lies Fuller's earth.'

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The names of three Cambridge physicians gave occasion to the following punning conundrum :

'What's *Doctor*, and *Dr*, and *Doctor* writ so?
Doctor Long, *Doctor Short*, and *Doctor Askew*.'

ANAGRAMS OF NAMES.

An anagram (from a Greek word signifying to write backwards) consists in the transposition of the letters of a word or short sentence, so as to form a new word or sentence. In operating thus on a proper name, the new word or sentence required to be applicable to the person. Ever since the invention of writing, magic virtues have been ascribed to written characters. It was believed that the individual letters composing words contained hidden meanings, and whole schools of philosophers devoted themselves seriously to evolve those meanings by transposing and otherwise juggling with them. Though now looked upon as at best ingenious trifling, it is not long since anagrammatising occupied the most learned and serious men—even Puritan divines found edification in it. The names of monarchs and great men were tortured into every shape by their flatterers. The courtiers of James I. proved his right to the British monarchy, as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur, from his name *Charles James Stuart*, which becomes *Claims Arthur's Seat*. An author, in dedicating a book to the same monarch, finds that in *James Stuart* he has *A just master*. John Bunyan made his own name into *Nu hony in a B*; and Horatio Nelson has been happily transposed into *Honor est a Nilo* (My honour is from the Nile). In Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, there is a whole chapter on Anagrams, from which we give the following in his own words : 'But, perhaps, the happiest of anagrams was produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age, and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name—

ELEANOR DAVIES.
Reveal, O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an *l*, and too little by an *s*; yet *Daniel* and *reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her

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out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning text against text: one of the Deans of the Arches, says Heylin, shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver; he took a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram—

DAME ELEANOR DAVIES.

Never so mad a Ladie!

The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state—and we hear no more of this prophetess.

It is not uncommon for a writer in periodicals to use an anagram of his real name as a disguise—a *nom de plume*, as it is called. An interesting case of this kind is that of Voltaire. His father's name was Arouet, and this was used by the son till he was about thirty years old, when he began to sign himself Voltaire. His biographers have indulged in endless conjectures as to where he got this name, but the solution of the puzzle was not found until Mr Carlyle, in his *Life of Frederick*, pointed out that it is simply an anagram of his former signature, *Arouet l. j.* (*Arouet le jeune*, that is, Arouet Junior). It is to be remembered that in those days *u* and *v* were considered to be the same letter, as were also *i* and *j*.

POPULAR ETYMOLOGIES OF NAMES.

When a name is of foreign origin, or made up of words that have become obsolete, there is a tendency to change the sounds for others that are more familiar, or to which some meaning can be attached. This tendency is seen at work in the corruption of asparagus into sparrow-grass, chacal into jackal, buffetier (the waiter at the buffet) into beef-eater; and it has made similar changes in many proper names both of persons and places. The English sailors and soldiers who took part in the Spanish civil war of 1833-40, could make nothing of the name of the famous Carlist leader, Zumala-Carreguy, and changed it into Zachary Macaulay; and in the language of the forecastle, the Bellerophon ship of war is the Billy Ruffian. In the state of Louisiana in America, which was originally a French colony, a settlement, for which a clearance had been made by burning down the forest, was called Bois-brulé (burnt wood); when an Anglo-Saxon population came to predominate in the place, the name became Bob Ruly. A common corruption of French names has been to change *ville* into *field*, as in Blomfield from Blondeville, Baskerville from Baskerville, Botfield from De Botville. In other cases it has been turned into *well*; for example, Bosseville into Boswell. 'The grand old Norman name of De Vesci is now *Veitch*. De Vere, once still greater, is with us *Weir*. De Montealto

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has come through several steps, till it has rested in the respectable but not illustrious name of *Mowat*. De Monte-fixe is *Muschet*. De Vallibus—De Vaux—De Vaus—by the simple blunder of turning a letter upside down, has assumed the shape of *Vans*; while De Belassize, carrying us back to the times of the Crusades, has in our homely mouths degenerated into the less euphonious name of *Belsches*. The startling names Death and Devil are said to be corruptions of De Ath and De Ville, and Scardeville has become Scaredevil. Buckett is for Bouquet, and Tallboys for Taille-bois (cut-wood). The medieval territorial name of Guttershole is elegantly represented in modern times by Gutsall; De Boxhulle, by Boxall. De la Chambre is said to be the origin of Dealchamber, besides, as has been said, the name Chambers; Wilburghfoss, of Wilberforce. A Spanish boy of the name of Benito (pronounced Beneeto) was taken on board an American ship, where his shipmates at once transformed him into Ben Eaton; this name he accepted as the English equivalent of his own, and when it came to be formally written it was, of course, Benjamin Eaton. Wormwood is believed to be corrupted from Ormond, Cuckold from Cokswold, Smallback from Smalbach (*bach*, a brook).

In some cases, names have been designedly transmuted or exchanged for something thought finer or less vulgar. 'A Dublin citizen (I think a dealer in snuff and tobacco), about the end of last century, had lived to a good age and in good repute, under the name of *Halfpenny*. He thrived in trade, and his children prevailed on him in his latter years to change the name which they thought undignified, and this he did by simply dropping the last letter. He died and was buried as Mr *Halpen*. The fortune of the family did not recede, and the son of our citizen thought proper to renounce retail-dealing, and at the same time looked about for a euphonious change of name. He made no scruple of dropping the unnecessary *h*, and that being done, it was easy to go into the Celtic rage, which Sir Walter Scott and the *Lady of the Lake* had just raised to a great height; and he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out (in full Rob Roy tartan, I trust) at the levees of the day as Kenneth *MacAlpin*, the descendant of a hundred kings.'

Thinking to get rid of the homeliness and vulgar associations connected with such common names as Smith, some go back to the times when people could not spell, and fish up all kinds of absurd old forms—Smythe, Tayleure, Fysche, Broun, &c. This silliness is happily hit off by Miss Mitford, who calls it an attempt 'to turn the vulgar to the genteel by the change of a letter.' It is absurd to appeal to old documents as authority for these caprices. At one time it would seem as if variety of spelling had been studied, as variety of expression is still; uniformity was probably thought to betray lack of invention. The most brilliant period of English literature—the age of Queen Elizabeth—is remarkable for this

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orthographic license. In authorised documents regarding the family of Mainwaring, of Peover, co. Chester, that single name, we are told, is found spelled *one hundred and thirty-one* different ways. The records of the Scottish House of Lindsay exhibit *eighty-eight* varieties of the name; those of the Stirlings of Keir, *sixty-four*; and of the Montgomerys, *forty-four*.

The origin of various family names has been mistakenly imputed to legends having no foundation in fact. We may offer a few amusing specimens, beginning with that of Veitch. 'The original of our name,' says Robert Veitch of Campflat in his family papers, 'was Gailard, a native of France, who came over to Scotland in the reign of Robert Bruce. He became a favourite of that king, from being an alert hunter. Happening to distinguish himself at a time when Robert was pent up in an encampment near Warkworth Castle, and his army in great want of provisions, Gailard bravely ventured his life, by driving a herd of cattle in the night; by which means Robert's men so much revived that they made so vigorous a sally as next day secured them a safe retreat. Robert soon after coming to Peebles, where he had a hunting-seat, it was then thought proper to reward Gailard for his bravery, by giving him the lands of Dawick upon the Tweed, and for his coat of arms three cows' heads, with the motto, *Famam extendimus factis* [We extend our fame by our deeds]; at the same time he took the name of Vache, by reason of its corresponding with the crest.' This story is a pure mythic invention. As early as 1296, considerably before the date of the alleged exploit at Warkworth, there was a family in Scotland of French origin named Vache or la Vache (from the French word *vache*, a cow), which name was corrupted into Vaitch, and finally Veitch.

Like the Veitches, the Naesmyths are not unprovided with a myth. The following account of them is given: 'In the reign of Alexander III. (who died in 1285), the ancestor of the family being in attendance on the king, was, on the eve of battle, required by him to repair his armour. Although a man of great stature and power, he was unsuccessful. After the battle, having performed prodigies of valour, he was knighted by the king, with the remark that, 'although he was *nae* smith, he was a brave gentleman.' The armorial bearings of the family have reference to the origin of the name—a drawn sword between two *martels* or war-hammers broken, with the motto, *Non arte sed Marte*, meaning 'Not by skill but by bravery.'

The popular origin of the ancient and honourable name, Napier, is of the like fabulous character. 'King David II.,' so goes the story, 'in his wars with the English, about the year 1334, assembling his subjects to battle, the Earl of Lennox sent his second son, Donald, with such forces as his duty required. In an engagement which followed, the Scots gave way, when Donald taking his father's standard from the bearer, and valiantly charging the enemy with

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the Lennoxmen, the fortune of the battle changed, and they obtained the victory. When the battle was over, every chief advanced, and reported his acts, according to custom, to the king, who declared they had all behaved valiantly, but there was one among them who had *nae pier*, or no equal; upon which, Donald took the name of Napier, and had in reward for his good services, the lands of Gosfield and other estates in the county of Fife.' It is unfortunate for this ingenious narrative, that, according to historical record, there were families named Napier long before the birth of David II. As already stated, the name originated in persons charged with the keeping of napery or the linens of a household.

A whole Tract could be filled with mythic stories of this kind in connection with names. In most instances, the myth includes a king, a battle, a person of bravery, and a coat of arms. Whether the heraldic devices in the arms, or the name of the family, originated the myth cannot be determined. With perhaps some little thread of truth, the myth is substantially a mass of invention, usually a result of ignorance and presumption. In a variety of cases, the name is said to come from some phrase which an ancestor had used on some noted occasion, whereas the name in reality dates from a period previous to the introduction of the present vernacular. A knowledge of French and German, and some acquaintance with old records, would serve to clear away much of these mythic legends. We have a striking illustration of what an ignorance of these matters will lead to, in the numerous myths in which a mighty *worm* is concerned. The surname *Orme*, or *L'Orme*, of French origin, having been imparted to places acquired by persons of that name, we have hence the designation *Ormiston*, the town or residence of Orme. In common pronunciation, Ormiston becomes *Wormiston*, and then is invented the story of a Worm, or terrible serpent with feet of the imaginary fiery dragon species. The worm is a dreadful terror to the neighbourhood, and somebody who fights with and kills it attains local and hereditary distinction. We will close our catalogue of myths with a story about one of these worms, drawn from a work which appeared originally about the middle of the seventeenth century, and republished a few years ago, under the title of *Memorie of the Somervilles*.

'In the parish of Linton, within the sheriffdom of Roxburgh, there happened to breed a hideous monster in the form of a worm, so called and esteemed by the country-people (but in effect has been a serpent, or some such creature), in length three Scots yards, and somewhat bigger than an ordinary man's leg, with a head more proportionable to its length than greatness, in form and colour to our common muir-edders.

'This creature, being a terror to the country-people, had its den in a hollow piece of ground upon the side of a hill south-east from Linton church, some more than a mile, which unto this day is

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known by the name of the Worme's Glen, where it used to rest and shelter itself; but when it sought after prey, then this creature would wander a mile or two from its residence, and make prey of all sort of bestial that came in its way, which it easily did, because of its lowness, creeping among the bent heather, or grass, wherein that place abounded much, by reason of the meadow-ground, and a large flow moss, fit for the pasturage of many cattle (being naturally of itself of no swift motion). It was not discerned before it was master of its prey, instantly devouring the same, so that the whole countrymen thereabout were forced to remove their bestial, and transport themselves three or four miles from the place, leaving the country desolate; neither durst any passenger go to the church or market upon that road for fear of this beast. Several attempts were made to destroy it by shooting of arrows, throwing of darts, none daring to approach so near as to make use of a sword or lance; but all their labours were in vain. These weapons did sometimes slightly wound, but were never able to kill this beast; so that all men apprehended the whole country should have been destroyed, and that this monster was sent as a just judgment from God to plague them for their sins. During this fear and terror amongst the people, John Somerville, being in the south, and hearing strange reports about this beast, was, as all young men are, curious to see it; and, in order thereto, he comes to Jedburgh, where he found the whole inhabitants in such a panic fear, that they were ready to desert the town. The country-people that were fled there for shelter had told so many lies at first, that it increased every day, and was beginning to get wings. Others, who pretended to have seen it in the night, asserted it was full of fire, and in time would throw it out; with a thousand other ridiculous stories, which the timorous multitude are ready to invent on such an occasion; though, to speak the truth, the like was never known to have been seen in this nation before. However, this gentleman continues his first resolution of seeing this monster, befall him what will: therefore he goes directly to the place about the dawning of the day, being informed that, for ordinary, this serpent came out of her den about the sunrising, or near the sunseting, and wandered the field over to catch somewhat. He was not long near to the place when he saw this strange beast crawl forth of her den; who, observing him at some distance (being on horseback), it lifted up its head with half of the body, and a long time stared him in the face, with open mouth, never offering to advance or come to him: whereupon he took courage, and drew much nearer, that he might perfectly see all its shapes, and try whether or not it would dare to assault him; but the beast, turning in a half-circle, returned to the den, never offering him the least prejudice: whereby he concludes this creature was not so dangerous as the report went, and that there might be a way found to destroy the same.'

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Having made all suitable arrangements for attacking the animal on a certain day, a numerous party attended to see his exploits. 'About sunrise, the worm appeared with her head and some part of her body without the den ; whereupon a servant, according to direction, set fire to the peats upon the wheel at the top of the lance, and instantly this resolute gentleman put spurs to his horse, advanced with a full gallop, the fire still increasing, placed the same, with the wheel and almost the third part of his lance, directly into the serpent's mouth, which went down her throat into her belly, which he left there, the lance breaking with the rebound of his horse, giving her a deadly wound ; who, in the pangs of death (some part of her body being within the den), so great was her strength, that she raised up the whole ground that was above her, and overturned the same to the furthering of her ruin, being partly smothered by the weight thereof.

'Thus was she brought to her death in the way and manner rehearsed, by the bold undertaking of this noble gentleman, who, besides a universal applause, and the great rewards he received from his gracious prince, deserved to have this action of his engraven on tables of brass, in a perpetual memorial of his worth. What that unpolished age was capable to give, as a monument to future generations, he had, by having his effigy, in the posture he performed this action, cut out in stone, and placed above the principal church-door of Linton kirk, with his name and surname, which neither length of time nor casual misfortune has been able to obliterate or demolish, but that it stands entire and legible to this very day ; with remembrances of the place where this monster was killed, called the Serpent's Den, or, as the country-people named it, the Worme's Glen ; whose body, being taken from under the rubbish, was exposed for many days to the sight of the numerous multitude that came far and near from the country to look upon the dead carcass of this creature, which was so great a terror to them while it lived, that the story, being transmitted from father to son, is yet fresh with most of the people thereabout, albeit it is upward of five hundred years since this action was performed.'

At another part of the work, the author mentions a popular misconception of the knight who performed this enterprise ; 'Some inhabitants of the south,' says he, 'attributing to William, Baron of Linton, what was done by his father, albeit they have nothing to support them but two or three lines of a rude rhyme, which, when any treats of this matter, they repeat :

Wood Willie Sommervill
Killed the worm of Wormandaill,
For whilk he had all the lands of Lintoun,
And sex mylles them about.'



THE MAGIC FLUTE.

A MORAL TALE FROM THE GERMAN.*

I.

SLY OLD NICHOLAS.

IN a rich and pretty village, which stands in the celebrated kingdom called 'Somewhere,' and which in summer-time produces the finest cherries and blackberries in the world, dwelled an old farmer named Nicholas, who never troubled himself with any very nice distinctions between his neighbours' property and his own. At night he would go out into the fields, dig up the finest plants he could find in his neighbours' farms, and transplant them into his own; and the next morning, when the theft was discovered, and when he was taken to task regarding it, he would say: 'What do you mean? I went to bed early yesterday evening, and I know nothing about it. It must have been some wicked goblin who did it. However, as the plants are now in my field, there they shall remain, and no mistake.' Thus there arose trial after trial between him and his neighbours; but Farmer Nicholas laughed at them all,

* This half-serious, half-comic tale, and the tale which succeeds it, are translated from an interesting German Christmas-book, entitled *Der Zauber-Garten*—'The Magic Garden.' The author is Heinrich Smidt, a writer well known to the lovers of this peculiarly German school of popular fiction. We have taken the liberty of paraphrasing a few passages.

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for he managed matters so cleverly that no one could convict him of the fraud.

There was one individual who had seen him, and this was an orphan boy called Love-Truth, whom the farmer had taken in for charity's sake—that is to say, whom he fed on scanty fare, and kept at work from morning till night. But little Love-Truth never murmured or repined; for he was firmly convinced that all would go right with him some time or another. You may perhaps inquire whence he had this conviction. Before he came to the farmer, he had been adopted by an old woman called Martha, who was now dead, but who, upon her death-bed, had predicted that there was happiness in store for him yet; and he felt so assured of this, that he was often even tempted to feel proud in the prospect of his future greatness.

It happened at last that the old farmer one night carried off several fine heads of cabbage out of one of his neighbours' fields. Love-Truth was witness of the transaction, and the next morning he declared that he would not hold his tongue any longer, but would tell everybody what a wicked man his master was.

At first the old farmer was terrified, and tried to prevent him; but Love-Truth ran out into the village and told it to the first person he met, and then to a second, and a third, till every one knew it. Meanwhile, however, Farmer Nicholas, who was not long in devising his plan, ran to the village magistrate, who was not very particular about the sort of justice he dealt out, and promised him a few broad dollars if he would help him out of the scrape.

'That I will!' cried the magistrate; and he summoned little Love-Truth before his court. He interrogated him very sharply; and as the poor boy could give no proof of the transaction beyond the simple statement—'Indeed, indeed, I saw it myself,' the farmer was acquitted, and poor Love-Truth sent away from the court to the house of correction as a malicious calumniator.

The old people went home to their houses, and said to their children: 'Lay well to heart this bad example which Love-Truth has given you. Farmer Nicholas was his benefactor, and yet he tried to ruin his reputation and good name! He is a bad boy.'

'This is a bad business for me,' thought Love-Truth, as he sat in his prison, and looked at the water-jug which stood beside a piece of coarse bread. 'All this comes for my telling the truth; while sly old Nicholas, who has told lies, sits over his beef and his beer in his comfortable parlour, and laughs at me. But no matter. Mother Martha told me that truth was a good thing. In christening me "Love-Truth," my parents had no object but to make me always tell the truth; and that I shall surely do, even were I to suffer far more for it than I am now doing.'

Everything in this world, bad as well as good, has an end. Little Love-Truth's term of imprisonment at last expired, and the jailer

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brought him before the magistrate once more. There, in the presence of the whole parish, he was again sharply reprimanded, and with this reproof discharged from prison. Thereupon, Farmer Nicholas stood up, and after lecturing him severely, forbade him to set foot over his threshold. The neighbours all applauded this, and declared, one and all, that they would never give a morsel to so unprincipled a young reprobate, much less take him into their house.

All this filled the poor innocent boy with grief ; he burst into tears, and cried in a piteous voice : ‘ Where am I to go to, then ? ’

‘ What do I care ? ’ said the magistrate, who heard this, with a brutal laugh. ‘ As far as I am concerned, you may go to the land where *Good-for-Nothings* grow ! ’ And they all retired, and left him to his fate.

‘ But how shall I ever find my way there ? ’ thought Love-Truth, sobbing as if his heart would break ; just as if the land of *Good-for-Nothings* were a country, the road to which might be read upon the finger-posts, or travelled in a post-chaise !

Many of my readers, both old and young, will wonder that Love-Truth took the magistrate’s words so literally ; but they must recollect that the magistrate passed for the best of men, and one whose word no one would venture to question ; and, besides, the poor boy himself had been trained all his life to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth.

II.

LOVE-TRUTH’S WANDERINGS.

Love-Truth now began his travels ; that is to say, he marched straight out of the village, and followed the high-road, without ever thinking where it should lead him. And a very long journey indeed it did lead him ; till in the evening, when he could walk no farther, he stopped at a cottage door, and begged a crust of bread and a night’s lodging.

‘ We will bring you to the innkeeper,’ said the people of the house ; ‘ and if he should ask you any questions, tell him you fell in with robbers, and were plundered by them. This will excite his compassion, and he will be kind to you.’

‘ No, no,’ said Love-Truth ; ‘ I shall not say that, for it would be a falsehood. The truth is always the best ; and you should be ashamed to try to make me tell a lie.’

The cottagers took this exceedingly ill ; called him a saucy young fellow ; and after cudgelling him soundly, turned him from their door. He was thus forced to sleep in the open air, and would have died of hunger, had he not found some berries upon the bushes under which he slept, which staid his hunger a little. As for thirst, he was at no loss for a draught of water from the spring.

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In this way he travelled onwards through this strange country for a considerable time. In the daytime he journeyed on without ever resting; and in the evening he had to contend with the people whom he asked to give him a lodging, for they always wanted, in one shape or another, to make him tell a falsehood; when they failed in this, they would grow angry, and drive him out of their house, declaring that they would have nothing to do with so obstinate a youth, who, notwithstanding all their advice, would persist in knocking his head against the wall.

Love-Truth was sadly cast down at this. He avoided almost altogether all intercourse with men. The want of his ordinary nourishment was beginning to waste his strength away; his hair hung wildly about his temples; and his dress was so tattered, that he was ashamed to let himself be seen.

It was well for him that at last he reached a house where a better reception awaited him. This house lay in a delightful country of alternate hill and valley, amid rich pasture and tillage lands, intersected by silvery rivulets. The little wayfarer stood still for a while, to enjoy the beauty of the prospect, which at that time bespoke all the rich promise of an abundant harvest; and then proceeded towards the house, the master of which advanced to meet him, and asked him what he wanted.

As soon as he learned the poor boy's wishes, he made him sit down on a shady bank, and desired a maid-servant to set a little repast of delicious milk and fruit before him. Love-Truth enjoyed it heartily; and when his meal was finished, the man asked him who he was, and whither he was bound.

The soft and gentle voice of the stranger won so completely upon the boy, that he told him his whole history from the beginning to the end. The stranger listened very attentively, and when the tale was ended, took a little flute out of his pocket, upon which he played a beautiful air. The boy listened to the air for a few moments; but he soon became unable to restrain himself, and unceremoniously exclaimed: 'Do not take it ill, kind, good sir, that I interrupt your music, but my heart is oppressed by keeping silence, and I cannot help repeating to you that I have told you nothing but the truth, and that I am not capable of uttering a falsehood.'

'Very good, my dear boy,' said the gentleman in a caressing voice, putting the flute into his pocket. 'I am not a bit angry with you for interrupting me. However, it is now late, and I shall only say that I am most happy to receive you into my house. You shall be taken care of.'

The gentleman went back to the house, and sent out a servant, who took charge of the boy. He was first of all placed in a bath; and after he had bathed, and had his hair dressed, the servant placed several suits of clothes before him, telling him that his master had given orders that he should select one for himself from

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among them. The poor boy was thrown into the utmost embarrassment, for he had never seen such rich clothes in all his lifetime, and was at a loss where to turn his choice. At first, he fixed upon a suit of light-blue velvet, trimmed with silver lace; next he thought of a second, which was crimson embroidered with gold; a third was white, a fourth violet, and each was trimmed either with gold or silver. At last he found one which pleased him more than all the rest, though it had neither gold nor silver. It was green—a fresh lively green—the very tint of the early leaves when, in the first days of spring, they return to deck the naked branches, and seem, as it were, to sport with the dazzling sunbeams.

‘This is the one which I shall ask from your kind master,’ said he to the servant, who immediately assisted him to dress, and then brought him back to the gentleman. Upon their way down they passed a large mirror, in which Love-Truth saw himself reflected from head to foot. He could not believe that it was really himself, so entirely different was his guise from what it had been, when, that very noon, he had seen himself in the neighbouring mill-pond, and was almost horrified at his filthy appearance.

His host placed before him a variety of dainties, the names of which the poor youth scarcely knew, but which, nevertheless, he found extremely palatable. During his meal he chatted kindly with him, and at last dismissed him to his bed, which was prepared in a quiet, retired apartment.

‘This is pleasant,’ said Love-Truth to himself. ‘For the first time in my life I have been kindly treated because I told the truth. I see it is not yet quite banished from the world, as that hateful old woman told me last night when she was trying to get me to tell a lie!’

There is no doubt that our little friend would have said a great deal more, had he not been overpowered by weariness, and fallen asleep in the midst of his reflections. However, in a dream he saw old Mother Martha, who looked tenderly on him, and in her own sweet voice said to him: ‘You must not grow tired of doing what is right, my child; in the end, be assured you will reach your destiny, and all will be happy.’ With these words she disappeared, and the little boy saw (still of course in a dream) a vast plain, planted with trees, spread out before him. When he looked more closely, however, he saw that Farmer Nicholas was perched upon the first tree, and his old enemy the magistrate upon the next.

‘Do tell me,’ said the boy, ‘what brings you upon this tree, so far away from home? Come down, I beg of you.’

‘Alas!’ cried the farmer and the magistrate both together—‘alas, that we cannot! We are stuck fast here!’

‘How is that?’ asked Love-Truth.

‘Is it possible, then,’ said the two old wretches, ‘that you don’t know that this is the land of Good-for-Nothings, to which we

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banished you? They grow here upon the trees, as pears and apples grow elsewhere; and you may see us here in our full bloom and splendour!

'Well, well,' thought the boy, 'you have just met with your deserts; and if there be an autumn in this country, and you fall off the trees, as the fruits do elsewhere, you can go home again, and resume your malpractices!'

He went onward, and saw plainly that there was a person upon every tree, and that they all cut a very rueful figure. There were people of all classes, high and low, growing promiscuously together; for in this mysterious region—which, by the way, is not to be found in any book of geography—the distinctions of rank are not in use. These things, and much more, Love-Truth saw in his dreams, which kept him fully occupied till the bright morning awakened him.

'What a heap of nonsense is all this that I have seen in my dreams!' said he to himself while he was dressing. 'And yet it is very curious, after all, that the features of all the people whom I saw growing on the trees, from old Nicholas and the magistrate downwards, are so impressed on my memory, that I shall know them again after a year and a day. I must actually have been, therefore, in the land where Good-for-Nothings grow—and grow high up in the air too, where every one can see them—not in the ground, like potatoes or turnips. It is an excellent plan; and it is a pity it is not so everywhere, that people might be better able to be on their guard against wicked men.'

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The servant now returned, carrying him a most delicious breakfast; and when he had breakfasted, conducted him to his host, who invited him to take a walk. He asked him how he had passed the night, and laughed when his young friend told him all the absurd things which he had been dreaming during his sleep.

'It is always so,' he said after some time—'it is always so in life. In our dreams we often see what we cannot comprehend; and however true and certain what we have seen may be, yet, if we relate it, people will not believe us, but will call us fools and deceivers. Do not speak of this, therefore, to any one; nobody would thank you for it, and it is no one's business where you have been. Nevertheless, it was the land where Good-for-Nothings grow which you saw.'

'And so plainly too!' said Love-Truth. 'So distinctly did I see the people growing on the trees, that I almost think I should know them again, were I to meet them in the streets.'

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'That is a most important point,' said the stranger; 'keep it in your mind, and it will be of use to you. A dream is a dream; but it is different in real life. There is no country where Good-for-Nothings actually grow upon the trees; but the good and bad are intermingled everywhere with one another. It is important, therefore, to be able to distinguish them, in order to be on one's guard against the bad; and I advise you to do so when you shall resume your journey, or it will be worse for you.'

'Alas!' cried Love-Truth sadly, 'must I then continue my journey farther? Heaven help me! where shall I ever find so good a gentleman? Oh, keep me with you! I will gladly labour all I can for you; and I will be most grateful for the love you have shewn me.'

'It cannot be, my son!' was the reply. 'There is no post in my household which you could fill; and, besides, you should not then have an opportunity of advancing in the world, as I am sure you will do one day or other. I would advise you, therefore, to resume your journey without delay, and not to return to my house till you shall have succeeded. Your equipment is now sufficiently respectable, and here is a silk purse full of gold pieces; for without these, people do not get on in the world, whether they tell truth or falsehood.'

'Farewell, then, my kind host!' sobbed the boy. 'I shall follow your advice.'

'One word more,' continued the stranger. 'Do you see the little flute which I played yesterday when you were speaking to me? Keep it carefully, and prize it beyond the richest treasure in the world. Should you ever meet any one of whose dispositions in your regard you are not certain, you need but begin to play on this flute, and you shall see something wonderful.'

Love-Truth received this new gift with the greatest gratitude.

'I shall now take leave,' said he; 'but first give me your blessing, as though you were my father, for as such I love and honour you.'

'That I will,' replied the stranger; 'and you shall see me in my true form, for you are worthy of this favour.'

With these words the kind old man disappeared, and a tall female figure stood before him, on whose forehead blazed a light, dazzling as the sun, while her eyes shone like the evening and morning star. Her robe was pure and white as the falling snow; in her hand she held a golden mirror. As the boy gazed upon her in amazement, and fell on his knees in wonder and reverence, she smiled tenderly upon him, and laying her hand upon his head, said to him: 'I am TRUTH, and I bless thee as my beloved son. Go thou forth into the world; withstand evil; do good, and thou shalt be happy all thy life long.'

As she spoke, a golden cloud descended from heaven, and enveloping this glorious being completely, yet so as to leave her

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still visible, bore her slowly aloft. But before she disappeared altogether, she called out once more in a loud voice : 'Be on thy guard, that thou thyself mayst not fall into the snares of falsehood. If so, thou art lost for ever, beyond the power of man to rescue thee.'

As she uttered these words, she was hidden amid the clouds from every human eye.

'Never, never !' cried the boy, stretching forth his hands, as if to grasp the retreating form.

IV.

NEW ADVENTURES.

Love-Truth started up, and resumed cheerfully, and with lightened spirits, the wanderings thus agreeably interrupted. In a morning fresh and lovely, and in a country so charming and so retired, it would be hard for any one with an innocent heart to feel otherwise than happy in his journey. The birds were warbling their merry lays, and hopping lightly from bush to bush, and from spray to spray. Love-Truth drew out his flute without thinking of it, and began to play, in order to while away the time. But the little birds sang on unconcernedly, and without interruption, for the birds of the air tell no lies.

Love-Truth now entered a wood ; and after he had walked about a mile, he began to feel tired. He turned aside, therefore, from the main path, and soon found a quiet spot, entirely surrounded by bushes, where he could rest himself without fear. He laid himself down, therefore, on the mossy turf, and fell into a pleasing sleep. In a short time he was awakened by a loud noise. He sprang up, and looked through the bushes to ascertain the cause of the confusion. What a sight met his eyes ! On a large open space, a multitude of huntsmen, in rich hunting-suits, were hurrying about in groups ; each of them carried a well-filled game-bag, and wore a silver hunting-horn at his side ; and the more distinguished had horns of pure gold. A large tent was already pitched, and an enormous fire was blazing, on which were roasting a buck, together with several fawns and hares ; an immense cask, too, was rolled into the centre, and a spigot had just been inserted into it, to give free vent to the rich red wine which it contained.

At last a stately man, in a dress richly embroidered with gold, made his appearance. He was evidently the chief of the party, for every one stood up and made a profound reverence to him, whereas he merely touched his hat, and stood bolt upright as before. Every sound was hushed : you might hear the quivering of the leaves upon the trees ; and thus Love-Truth was able to catch every word which was spoken.

'Call my cup-bearer,' cried the stately personage.

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Presently there appeared an officer in a rich uniform. He approached with a low reverence, and with every expression of deferential submission.

'I am thirsty,' said the stately gentleman; 'bring me a cup of my favourite wine.'

'I am literally in despair, may it please your majesty,' replied the cup-bearer. 'The chest in which the wine destined for your majesty was packed, has been broken by the carelessness of the servants, and it will be some time before I can get any more. But this awkwardness shall meet with exemplary chastisement.'

'That will do me no good,' said the king angrily (for it was himself); 'and my thirst will be as bad as ever. It is too bad that I, who am obliged to pay so much for the expenses of my cellar, cannot get as much as will satisfy my thirst. Bring me some water at least.'

Meanwhile, Love-Truth had been looking sharply at the cup-bearer.

'Aha, my good friend!' thought he, 'have we not met somewhere before now? Can it have been in my dream, and not far from old Nicholas and the godless magistrate?'

In an instant he seized his flute, and put it to his lips. The instrument began at once to give forth the most delightful music; and in a moment the cup-bearer, from whom the king had turned angrily away, commenced to speak a second time.

'Yes, your majesty,' said he; 'the wine which I bought for you is no longer to be had; but do not believe that it was spilled through the awkwardness of the attendants. God forbid that it should be so wasted! No, no; I drank it all myself, with the help of a few good friends, thinking that the other wine was quite good enough for your majesty.'

The unfortunate cup-bearer, as he spoke thus sorely against his will, was in a cold perspiration with anguish and vexation. The king turned sharply round upon him.

'Ha!' said he; 'what is this? Confess, you scoundrel; and repeat what you have said, I suppose, in your drunken unconsciousness!'

The cup-bearer, out of his wits with terror and anxiety, flung himself upon his knees before the king.

'Oh, your majesty!' he faltered, 'it was not I who uttered these ill-natured words. It was some mischievous goblin, in order to get me into a difficulty. I am as honourable a man as any in your empire, and am incapable of anything dishonest.'

'Stay a moment!' thought Love-Truth; 'my time is come now, and I must put an end to this.' He stepped briskly from his concealment in the bushes, and bowing low before the king, addressed him aloud.

'Do not believe him, your majesty. What he says as true, is false ;

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and what he represents as a falsehood, is the downright truth. I know this man perfectly well; and I know that he grew in the land where Good-for-Nothings grow !'

The cup-bearer cast a savage look upon the boy, and would have choked him on the spot had he dared.

'What silly fellow is this we have got now?' said the king, fixing his eyes upon him.

'My name is Love-Truth, my lord king,' he replied. 'I am the son of Truth, and have received from her her best blessing. I am therefore an enemy of all lies, and I delight in bringing them to light, however they may try to skulk into concealment. Put your question once more to this man, and ask him whether he has not often been at these tricks before, and you shall hear what will astonish you.'

The king followed the boy's advice, which indeed he could not disregard. The cup-bearer crossed himself, as if against the Evil One, protesting that he was an honourable man, and that the king had not in all his dominions a more faithful servant.

Meanwhile Love-Truth began to play upon his flute, when, on a sudden, a change came over the cup-bearer.

'Ah, your majesty,' he sputtered out, 'do not place any confidence in what I was saying ! It cannot be concealed any longer that I am one of the greatest cheats to be found in your whole court, although the chief cook, the court tailor, and the first hairdresser are not bad in their way. You pay for good wine, it is true; but it is only in the bills it makes its appearance, for I always purchase miserable stuff; and whatever good wine remains since my predecessor's time, I drink myself.'

As he spoke, the unhappy man's hair stood on end in horror; but he could not help himself—he was irresistibly compelled to speak these words. The king's immediate attendants, who did not feel their own consciences clear, and who were afraid of a similar fate for themselves, began to run about in all directions. They declared that the youth with the flute was a great conjurer, who had conspired against the welfare of the country, and whom it would be necessary to render powerless for evil, else all order should be overturned in the state.

Luckily for little Love-Truth, the king thought otherwise. He had taken a great fancy for the boy, and the pieces which he had played upon his flute charmed him exceedingly.

He therefore ordered the courtiers to be silent, and the cup-bearer, who had confessed his knavish practices, to be arrested. He then called the boy to his side, and began to question him about his history, which Love-Truth told most naturally and without the least reserve.

'It is a very wonderful story,' said the king, 'and one which might well be doubted, did it not come from one who claims to be the son of Truth. But, at all events, whoever you are, you may be

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of great use with your precious flute, and may lead to a great deal of good. What would you think, therefore, of entering my service at once?’

Love-Truth did not reply immediately, but put the flute once more to his lips. Instantly the king, quite involuntarily, resumed his discourse.

‘You may trust me, my son,’ he said; ‘I mean honestly by you: nor am I angry with you for putting myself to the test whether I were speaking the truth. Truth is a good thing, and no one ought to despise it. I now, therefore, repeat my proposition, that you shall enter my service.’

As the king spoke, Love-Truth threw himself at his feet.

‘You are truly a noble king,’ he exclaimed; ‘and it shall be the greatest happiness of my life if I can attain to your friendship.’

The king now ordered dinner to be served; and when it was over, the horns began to play gaily once more. The tent was then struck, and all the service packed up; for the king was returning from a long journey, and yearned anxiously for another sight of his princely home.

V.

OLD NICHOLAS ONCE MORE.

The party proceeded joyously from the forest; and after a day or two they reached a country which appeared familiar to Love-Truth. By and by he saw the spire of a village church.

‘Beyond a doubt,’ said he, ‘that is my native village. How I should wish to let the people see what has befallen me! I should like, too, to make Farmer Nicholas and the magistrate confess, before the assembled parish, that they have accused me wrongfully.’

When he had resolved upon this, he begged of the king to grant him a short leave of absence. The king not only granted his request, but also gave him a number of attendants to accompany him to his destination, and conduct him back to the royal train.

You may be sure it caused no little excitement when Love-Truth made his entry into his native village with this stately train of attendants. Old and young ran together in crowds to see the youth who arrived with so splendid a retinue. But when they saw at last that it was little Love-Truth, their astonishment knew no bounds; they clapped their hands together in amazement, and ran after him with loud shouts; whilst he, without noticing them in the least, marched straight to the village court-house.

Now it so happened that just as the procession arrived, the magistrate and old Nicholas were standing together in front of the court-house door, engaged in an earnest conversation. They also recognised the boy immediately, and looked at each other, as if to

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ask : 'What is the meaning of all this?' The magistrate was the first to regain his self-possession.

'Let him alone!' said he; 'I shall soon get rid of him.'

Little Love-Truth approached the pair, and demanded of them that, in the presence of his attendants, and of the inhabitants of the village, they should publicly declare his innocence.

'Do you hear,' cried the magistrate in a violent rage—'do you hear what the little rascal says? Is it possible that audacity could go to such lengths? He left this without a penny—now he returns, splendidly attired, and with his pockets full of gold. He must be a most finished robber, and the fellows whom he has along with him are his accomplices in roguery.'

But in the meanwhile Love-Truth had pulled out his flute, and begun to play his old air upon it.

'O fie! O fie!' interrupted the unlucky magistrate. 'What is this? What words are those which are forcing themselves into my mouth, and which I cannot restrain? My good neighbours, don't believe what I said to you about this boy—it's all a falsehood!'

The villagers were all struck dumb with wonder; and the amazement became still greater when the speaking mania fell on Farmer Nicholas also.

'Yes,' they cried, both in one breath, 'the boy is innocent: we invented a pure calumny against him, because he brought our knavery to light. For you must know, and we freely and honestly confess it, that we are the greatest knaves to be found in the whole world. There is not a man in the entire parish whom we have not robbed of some portion of his property, to fill our own coffers with his money and substance!'

This was enough for his purpose. Love-Truth therefore put up his flute once more.

'You see now!' said he to the multitude. 'They have freely confessed of what spirit they are the children, and what kind of broth they have been brewing for you all this time, and making you eat. Whether you will be satisfied with this any longer, is your own affair: it is no concern of mine. Fare-you-well, then, and drink my health, I pray you!'

He gave them a few of his gold pieces, and retired along with his train.

You will be anxious perhaps to hear what the villagers did with the dishonest magistrate and his accomplice. I am sorry that I cannot precisely tell you; for when I asked young Love-Truth the last time I saw him, he told me that he did not himself exactly know, but that the punishment cannot have been a trifle, for when he had left the village, and was on his way to overtake the king, he heard a loud cry of pain behind him, such as would bespeak very rough treatment indeed.

Such folks, I am sure, deserved no better.

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VI.

INVOLUNTARY CANDOUR.

Very soon after the king reached the capital, and took up his quarters in his palace, Love-Truth also arrived. The king, however, at the moment, could not pay much attention to him, and merely nodded familiarly as he entered, being engaged with very important business; for he was just giving audience to his prime minister, who was laying before him an account of his administration during the absence of his majesty. This account, however, was not a very gratifying one. The country was represented as 'exceedingly impoverished; the people refused to pay the taxes which had been imposed; and the expenditure was becoming more and more heavy. In these circumstances, he could offer his majesty but a small sum of money, and must beg of him to diminish his expenditure as much as possible.'

So far all went well: but what was the amazement of the bystanders when a few notes of a flute were heard, and the minister was observed, of his own accord, to resume his statement.

'I must own,' he said, 'that it is very simple in your majesty to believe all that I and my colleagues say to you. Your subjects, you must know, do pay the taxes freely; and even if they did not, we have ways and means to compel them to pay the last dollar. The fact is, that we do not hand you over the receipts, but keep them for ourselves. It is with this money we pay for our splendid fêtes, and our costly collections of works of art; and we expend a portion in purchasing estates in foreign countries, that we may have a secure place of refuge should you, sooner or later, discover our villainy, and banish us from your court—a consummation, however, which we do not at all fear; for you are far too kind, not to say too simple, for that.'

While he was telling these fatal truths, the premier was enduring the most excruciating anguish, and a cold perspiration trickled down his face; but do as he would, he could not hold his tongue. When at last he ceased, he fell down in a swoon, and gasped for breath. The indignation of the king was beyond all expression.

'Drag out the unprincipled traitor,' he cried, starting up from his seat, 'and cast him into chains. Throw him into the deepest dungeon in the prison, and scourge him without mercy!'

The guards executed his commands without delay.

'It was no one but Love-Truth who did this,' said the king; 'I heard his flute distinctly.—Come hither, my son, till I clasp your hand, and thank you for the service which you have rendered to me and to my kingdom.'

He advanced to the king, who clasped him affectionately in his arms. The courtiers were all out of their senses with astonishment

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about the unknown youth, who had so speedily attained to the favour of the king; for as yet they were not in possession of the true state of affairs.

From that day forward, life at court was entirely a new thing. Love-Truth was never suffered to leave the king's side; and even when he had to hold an important and strictly confidential conference with a distinguished embassy or a foreign prince, Love-Truth was always present—though generally concealed behind a screen or a cabinet—and never failed to play his flute at the critical moment.

You may well believe that in this way many a strange revelation was effected, and many a treaty was broken off; for the ambassadors were forced to declare, in despite of themselves, that their intentions were not honest, and that they looked only to their own interest. And when they were thus obliged to retire in confusion, they could have torn their hair in rage at their conduct; for they knew that they had but a sorry reception to expect at home, and could not for their lives conceive how it happened—the history of the flute being to them a secret.

The whole court, too, underwent a thorough purification. Almost all the old courtiers were dismissed, and their places filled up by new officers, who had been tried beforehand, without being aware that they were subjected to the test.

There was only one in the whole court whom Love-Truth never could reach, and that was the court-fool. It is an old proverb, that 'children and fools tell the truth;' but it was not so with this fool. A more thorough liar never breathed; and it was his boast, when among the friends whom he trusted, that he had never told the truth in his life. This, though he did not advert to it, was true; and thus arose the anomaly that a falsehood may become the truth. This fool was so cunning, however, that he never would come near Love-Truth and his flute when there was a third person present. On the contrary, when he was alone, he went to him without the least apprehension, and would banter him on his love of truth.

'You are a fool,' he would say to him, 'to be so exact in sticking to the truth. You thereby expose yourself to a thousand annoyances; you never can enjoy yourself heartily; you have not a single friend but the king; and even he, too, will get rid of you, as soon as he shall be able to dispense with your services. On the contrary, look at me: I never tell the truth, and yet every one flocks to me, and seeks my society. I tell them what they like to hear, and what flatters their vanity; or I make jests for them, at which they laugh. They invite me to their entertainments, feast me with their choicest delicacies, send me wine and dainties to my own house, and recommend themselves to my patronage. You might be equally fortunate if you chose, instead of moping through the world like a hermit as you do.'

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These suggestions, and a thousand similar ones, made not the slightest impression on Love-Truth. But still he thought that it was hard (and could not help saying to himself that it was so) to live for the truth alone; and that one must have great firmness of purpose if he would adhere strictly and undeviatingly to it.

VII.

THE YOUNG PRINCESS.

I have hitherto abstained from telling that the king did not live alone in his palace. He had a most charming daughter, a very miracle of beauty, who not only had been brought up with the tenderest care, but, as the sole heiress to the throne, was possessed of wealth almost beyond calculation.

It may well be believed that, in these circumstances, there was no lack of suitors—and these, too, of the highest rank—who aspired to the hand of the princess, and would fain have borne away so precious a prize. But Princess Roséleaf, for this was her name, manifested no disposition to yield to their addresses; for as yet, among all who had presented themselves, there was not one for whose sake she could be induced to leave her father.

At length, however, a young prince arrived whose merits were the theme of universal admiration. This was Prince Fairhair—so called from his rich golden locks, which hung in luxuriant masses over his neck and shoulders. The proposals of this youthful prince were of the most earnest kind; he was resolved to win the hand of the princess, and did not apprehend any refusal, as he was himself a rich and powerful sovereign. It is hardly necessary to say that he was received at court with all conceivable honours, and that the king himself presented his distinguished guest to his daughter. The prince had been staying above a month at the court, and in the society of the princess. He had already pleaded his affection for the lady, and he now pressed her father anxiously for an answer. But the king was unable to give him any; for whenever he mentioned the matter to the princess, she remained perfectly silent. She was exceedingly modest and pious, and became alternately red and pale when her father pressed her to say whether she would marry the fair-haired prince.

‘There is no help for it,’ said the king to himself at last. ‘I must make her speak, even against her will. The prince is becoming importunate, and I have no right to keep him any longer here without an answer. I shall speak to Love-Truth: he will come to my aid.’

Love-Truth accordingly was summoned to the king; and they both repaired to the apartments of the princess, who received them very affectionately. Her father once more introduced the subject

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of the prince, praised the nobleness of his character and the excellence of his heart, as well as the exceeding beauty of his hair; and concluded by saying that it was absolutely and indispensably necessary that he should receive his answer on that very day. But now also, as on all former occasions, he had been but talking to the air: he received not a word of reply. The princess blushed over and over again, and looked straight before her, never raising her head, and playing with her pearl necklace.

Hereupon the king, who had indeed anticipated this result, gave a sign to Love-Truth. He produced his flute, and drew a few exquisite notes from it. I wish you could have seen what a change was instantaneously produced in the princess. She arose from her seat, and looked around with perfect self-possession; and at length she advanced a step nearer to her father.

‘Dear father!’ said she in a firm voice, ‘I do not know what has come upon me, nor whether the music is the cause of my present sensations; but I feel that my whole nature is completely changed. Of all the princes whom I have seen until now, there is not one who made the slightest impression on me, and I was always rejoiced when, one after another, they took their departure. It is not so with Prince Fairhair: he is an elegant and accomplished man, and if you command me, I shall not refuse to marry him; but I implore you not to command me to do so, for there is another whom I love yet more dearly.’

‘Ha!’ thought the king. ‘And who can this be?’

But it was in vain that he ransacked his brains to discover whom his daughter could possibly mean; for wise as he was, he was not clever enough to penetrate her secret.

‘Yes, my dear father!’ she continued with the utmost composure—for Love-Truth was still playing on his flute—‘what I have said is the truth, and the person whom I mean is not far from us at this moment.’

This was a fresh cause of amazement to the king; for in the entire court he knew no suitor of the princess but Prince Fairhair, nor could he guess where else she could have met any one. He therefore begged her to explain herself more distinctly, and to tell him explicitly of what prince she was speaking.

‘I know nothing of any prince,’ replied Princess Roseleaf. ‘The person whom I mean is no other than our own Love-Truth, who is playing so beautifully at this very moment! I love him dearly, and I should most willingly take him as my husband.’

At this point she suddenly stopped short; for Love-Truth, when he heard the princess’s declaration, had dropped his flute in terror, and was creeping about on the floor in search of it!

The king was excessively surprised at this announcement. What was to be done? He commanded his daughter, in a tone of great severity, never to utter such silly stuff again; ordered Love-Truth

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to 'begone, both himself and his flute;' and then went out in a rage, to give free vent to his ill-humour.

His first care, of course, was to dismiss Prince Fairhair with the best possible grace under the circumstances; for he felt that for him there was not the least shadow of a hope. It was an affair of great delicacy; the king was quite delighted when it was arranged; and in the joy of his heart, he presented a silver post-horn to the postmaster who supplied the prince with horses for his home journey.

Meanwhile Love-Truth had fled from the palace in the greatest affliction, and ran to the gardens, where he sought out the most private arbour, in order to meditate on what had just occurred. The words of the princess had filled him with excitement. What he never could have had courage to think of before, he now acknowledged to himself—that the princess was a young lady of such extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, that the man who should be fortunate enough to obtain her hand could not fail to be the happiest of mortals. It was now that, to his deep mortification, the recollection of his humble birth forced itself upon him: a poor peasant boy as he was, he never could aspire to such an alliance.

Above all, he was afflicted to think that he must leave the court immediately, for he was accustomed to unqualified obedience; and the king had ordered him to go away. Here, too, was a new anxiety! Where was he to go to?

VIII.

THE TEMPTER.

On a sudden, while he was in this mood, the fool presented himself.

Now I must inform my readers that this fool was not a fool in reality, but only adopted the disguise of one, in order to be admitted to the court; for fools are freely admitted for the sake of the amusement they afford. This fool, then, was no other than FALSEHOOD in disguise! She delighted in disseminating her stories everywhere, and produced endless mischief thereby; for when have falsehoods done anything but mischief, to put out of view altogether the evil conscience which every liar carries about with him in his breast!

Now, Falsehood had all along known very well that Love-Truth was in reality the son of her sister Truth, who had sent this youth into the world in the hope of restoring, if possible, her credit, which had been somewhat on the decline. And as the two sisters, Truth and Falsehood, had long been living in constant hostility, and mutually took advantage eagerly of every opportunity of injuring one another, Falsehood conceived that it would be a most excellent joke if she could seduce into her own service young Love-Truth, whose office it should have been to disseminate truth.

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'My poor lad!' said this crafty lady, completely dropping for the time the character of the fool, and putting on the semblance of the liveliest sympathy, 'people tax us fools with insensibility, and say that our hearts are but hearts of straw; but I can assure you that I feel the most sincere interest for you, and that I would most gladly do all that lies in my power to serve you. But no physician can apply a remedy till he has been informed of his patient's ailment. Tell me, therefore, what is the matter with you?'

Love-Truth could not find heart to tell about the princess; and—so dangerous is the very presence of Falsehood—he was on the point of assigning a different cause; luckily, however, he recollected himself in time, and said nothing at all about it. He told, therefore, with great sorrow, that the king had ordered him off.

'Ah, my poor young man!' cried Falsehood, bursting into a loud laugh; 'you, Love-Truth, to be ordered away! That would be a sad affliction to your mother! Still, the king must be obeyed, at all times and in all circumstances. But where will you go?'

'Alas! unfortunate that I am, I do not know,' said Love-Truth, who was again affected almost to tears. 'But I am lucky to have fallen in with you at this moment. Fools are always very cunning people, and I have no doubt you can tell me where I shall find a home.'

'Ha!' cried Falsehood with a knowing look, 'do you think so? Well, I think I could recommend a comfortable place of residence, where people who follow my advice are always very acceptable: it is the habitation of a pleasant-spoken gentleman. But there are different modes of travelling to different places. You cannot climb up a mountain in a vessel under full sail; nor can you drive across the sea in a coach-and-four. In the same way you cannot visit the gentleman I speak of with the pipe of Truth in your hand. If, therefore, you set out on your journey, and I advise you to do so without delay, give me your flute to keep for you. It will be most secure in my hands, for who would come to a fool to search for a thing so important and so valuable?'

'And would you be so good as to keep it safe for me?' asked Love-Truth.

'You may depend upon me,' said Falsehood.

'And will you promise not to make any bad use of it?' added Love-Truth.

'I will not touch it even once,' replied his companion hastily.

'If so,' replied the youth, 'I may venture to intrust this rare and precious treasure to you. But I have not yet heard how I am to make my way to this great and hospitable personage.'

'It is the easiest thing in the world,' Falsehood assured him. 'You have but to place yourself under my guidance; I shall put you upon the road, and then you need only act the part of a hypocrite.'

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‘What is that?’

‘It is only to disguise your real feelings, and seem to be what you are not. Many people are highly accomplished in this art, and by that means obtain a respectable character with very little trouble. In some countries which I could mention, hypocrisy is quite the fashion, and it is a fashion I am rather fond of encouraging; for those who follow it, are under the agreeable delusion that acting a lie is not the same thing as telling one. Now, surely you can put on a little hypocrisy as well as everybody else.’

‘That I will never do!’ exclaimed Love-Truth indignantly; ‘and I will never speak a word to you more if you dare propose such a thing to me again!’

‘Just as you please,’ said Falsehood, turning away in a pet; and she was on the point of going off, when a breathless messenger arrived from the king, to order Love-Truth immediately to the presence of his majesty, who desired to speak with him.

‘Now we shall have it!’ said Falsehood. ‘You will now get your passports and travelling charges, and then you can travel merrily over hill and dale. But without my aid you cannot get out of the difficulty. Be on your guard, therefore, what you do. I shall be on the watch till the close of your audience, in order to be ready to advise with you. Only take care that you are permitted to escape at all!’

IX.

A NEW TEMPTATION.

With a heavy heart, Love-Truth repaired to the royal presence. But his audience turned out to be very different from what he had anticipated.

The good-natured king took him affectionately by the hand, told him he had been a little hasty when he saw him last, but that he did not mean all that he had said. He had since calmly considered the matter, he said, and was now convinced that Love-Truth was not responsible for what Princess Roseleaf had said; and as for his ordering him to begone, he had entirely forgotten it; a decision which was very grateful to our young friend, if it were not for the preliminary lie which he had been required to tell.

‘However,’ continued the king, ‘what I wished to say to you further is, that I love my only daughter more than all the world, and am not able to refuse her any wish, however slight, which she expresses. Since the fatal adventure with the prince, I have again spoken very seriously with her, and she has solemnly assured me that she will not have any one but you as her husband.’

‘Alas, alas!’ thought Love-Truth, ‘how could it ever come to pass that I should be a king’s son-in-law?’

‘I have not forgotten,’ continued his majesty, ‘how much I owe

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to you. I know that it is through you my kingdom has become the happy land it now is, and that for all this you have received no reward beyond my bare gratitude. This is a proof of your great disinterestedness; and besides, I know that both your head and heart are in the right place. But at the same time you must see that I cannot permit the princess to marry a peasant youth, and therefore you must first make a figure in the world before there can be any idea of the marriage at all. "Out of nothing, nothing can be made." He who would build must first dig a foundation, for there are no such things now-a-days as castles in the air. Now, all these embarrassments would be removed if you were of noble blood. Examine well, therefore, whether it may not be so. It is quite possible that, by some mischance, you were carried away from your parents, and placed at nurse in the village. I know that you are Truth itself, if I may so speak. If, therefore, you tell me that you are of noble birth, I shall at once believe you, and ask no further evidence. I will then ennoble you at once, get you adopted by some foreign power, and, under the title of "Prince So-and-So" you shall marry my daughter. Go, therefore, for the present; consider well what I have said, and return to me to-morrow "Count Love-Truth."

Poor Love-Truth never dreamed of such a turn to the conference. He was taken completely by surprise, and did not know whether his head or his heels were uppermost, when he found himself in the garden, and his former companion, Falsehood, by his side.

'Well,' she eagerly inquired, 'how did it end? Have you your passports in your pocket? When are you to set out?'

'Passports indeed!' cried Love-Truth. 'This is a very different affair from passports.' And he detailed to his eager companion every word that he could recollect; and that was no trifling matter, for he remembered the whole conversation almost word for word.

'Well,' replied Falsehood with a roguish smile, 'did I not know you to be such an extraordinary lover of truth, I would at once pronounce this to be a lie; whence you may infer how incredible all that you have been telling me must sound. However, I do believe you; and you now see plainly that you cannot get over telling the falsehood. After all, it is only once in your life; and then how much depends upon it! The king has made the thing easy enough to your hand, and you cannot think of not complying with his wish.'

'Alas!' cried poor Love-Truth, trembling from head to foot with agitation—'alas! I never could bring my lips to pronounce it, no matter how much I might desire to do so!'

'Poor youth!' said Falsehood in a compassionate tone, 'you are, indeed, in a pitiably helpless condition; but I will come to your aid, and will support your first tottering footsteps.'

She began and told him one of the prettiest stories you can

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Imagine about an unfortunate young prince who was kidnapped by an old gipsy wife in his early childhood. It was one of those tales which have not a single word of truth in them, but which are, nevertheless, so interesting and delightful, that you are led to believe them even unconsciously. Even Love-Truth suffered himself to be taken in by this tale; and when he parted from his companion, and retired to his bedroom, he appeared all but resolved to allege this, or some similar story, on his own behalf, in the audience of the following day.

X.

WAKING AND SLEEPING DREAMS.

While Love-Truth was preparing to retire to rest, his imagination became more and more excited. Regarding himself now as a prince, and the husband of the princess, he could hardly calm the wild beatings of his heart. He did not touch his flute for an instant; nay, he would not venture even to cast a look upon it, as though an evil spirit had taken up its abode in it; whereas it was really himself and his own heart that were under such influence. He was vacillating between the lie and the truth; but the scale was considerably inclined towards the former; and when he drew the coverlet over his head to compose himself to sleep, he had almost taken the resolution.

But I must go on to tell what befell Love-Truth during the night. He little knew that Falsehood spent the night upon his very threshold, in order to be as close as possible to him!

He had hardly fallen asleep, when he found himself in an entirely unknown land—the Land of Dreams. Old Mother Martha appeared to him here, but she did not look tenderly on him, as she had done in his dream on the night that he spent in the house of Truth; but she wore a dark and scowling look, and repelled him harshly from her, crying out in a most reproachful tone: ‘Lying villain!’

Love-Truth was so terrified at this, that he actually took to flight, and never stopped running till he was completely exhausted.

‘She called me a “lying villain,”’ thought he; ‘and well might she scowl darkly upon me, since I have deceived my king!’ for in his dream it seemed to him that he had actually told the lie which he had contemplated.

But what was his amazement when, on looking around, he discovered that he was once again where he had been before in a dream—in the land where Good-for-Nothings grow. Of the reality of this dream he never doubted.

After a while he perceived four trees, on which were growing, as he had seen them before, old Nicholas, the magistrate, the cup-bearer, and the prime minister. They were looking at one another, and had many a droll story to tell about the schemes and the

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knavish tricks which they had played; and they seemed to employ themselves in relating them. In the midst of these four trees, with these living fruits upon them, stood a fifth, which was still unoccupied. No sooner did the four worthies see Love-Truth approach, than they burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

'We have him!—we have him!' they cried. 'He is come among us also—the rascal who caused our ruin! Welcome, young Good-for-Nothing, to the country of hypocrites and liars! Come, climb up, and take your place amongst us!'

Scarcely were these words uttered, when Love-Truth, whose eyes were ready to drop out of his head for shame, felt such an excruciating pain in his legs, that he roared aloud with torture. At the same moment he felt himself whisked suddenly aloft; and when he attempted to resist the invisible power which over-mastered him, he became conscious that he was perched upon the tree, and had grown firmly to its branches. 'Have mercy on me!' cried Love-Truth, almost distracted, and his heart ready to burst with sorrow and remorse. 'This is the consequence of telling a lie! All my life long I shall continue to grow, stuck fast upon this tree, a laughing-stock for the whole world, and an object of remorse to myself! How shall I ever endure it? But I have deserved it richly. Why did I allow myself to be seduced?'

While he poured forth these and similar lamentations, the tears streaming down his cheeks, his neighbours mocked and tormented him without mercy, for they resolved to repay him doubly and trebly for what he had brought on them. At last, to fill up the measure of his misery, Falsehood made her appearance, and now no longer in the shape of a fool, but in her own natural form. She appeared as a female—one moment tall, the next moment short; now beautiful, now hideously ugly. You never could be sure of her, for she was perpetually assuming new shapes, just as lies do. And it was the same with her dress as with her figure: to one the colour of her gown appeared yellow, to another black; a third thought it red, and a fourth white; and yet when you looked close at it, the black had turned green, and the red was blue! This singular figure, so well calculated to inspire terror, advanced with a watering-pot in her hand, and commenced watering the trees on which the Good-for-Nothings were vegetating, in order that they might grow and increase in falsehood. And when the liquid made its way through the roots into the branches, and thence to the unlucky fruits which grew above, it burned them right sharply, and caused most excruciating pain—the punishment of the crime which they had committed.

'I have deserved it!—I have deserved it!' sobbed Love-Truth. 'I will bear all patiently, as indeed I must. If I dare venture to cherish any wish, I have but one; and that is, that I might be able to return to that noble lady the flute which she intrusted to

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me with her own hands, now that I am no longer worthy to use it !'

But lo ! on a sudden a loud peal of thunder was heard ; sheets of lightning flashed from heaven to earth ; everything around was enveloped in flame, and trumpets echoed upon every side. From the clouds above there issued a mighty voice. 'Away, thou wretched phantom of Falsehood !' it cried ; 'away from earth with thee ! The kingdom of Truth draweth nigh !'

Scarcely were these words uttered, when the whole grove sank down, and a deep abyss was formed, into which Falsehood plunged headlong with a fearful yell ! The light clouds began to descend, and a radiant mist was diffused over the earth. The voice from on high cried out : 'Look up !' Love-Truth—who, in the crash of the fall from the tree, had been flung senseless on the earth—awoke, and arose uninjured from the ground. He looked around, and saw upon a resplendent throne the goddess of Truth, in precisely the same guise in which he had seen her before, at once solemn and affectionate. She beckoned to him to approach.

'Thou hast here seen,' she said, 'whither a lie leads. Take warning, therefore, for the time to come ! But as thou hast been betrayed into one false step, I shall take away from thee the flute which I intrusted to thy keeping, for this precious talisman must be borne by no mortal hands but those of one who is free from every stain, and whose soul has never admitted even one prevaricating thought. Thou, nevertheless, hast, as man, done according to thy best ability ; and therefore I release thee now with my full pardon and my best blessing !'

The goddess of Truth then placed her hands upon his head, and with tears of joy he fell at her feet ; and at last, imagining that in the features of the goddess he could recognise those of his own old Martha, he uttered a loud scream, and awoke from the dream which had caused him so much anguish and terror.

'God be praised !' he faltered, clasping his hands—'God be praised that it is all a dream, and that I have not told the lie !'

XI.

THE REWARD OF TRUTH.

Love-Truth sprang out of bed, and hurried on his clothes. He saw that it must be late, for the sun shone brightly and cheerily into the window, and the birds sang and twittered merrily in the branches.

His first thought was to search for his flute ; but it was nowhere to be seen, though he had a perfect recollection of the place where he had left it the night before ; and as the door had been bolted inside, it was a clear proof that no one could have entered the room during the night.

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'I have not been deceived in my dream, therefore,' said he. 'O sacred Truth! forgive me, I pray thee, for hesitating even for one moment whether I should adhere to thy service. I humbly accept the punishment which thou hast sent me, and I vow that, from this moment forward, I shall be true to thee until death.'

It was with a lightened heart that he now followed a messenger, who came at this moment to summon him to the king. He entered the throne-room, where the king was seated with his daughter, surrounded by the lords and ladies of the court. The king bowed graciously to him, and proclaimed in a loud voice: 'Be it hereby known to all whom it may concern, that it is our royal will to do honour to this youth, who now stands before us, and who calls himself Love-Truth, in consideration of the services which he, beyond all who had gone before him, has rendered to our kingdom. For this reason, and seeing, furthermore, that the heart of our daughter is affectionately fixed upon him, we are purposed to offer for his acceptance the fairest gift which it is in our power to bestow—the hand of our beloved child. Let him therefore stand forth, and declare to us, upon his honour and credit, that he is sprung of a respectable, noble, and distinguished family, and we will forthwith embrace him in presence of our court as our chosen son-in-law.'

Love-Truth bowed low before the king. 'With deep emotion,' he said, and the tears glistened in his eyes, 'I acknowledge the honour which your majesty deigns to destine for me. It is a gift precious and enviable beyond what any monarch on earth has it in his power to bestow. But great as is the temptation to venture, in the hope of securing so precious a treasure, all that man could do to obtain it, yet must I freely renounce what my generous king offers for my acceptance; my birth gives me no title to a palace. I am neither the son of a prince nor nobleman, but of a simple peasant.'

As he made this confession, his heart grew light and his spirit free, and he looked around with conscious dignity. Princess Rose-leaf burst into tears. The king advanced to the youth where he stood. 'If by thy birth,' he said, 'thou art the son of a peasant, yet by thy spirit art thou a great man, and worthy to be a king's son! Well hast thou stood the test! We are well acquainted with thy parentage. Hadst thou attempted to deceive us in the least particular, we should have driven thee for ever from our presence; as now, on the contrary, we take thee to our bosom! The external rank which is wanting to thee, we shall ourselves bestow. Kneel down!'

Love-Truth obeyed the command, and knelt down. The king drew a golden sword, touched the youth's neck three times with its blade, and cried out with a loud voice: 'As Love-Truth, the peasant's son, didst thou kneel down; arise, "Sir Love-Truth of Trueburg," our most trusty friend and councillor, our son-in-law,

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and the husband of our beloved daughter !—Herald, make proclamation of this joyous event throughout the land !’

The king placed the princess’s hand in that of the young knight of Trueburg. A loud shout of joy resounded through the palace ; the people all crowded in to congratulate the king and the bridal pair ; but it was never known which of these congratulations were sincere, and which the contrary, for the flute was not at hand to test them. The trumpets sounded ; the drums beat ; in a word, every sound of jubilee was heard. The only exception was, that no gunpowder was fired off on the occasion ; and for this simple reason, that gunpowder had not yet been invented. The heralds sprang upon their steeds, galloped away far and near through town and country, and proclaimed the glorious event to all who listened to them.

We could have wished to close here our veritable history ; for as to what remains—the wedding, and the festivities which attended it—pleasant as it is to take a part in such gaieties, yet it is very tantalising merely to hear or to talk about them. All this, therefore, we pass over in silence.

But there is one thing which we cannot omit to mention before we close—the flute has never since been found !

And, after all, when we consider the matter closely, perhaps it is as well ; for, not to speak of the multitudes of people now-a-days whom its notes would consign to the land where Good-for-Nothings grow, we fear it would be hard to find any one in these times who could play upon it ; and it would be necessary to lay it up in a corner of some museum, as a curious relic—a relic, too, whose genuineness there would be many found to question.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT ;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF SILLY NICHOLAS.

ONCE on a time there lived a rich and extensive merchant, who was preparing to despatch a large ship to a distant country. When she was just ready to sail, he called the whole crew together.

‘My good fellows,’ said he, ‘you are going on a long and difficult voyage in this ship, and will have to work hard to earn money for me ; it is only fair, therefore, that you also should have your opportunity. In the country to which you are bound there is plenty of money to be made, if a man only knows how to turn his purse and his wits to good account. I give you all permission, therefore, to take with you whatever wares you may be able to purchase, and all

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that you make by the transaction shall be your own. And, moreover, whoever, on your return, shall turn out to have been the most successful, shall receive a premium from myself; for it is always right to encourage industry and enterprise. There are still two days at your disposal; turn them, therefore, to good account, for on the third morning from this you shall set sail.'

The sailors, it need hardly be said, hastened on shore, and each, according to his own views, endeavoured to invest his little capital profitably. Among the number, however, there was one poor friendless lad, who had just been bound apprentice in the ship, and as he had received no wages as yet, was of course without a single penny to make a purchase. The poor fellow was greatly dejected, and could not help envying his shipmates, as they returned on board panting under their burdens, and gloating over their dreams of future treasures. At last it occurred to him that he had an old aunt in the city who had the character of being a very wise woman, and had helped many a one out of a difficulty by her counsel. He betook himself to her, therefore, and bade her good-morning.

'Good-day, Silly Nicholas,' she replied; for this was the name her nephew commonly went by, not being supposed to be very much over-burdened with sense. He sat down upon an old stool opposite his aunt, and told her a long roundabout story of all that had occurred, and how he was the only one who was obliged to let the golden opportunity pass.

'I don't wonder at it in the least, my son,' she replied. 'It was often your poor father's case before you, and is no novelty in my family. But you might have saved your visit to me, for I am poor, and have nothing to give you. There is small store of either goods or money in this poor little house.'

Silly Nicholas began to cry. 'They are making game of me already on board, even without this,' said he; 'and if I now go back without anything, I shall never have a moment's peace the whole voyage.'

The old aunt was struck by this. 'For once in his life,' said she, 'the poor wight has spoken sense. Well, then, never mind. I have no gold nor diamonds, it is true, to give you; but I have a very valuable article, which, if you only use it as you ought, will make a man of you; and this I will give you.'

'What can it be?' thought Nicholas, when she went out to fetch it; and what was his amazement when she returned with an old coffee-mill, so rickety that it was almost falling to pieces! The old dame read his disappointment in his looks. 'My son,' said she, 'you must not despise a gift because its exterior is unpromising. This mill contains, and will supply to you, every necessary of life (I do not mean gold or jewels), if you only employ it judiciously, and do not abuse it.'

'And how am I to use it?' he inquired.

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'I will shew you,' replied his aunt. 'Is there anything which you would particularly wish for at this moment?'

'Ah, my dear aunt,' said Nicholas, 'I have not eaten a morsel to-day; and I should like of all things a couple of penny rolls.'

The old dame set the mill upon the table, and said very slowly and deliberately

'Mill, mill! grind away
Some fresh penny rolls, I pray!'

In an instant the mill was in motion, and before long a roll, fresh from the oven, came forth, and then a second, and a third! But when a fourth made its appearance, the old dame suddenly cried:

'Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!'

And in a moment the mill was at rest! Silly Nicholas had looked on in silent wonder; but silly as he was, he at once perceived the use to which it might be turned; and therefore, while he was eating his penny rolls, he learned very accurately from his aunt both the rhymes which were to be employed. He then shook her affectionately by the hand, took his mill under his arm, and went aboard ship in the highest spirits. When his shipmates saw the old coffee-mill, they burst into a loud laugh, and ridiculed him without end. Silly Nicholas, however, let them enjoy themselves, stowed his mill away in a quiet corner, and for the rest of the voyage they were all so occupied with their plans of future operation, that they forgot it altogether.

At length they reached their destination; and Silly Nicholas, who had been thinking, the whole voyage through, how he could best turn his capital to account, went to the captain and asked leave to go on shore for the purpose of transacting a little business.

'I will give you leave certainly, my boy,' said the captain; 'but I fear you will make no great hand of it.'

'Time will tell,' replied Nicholas; 'but, as a specimen, I engage to produce for you, at a moderate price, within four-and-twenty hours, any sort of merchandise you may desire.'

'A bargain!' said the captain, resolved to amuse himself with the lad's (as he believed) simplicity and silliness. 'All my poultry have been eaten during the voyage, and I am longing for some fresh chickens. Bring me, therefore, to-morrow, a couple of dozen, and I shall not only give you the leave, but pay you well for the fowl.'

Silly Nicholas cheerfully took his mill under his arm, and sauntered leisurely through the city till he reached a quiet and retired spot fitted for his operations. He first made a large wicker-cage, and placing his mill before the door, repeated his rhyme:

'Mill, mill! grind away
Fine fat poultry now, I pray!'

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The mill began to turn, and in a few moments out popped a beautiful chicken, and flew, crowing and clapping its wings, into the cage. Nicholas watched closely, and when the full number of two dozen was completed, cried out :

‘Bravo, mill ! rest thee now ;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow !’

As soon as this task was finished, he lay down on the grass beside his birds, and fell asleep perfectly happy. Next morning he presented his poultry. The captain kept his word honourably, paid him a dollar for each of the chickens, which were a rarity in that country, and gave him a month to employ for his own private advantage. Silly Nicholas had observed in the market-place a large wooden booth, where some itinerant jugglers had held their exhibition. This he hired, and he got a painter to paint over the entrance in large letters :

‘ALL SORTS OF GOODS SUPPLIED HERE FOR HALF-PRICE,
AT A DAY’S NOTICE.’

Having made these preparations, he placed his mill in a quiet corner, and sat down to abide the result. Next morning, a customer presented himself.

‘Is it true, sir,’ said he, ‘that, on a day’s notice, you supply goods at half-price?’

‘Certainly,’ said Nicholas ; for we must henceforward drop the prefix which he deserved so little.

‘If so,’ said the stranger, ‘I request you will supply me to-morrow with six wagon-loads of corn. There has been a great dearth this harvest, and I shall pay you a hundred gold dollars for it on the spot.’

‘Agreed !’ cried Nicholas. ‘Let your horses be here to-morrow.’

He kept his word ; and when the wagons were loaded, the horses could scarcely move them from the door. The man gladly paid the hundred dollars, and something over, and went his way.

By this transaction, Nicholas soon established a character, and his mill was seldom allowed to stand idle. He was in a fair way of soon being a rich man ; but what pressed most upon him was, that his month’s leave was nearly out, and the captain was not willing to extend it, for he expected to be able to turn his apprentice’s talents to his own private advantage.

This fact was quite notorious, and every one in the city pitied the poor young man, that, with such prospects, he should be compelled to return to his former degrading occupation. They advised him to run away ; but he was too honest to follow the advice, and resolved to submit to his fate if he could find no honourable means of avoiding it.

In this crisis of his fortunes, the Minister at War came to him one

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day, and told him that, having heard of his great fame, and of his extraordinary resources, he had come in the hope of being released from great embarrassment. The Sultan, his master, had suddenly commanded a grand review of the army, and they were all in the greatest perplexity, as, in consequence of the non-arrival of cloths ordered from England and Leipsic, the body-guards were not all provided with their new uniforms. 'If, therefore,' said he, 'you can produce within two days two thousand scarlet caftans with white facings, of this pattern, you shall share the profits with myself, and I will get you named Army-Contractor to his Majesty the Sultan. This appointment will free you from your present obligations, and will be but a step to higher promotion.'

Nicholas promised to do his best; and before the end of forty-eight hours, the two thousand caftans were punctually delivered. The minister kept faith honourably, and three hours before the expiration of the captain's leave, Nicholas received a large parchment patent, whereby he was named 'Court-and-Army-Contractor to the Sultan.'

No one was more indignant at this than the captain. He could no longer reclaim his apprentice, now that he had been created a nobleman, nor compel him to share his wealth with himself. He therefore tried every means to discover Nicholas's secret, and was constantly spying about his workshop. At last an opportunity offered. Nicholas had gone out to a neighbour's house, and had omitted to close the door as carefully as usual. The captain went in, and searched every imaginable spot; but that day's goods had all been removed, and there was nothing to be seen but the four bare walls. At last, just as he was going to retire, he spied a little recess, and, on examination, discovered in it the old coffee-mill which Nicholas had brought on board, and which had been the subject of so much ridicule. He recollected, too, that Nicholas had taken this with him when he came on shore.

'Beyond a doubt,' said he, 'this mill must be the work of some great conjurer, and does everything the silly fellow wishes to have done. I had better seize on it at once, and hereafter, by force of stratagem, I shall discover the way to use it, and then I am a made man!'

As he spoke, he stretched out his hand to seize it. But at this moment, Nicholas, who had come in meanwhile, and overheard his old master's soliloquy, cried out suddenly:

'Mill, mill! grind away
Stout oak cudgels now, I pray!'

when lo! the mill began to turn furiously, and a multitude of cudgels issued from it, and belaboured the unfortunate captain's back till they left it black and blue, and in a most melancholy plight. He shouted and stormed, alternately threatening and imploring for

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mercy; but in vain. The castigation continued, and indeed became more violent; for the mill was constantly setting new cudgels in motion, and when the early ones fell off, there were ever new recruits to take their place.

'Ah, my dear, sweet Master Nicholas!' sobbed the unfortunate captain, 'do, pray do, stop this cudgelling, or I shall expire. Oh, oh, oh! Why did I ever call this stupid young rascal, who by right should be my servant—why did I call him "sweet Master Nicholas?" Stop this moment your infernal tricks, you worthless scoundrel, or I shall hang you up at the mast-head like a weather-cock: there you shall dangle while there is breath in your body! O murder, murder!'

Nicholas, instead of answering him, pointed to the blue caftan—his uniform as an officer of the court—which sheltered him from all the captain's menaces.

'Yes, yes,' the wretched man replied; 'I was wrong when I spoke so disrespectfully to your Excellency. I regret it bitterly; and if you will only have pity on my wounded back, I shall never forget myself so again.'

'Well, I am beginning myself,' said Nicholas, 'to think that you have got quite enough to teach you never to lay your hand on another's property again. I shall open the door for you, therefore, and you may go about your business; but be sure never to attempt such a trick again, else you shall not escape so cheaply.'

The captain flew as if he had wings through the open door, and all the cudgels pursued him merrily. But as soon as he was a short distance away, Nicholas cried:

'Bravo, mill! rest thee now;
Thou hast ground enough, I trow!'

The cudgels ceased, therefore, and the unfortunate captain was left to pursue his way in peace, as well as his pains would permit him: but from that day forth he entertained a deep grudge against Nicholas, and vowed and declared that he would leave no stone unturned to get possession of this magic mill, and, if possible, to revenge himself some other way. For a long time he planned and planned, but in vain, till at length a thought occurred to him which appeared very feasible. He could not set about it at once, however, for he was obliged to wait till the traces of the cudgelling had disappeared. But the delay only made his hatred the more deep and bitter, and the very moment he was well, he went straight to Master Nicholas, offered him his hand, told him that they should mutually forgive and forget, and in evidence of the sincerity of his reconciliation, invited Nicholas to a splendid entertainment at the principal hotel, to which he had asked a number of his friends.

Nicholas, who was naturally a good-humoured youth, at once accepted the invitation. The wine proved very attractive, and in

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a short time Nicholas had taken quite enough for the captain's purpose. He would gladly have sliced off the poor fellow's ears as he lay, but the presence of Nicholas's friends compelled him to bridle his revenge; and while they were engaged in conveying Nicholas to bed, the captain hastily repaired to the poor youth's house, having previously abstracted the key out of his pocket, and began to search for the mill. He found it without difficulty, concealed it carefully under his cloak, flew like lightning to the ship, and lest, when Nicholas had slept off his drunken fit, he should raise an alarm about the robbery, ordered the ship to put to sea without a moment's delay.

Late in the evening, Nicholas awoke, and was greatly surprised to find himself in bed in a strange place. After a little, however, calling to mind the occurrences of the day, he was dreadfully alarmed; for he saw that what had happened with the captain and his friends was a concerted plan, and that they had availed themselves of his insensible condition to play a villainous trick upon him. He flung on his clothes, and hurried without delay to his house; but found, to his indescribable affliction, that his precious treasure, the origin and foundation of his wealth, was gone.

Still he resolved to do his best, though he feared it was too late to recover his treasure. Summoning his neighbours to his assistance, therefore, he went down to the river where the ship had been lying. But alas! she had long since set sail, and now had reached the open sea, where it was hopeless to attempt pursuit. Sick at heart, and deeply downcast, he returned to his house, and from that moment he was of course compelled to leave his orders unexecuted, and to break up his establishment. The people in the city said he had speculated too far, and had run out his capital. But Nicholas himself knew where the shoe pinched, and quietly betook himself to the country, where he had time, in his cooler moments, to reflect that he was better off than he thought at first; having contrived, while his trade lasted, to lay up a considerable sum, sufficient to purchase a very nice property, on which he lived till a good old age, pouring blessings on his old aunt and her still older coffee-mill.

Meanwhile the thief was sailing over the deep sea, and chuckling at his good fortune. He indulged himself in thinking what a multitude of speculations he would embark in, till he should at last be the first man in the land. 'And then,' said he, 'I shall break the old mill to pieces, lest any one else should grow as rich as myself. Luckily, I still recollect, since that cursed cudgelling, the words which set the mill in motion.'

During this soliloquy he had begun to feel hungry, and ordered the cook to serve dinner without delay. The cook soon presented himself. 'A nice dinner it will be!' said he with a countenance full of ill-humour. 'Where am I to find it, pray? We set sail in such a hurry, that we have not a fortnight's provisions on board! And this

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moment, when I went to put some salt in your soup, I found, to my horror, that there is not a grain of salt in the ship !”

‘Well, well,’ said the captain in great good-humour, ‘make your mind easy about it. Be assured we shall want for nothing ; and in the first place, I must get you some salt for the soup.’

He took the coffee-mill down from the shelf as he spoke, and said with great solemnity :

‘Mill, mill ! grind away ;
Let us have some salt, I pray !’

The mill, according to its wont, began to turn, and, to the captain’s great delight, forth came a thick stream of salt. The cook opened his mouth and eyes, but could not for his life conceive how this came to pass, till at last, when there was already a large heap of salt lying before them, he said : ‘That may do for the present, and the mill, if it pleases, may grind us something else.’

The captain also, who saw that they now had salt enough to last for a year and a day, was disposed to stop the working of the mill ; but, alas ! to his horror, it now struck him for the first time that he did not know the words necessary to stop it ! In his terror and anguish of mind he grasped it for the purpose of stopping its revolutions ; but it struck him such a blow upon the fingers, that the blood spouted out furiously, and he drew back screaming with pain and affright.

‘It must be some devil or hobgoblin we have got on board !’ cried the cook, who, as the heap of salt continued to increase, ran away to the fore-deck, and told the sailors what the captain had done.

Meanwhile the captain tried every species of prayer and every form of exorcism ; but to no purpose. At last he flew into a rage, and drew his sword. ‘Worthless thing that you are !’ he cried with fury, ‘I will knock you to shivers, and put an end to your magic at once !’ He aimed a terrific blow at the mill, and struck it with such effect that it flew into two pieces. At first, he was delighted with his heroism ; but what was his horror when he saw both halves stand erect, and both begin to grind away as busily as the one mill had ground before ! He was struck dumb with terror, and could make no further effort to relieve himself.

Meanwhile the mills continued to grind away busily, and at last they ground such a quantity of salt, that the ship could not float any longer under the weight, but sank to the bottom with the captain and the crew !

From that time forth—as the story-books go—the sea has been salt, and it will always continue so ; for both the mills are still at work, and never fail to maintain the supply !



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THE strange race of people of whom we propose to give an account in the following Tract, are found scattered to the number, it is believed, of about 700,000 souls in all, over the whole of Europe, and are distinguished by different names in different countries. In Great Britain they are called *Gipsies*, from the idea of their Egyptian origin; for the same reason the Spaniards call them *Gitanos*; in France they were long termed *Bohemians*, because the first European country in which they appeared was Bohemia; in Russia they are styled *Zigani*; in Turkey *Zingarri*; and in Germany *Zigeuner*—words conceived to be derived from the term *Zincali*, by which the gipsies sometimes designate themselves, and which is understood to signify ‘The Black men of Zend or Ind.’ The characteristic name, however, applied by the gipsies to their own race and language is said by Mr Borrow to be *Rommani*, a word of Sanscrit origin, which means ‘The Husbands.’

ORIGIN OF THE GIPSIES—THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN EUROPE.

Although, in all countries, native outcasts and criminals have adopted the habits and occupations of gipsies, and have been even known to associate with them, yet it is established beyond a doubt that the real gipsies constitute a single race, distinct from any other in Europe, and using a language peculiar to themselves.

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Thus far all are agreed ; but when we come to inquire what that stock is from which the gipsies have all sprung, we find different opinions entertained by different authorities. Some Spanish writers have asserted them to be the relics of the Moors who once inhabited Spain ; others have believed them to be of Tartar origin ; others, again, have endeavoured to prove them to be Persians ; while there have not been wanting persons to maintain that they arose in some eastern part of Europe, and thence branched off into the western nations. None of these opinions, however, gained so wide credence as that which supposed the original country of the gipsies to be Egypt. This idea, which was propagated, and firmly believed, on the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and which is still held by the gipsies of the present day, is proved, however, to be quite untenable. Not only is the gipsy language different from the Coptic, and the gipsy manners different from those of the natives of Egypt, but, what is still more decisive, gipsies are found wandering through Egypt as through other countries, and are there treated as foreigners, just as with us. On the whole, the supposition which is supported by the greatest amount of evidence, and which, indeed, has already displaced all others, is that which assigns an Indian or Hindu origin to the gipsies. Of the many proofs adduced in favour of this view, the most convincing is that derived from the wonderful similarity between the gipsy language and the dialects of Northern India, such as Hindustani. For a long time it was believed that the gipsy language was a mere jargon or slang, resembling the cant language of thieves, and invented for similar purposes. This, however, is a mistake, as could be very conclusively shewn. By the industry of various inquirers, a vocabulary has been drawn up of several hundreds of gipsy words ; and the number of these which have been found to be pure Hindustani is perfectly decisive as to the Indian origin of the gipsies. The following table may serve to illustrate this, as well as to exhibit the similarity of all the European dialects of the gipsy language :

English.	German Gipsy.	English Gipsy.	Hungarian Gipsy.	Spanish Gipsy.	Hindustani.
One	Ick or Ek	Yake	Jek	Yeque	Ek
Two	Duj	Duee	Dui	Dui	Du
Three	Trin	Trin	Trun	Trin	Trin
Four	Schtar	Stor	Schtar	Estar	Tschar
Five	Pantsch	Pan	Pansch	Pansche	Pansch
Ten	Desch	Dyche	Dösch	Deque	Des
Gold	Sonnikey	Sonnekar	Sonkay	Sonacai	Suna
Eye	Aok	Yock	Jakh	Aquia	Awk
Nose	Nak	Nack	Nakh	Naqui	Nakk
House	Ker	Kare	Ker	Quer	Gur
Water	Panj	Parnee	Pani	Pani	Panj

The conclusion of the Indian origin of the gipsies, to which we

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are led by a consideration of their language, is remarkably corroborated by the similarity of character, customs, and occupations which the gipsies exhibit with certain existing tribes or castes among the Hindus, particularly the Nuls or Bazegurs, a wandering race in Hindustan, of very low repute among the other Hindus, and speaking a dialect apparently as different from the pure Hindustani as the gipsy is. Accordingly, with the supposition in our minds that the gipsies are the relics of a wandering race expelled from Hindustan, let us see how far this supposition accords with what we know of their history.

The earliest mention made of the gipsies in Europe refers to the year 1414, when they are said to have appeared in the Hessian territories; and in the course of a few years from that date, they were to be found in most parts of Germany. 'They travelled in hordes, each having its leader, sometimes called *Count*; others had the title of Dukes or Lords of Lesser Egypt. In 1418 they were found in Switzerland, and in 1422 they made their appearance in Italy. The Bologna Chronicle states that the horde which arrived in that city on the 18th of July 1422, consisted of about one hundred men, the name of whose leader, or Duke, as they termed him, was Andreas. They travelled from Bologna to Ferli, intending to pay the pope a visit at Rome.* Their appearance in France bears the date of 1427. 'On August 17, 1427,' says an old French Chronicle, 'came to Paris twelve Penitents, as they called themselves—namely, a duke, an earl, and ten men—all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of being put to death. Some time after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them again to renounce Christianity.' Such had been the account they gave of themselves in Germany, Poland, and other countries where they first appeared. The story seems to have produced considerable sensation; 'for,' continues the Chronicle, 'when the emperor of Germany, the king of Poland, and other Christian princes heard it, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit their country, and go to the pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance, to wander over the world without lying in a bed.' Having thus contrived to obtain the pope's sanction, they were able, with the assistance of safe conducts, granted to them, in their character of pilgrims, by various sovereigns and princes, to roam about as they pleased without molestation. 'They had been wandering five years,' proceeds the Chronicle, 'when they came to Paris; first, the principal people, twelve in number, as above narrated, and soon after the commonalty, about one hundred, or one hundred and twenty, reduced from one thousand

* Hoyland's *Survey of the Gipsies*.

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or twelve hundred, which was their number when they set out from home, the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police out of the city at Chapel St Denis. Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and one or two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, all their faces scarred, their hair black; their only clothes a large old shaggy garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord sash, and under it a poor petticoat. In short, they were the poorest miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women, who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes; and, what was worse, they picked people's pockets of their money.

It is probable, from these and other accounts, that the gipsies had spread themselves over all the countries of the continent before the middle of the fifteenth century; they did not, however, arrive in Great Britain till the beginning of the sixteenth. Wherever they went they appear to have told the same story regarding their origin and purposes, and so to have procured a degree of toleration which they could not have experienced in any other character than that of religious pilgrims. The manner of their appearance, however, only increases the mystery of their origin. With a view to solve the riddle, let us assume the theory of their Hindu origin, and glance at the state of Hindustan at the period corresponding to the first appearance of the gipsies in Europe, and see whether any occurrence in Indian history can be discovered which will stand to the appearance of the gipsies among the western nations in the relation of cause to effect.

The conquest of India by the Mohammedans, though begun about the year 1000, may be said to have extended over several centuries. One of the most fanatical of the later Mohammedan conquerors of Hindustan was Timour Beg, who, in 1408 and 1409, ravaged India, for the purpose of disseminating in it the religion of the Prophet. 'Not only,' says Mr Hoyland, 'was every one who made any resistance destroyed, and such as fell into the enemies' hands, though quite defenceless, made slaves, but in a short time those very slaves, to the number of one hundred thousand, were put to death.' The inference is, that great masses of the population fled from the conqueror, the greater proportion of them finding refuge, probably, in the safer parts of the peninsula; but some, and these probably of the lowest or *Sudra* caste of Hindus, being obliged to quit the peninsula altogether. Whatever likelihood there may be in this supposition, the theory of the origin of the gipsies now generally adopted is that they are the relics of a mass of Hindus of a very low caste, who were expelled from India during the war of Timour Beg.

Quitting India, we can suppose these wandering outcasts, speaking

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a kind of Hindustani tinged with Persian, to have slowly pursued their route westward towards Europe; at first, perhaps, in a compact body, but afterwards in straggling bands. Proceeding along the south of the Caspian, or the north of the Persian Gulf, they would pass into Europe through Asiatic Turkey, some of their number, possibly enough, penetrating first into Egypt. Once arrived in Europe, their route most naturally would coincide with that which the Crusading armies had pursued in a reverse direction, when marching into Asia several centuries before; and this would account for their early appearance in Hungary, Walachia, and the Slavonic parts of Europe. The rest may be expressed in the words of Mr Borrow. 'If,' says he, 'the Rommani trusted in any God at the period of their exodus from India, they must have speedily forgotten him. Coming from Ind, as they most assuredly did, they must have been followers (if they followed any) of Buddh or Brahma; yet they are now ignorant of such names. They brought with them no Indian idols, as far as we are able to judge at the present time, nor, indeed, Indian rites or observances, for no traces of such are to be discovered amongst them.' The inference is, that even in the East they must have been a contemned and outcast sect, without any of those religious ideas and traditions which the Hindus, in general, or at least those of respectable caste, were acquainted with. As to the story of their Egyptian origin, it is probable that its authors were the European ecclesiastics, who, surprised at so strange an apparition as these wanderers must have been, and building on some hint that they had come from Egypt, imagined that they saw in them the fulfilment of the prophecy of Ezekiel: 'I will make the land of Egypt desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate; and her cities among the cities that are laid waste, shall be desolate for forty years; and I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them through the countries.'

At all events, the idea, once started, accorded with the spirit and mode of thinking of the age. The gipsies themselves, cunning by nature, and without the slightest scruple arising from any belief of their own, seem to have accepted with thankfulness the theory of their own origin which the clergy had invented for them, finding in it a passport from place to place, and a protection from the ill-treatment which their gipsy habits might have otherwise drawn down upon them, as well as a great recommendation to them in their trade of telling fortunes, Egypt being the reputed land of magic. Conforming to all that was required of them, suffering their children to be baptised, and styling their leaders 'Lords and Dukes of Little Egypt,'* they roved about in bands, absolute heathens in intelligence

* An epitaph in a convent at Stainbach records that, on the eve of St Sebastian, in 1445, 'died the Lord Panuel, Duke in Little Egypt, and Baron of Hirschhorn, in the same land;' and one at Plevz, announces the death, in 1498, of the 'high-born Lord John, Earl of Little Egypt, to whose soul God be gracious and merciful.' These must have been leaders of gipsy gangs.

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and heart, astonishing the inhabitants of the towns and villages they visited by the strange spectacle of pilgrim-Christians atoning for their sins by penance, and yet robbing hen-roosts, and practising uncouth arts as they went along.

LAWS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES REGARDING THE GIPSIES.

It was not long before the true character of the gipsies began to be known, and they were looked upon in all countries as a pest and nuisance. Accordingly, we find that, in course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, enactments were passed for their suppression in all the principal states of the continent. In Spain, an edict for their extermination was passed during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1492; and this not proving effectual, similar edicts were issued by Charles V. and his successor Philip II. These severities, however, did not produce the effect intended; and equally ineffectual were the numerous laws passed against the gipsies in France, Italy, the Netherlands, and Germany. Slinking into hiding while the fit of persecution lasted, the black children of Ind always emerged again, wandering hither and thither in gangs, tinkering pots and kettles, stealing, and telling fortunes.

In England the gipsies seem to have made their appearance about a century after their first arrival in Europe, or about the year 1512; and ten years after that date we find a statute of Henry VIII. directed against them. So little effect had this and other acts, that it is calculated that the gipsies in England amounted, in the reign of Elizabeth, to upwards of ten thousand. In this queen's reign very sanguinary statutes were passed against them, which remained in force till the reign of George III., although latterly they had fallen into desuetude, and the gipsies had come to be treated as mere rogues and vagabonds, punishable under the Vagrant Act.

It is not probable that long time elapsed between the arrival of the gipsies in England and their appearance on the north side of the Tweed. The first mention of them, however, in Scottish history refers to the year 1540, when the following singular document was issued in favour of one of their number. 'Writ of privy-seal in favour of John Faa, Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, granted by King James V., February 15, 1540.' This writ directs all sheriffs and magistrates to assist John Faa in apprehending 'Sebastian Lalowe, Egyptian, one of the said John's company,' with his eleven 'complices and part-takers,' who have rebelled against him, and 'removed out of his company, and taken frae him divers sums of money, jewels, claiths, and other goods, to the quantity of ane great sum of money; and on nae wise will pass hame with him; howbeit he has bidden and remained of lang time upon them [waited for them long], and is bounden and obliged to bring hame with him all them of his

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company that are alive, and ane testimonial of them that are dead.' The document then goes on to express the king's sorrow that John Faa cannot get his people to take them home to 'their own country, after the tenour of his said bond, to his heavy damage and skaith [hurt], and in great peril of tynsel [loss] of his heritage, and express against justice.' Then follows an order to all sheriffs, &c. to lend John Faa their prisons, stocks, and fetters, and whatever may be necessary for reducing his refractory subjects to order; with a charge to all the king's lieges not to molest John Faa, or his company, in their lawful business within the realm in their passing, remaining, or 'away-ganging furth of the same;' and a special order to masters of vessels and mariners to receive John Faa and his company when they shall be ready to go 'furth of the realm to the parts beyond the sea.'

From this curious document it appears that the gipsies, with a view to avoid the persecution in Scotland which they had been subjected to in other countries, had recourse to a stratagem, by which the authorities were completely deceived. Entering Scotland with his gang, John Faa had given out the usual story that he was a Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, come to visit this remote country; and so well had he managed matters, as to obtain a recognition from the king of his jurisdiction within his own band, 'according to the laws of Egypt,' thus saving the gipsies from the fangs of the Scottish law. A short experience of the character of their visitors had probably made the Scotch anxious to get rid of them; and to avoid forcible expulsion, either a pretended schism had taken place among the gipsies, and Sebastian Lalowe had seceded from the general gang with eleven followers; or, if the schism was real, John Faa contrived to make it serve his purpose.

The government seem to have been completely imposed upon; and John Faa and his company remained in Scotland for a long time unmolested. For twenty or thirty years they appear to have gone about in many districts of Scotland, pursuing their trade of tinkering and fortune-telling with impunity, but becoming every day more intolerable. To such a height did the nuisance increase during the reign of Queen Mary, that the government was at length roused to the necessity of taking active measures for the suppression of the gipsies; and in 1579 a comprehensive statute was passed against vagrancy of all sorts. This statute provides that 'such as makes themselves fools, *and are bards*, or other such-like runners about, being apprehended, shall be put in the king's ward and irons sae lang as they have ony goods of their own to live on; and when they have not whereupon to live of their own, that their ears be nailed to the tron, or to another tree, and their ears cuttit off, and banished the country; and if thereafter they be found again, that they be hangit.' In this act are specially included 'the people calling themselves Egyptians, and others that feign knowledge of prophecy.'

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This was the first of a series of acts directed against the gipsies through a period of nearly two centuries, all of them of a sanguinary description. A long list of gipsies might be given who were victims to their severity. In July 1611, four Faas were hanged as Egyptians, notwithstanding that they pleaded the possession of a special license to remain in Scotland; in July 1616, three gipsies, two of them Faas, the other a Baillie, were hanged in the same circumstances; in January 1624, Captain John Faa, and seven other gipsies of his gang, five of whom likewise bore the name of Faa, suffered the same fate; and a few days after their execution, Helen Faa, the wife of the captain, and ten other gipsy women, were drowned. To give an idea of the summary manner in which these poor wretches were disposed of, we may quote the words of an act of privy-council, dated Edinburgh, 10th November 1636, respecting a number of gipsies who had been apprehended and lodged in Haddington jail. Having been detained there a month, it was declared by the council that 'whereas the keeping of them longer within the said tolbooth is troublesome and burdenable to the town of Haddington, and fosters the said thieves in an opinion of impunity to the encouraging of the rest of that infamous byke [hive] of lawless limmers to continue in their thievish trade; therefore the Lords of Secret Council ordain the sheriff of Haddington, or his deputes, to pronounce doom and sentence of death against so many of these thieves as are men, and against so many of the women as wants children; ordaining the men to be hangit and the women to be drowned; and that such of the women as has children be scourged through the burgh of Haddington, and burnt in the cheek.' Notwithstanding these severities, the gipsies continued to infest Scotland, particularly such districts as Roxburghshire, Selkirkshire, and Tweeddale, where they formed regular clans or colonies, and are still known. We shall return to these Scottish gipsies; in the meantime, however, we shall collect and present in a condensed form such information as can be procured respecting the character, customs, and modes of thinking of the gipsies in general.

CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THE GIPSIES.

Of this strange people, scattered, it is believed, over nearly the whole habitable world, whose tents, according to Mr Borrow, 'are pitched alike on the heaths of Brazil and the ridges of the Himalayan hills, and whose language is heard at Moscow and Madrid, in the streets of London, and in those of Stamboul,' it must be confessed that we shall never know much if we confound them with the common vagrants whose habits bear an external resemblance to theirs. The wild habits of the gipsies are all to be traced up to an inveterate peculiarity of race, of organisation, distinguishing them from the

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mere vagabonds which every generation produces for itself, and not to be extirpated by the ordinary means which may be found effectual in the case of such.

The following is Mr Borrow's description of the features and physical appearance of the gitanos or Spanish gipsies ; and it applies with little variation to their brethren of other countries. 'They are for the most part,' he says, 'of the middle size, and the proportions of their frames convey a powerful idea of strength and activity united : a deformed or weakly object is rarely found amongst them in persons of either sex ; such probably perish in infancy, unable to support the hardships and privations to which the race is still subjected from its great poverty ; and these same privations have given, and still give, a coarseness and harshness to their features, which are all strongly marked and expressive. Their complexion is by no means uniform, save that it is invariably darker than the general olive hue of the Spaniards : not unfrequently countenances as dark as those of mulattoes present themselves, and, in some few instances, of almost negro blackness. Like most people of savage ancestry, their teeth are white and strong ; their mouths are not badly formed ; but it is in the eye, more than any other feature, that they differ from other human beings. There is something remarkable in the eye of the gitano. Should his hair and complexion become fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of Old Castile ; were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior—still would the gitano be detected by his eye, should it continue unchanged. It is neither large nor small, and exhibits no marked difference in shape from eyes of the common cast. Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange staring expression—which, to be understood, must be seen—and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light.'

The dress of the gipsies varies in different countries, but is generally ragged and peculiar. In Spain, the gipsy women 'wear not the large red cloaks and immense bonnets of coarse beaver which distinguish their sisters of England ; they have no other head-gear than a handkerchief, which is occasionally resorted to as a defence against the severity of the weather ; their hair is sometimes confined by a comb, but more frequently permitted to stray dishevelled down the shoulders ; they are fond of large ear-rings, whether of gold or silver. Inattention to cleanliness,' continues Mr Borrow, 'is a characteristic of the gipsies in all parts of the world. They are almost equally disgusting in this respect in Hungary, England, and Spain. The floors of their hovels are unswept, and abound with filth and mud ; and in their persons they are scarcely less vile.'

Wherever gipsies are found there is a striking similarity in their pursuits and occupations. 'Everywhere,' says Mr Borrow, 'they seem to exhibit the same tendencies, and to hunt for their bread by

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the same means, as if they were not of the human, but rather of the animal species. In no part of the world are they found engaged in the cultivation of the earth, or in the service of a regular master ; but in all lands they are jockeys, or thieves, or cheats ; and if ever they devote themselves to any toil or trade, it is assuredly in every material point one and the same.' Mr Hoyland, in his *Historical Survey of the Gipsies*, gives the following account of their habits : 'Some gipsies,' he says, 'are stationary, and have regular habitations according to their situation in life. To this class belong those who keep public-houses in Spain ; and others in Transylvania and Hungary who follow some regular business and live in miserable huts. But by far the greater number of these people lead a very different kind of life ; they rove about from one district to another in hordes, having no habitation but tents, holes in the rocks, or caves. Some live in their tents during both summer and winter. In Hungary, those who have discontinued their rambling way of life, and built houses for themselves, seldom let a spring pass without taking advantage of the first settled weather to set up a tent for their summer residence. The wandering gipsy in Hungary and Transylvania endeavours to procure a horse ; in Turkey, an ass serves to carry his wife and a couple of children, with his tent. When he arrives at a place he likes, near a village or a city, he unpacks, pitches his tent, ties his animal to a stake to graze, and remains some weeks there. His furniture seldom consists of more than an earthen pot, an iron pan, a spoon, a jug, and a knife, with sometimes the addition of a dish. These serve for the whole family. Working in iron is the most usual occupation of the gipsies. In Hungary this profession is so common, that there is a proverb there : "So many gipsies, so many smiths." But the gipsies of our time are not willing to work heavy works ; they seldom go beyond a pair of light horse-shoes. In general, they confine themselves to the making of small articles, such as rings and nails ; they mend old pots and kettles ; make knives, seals, and needles ; and sometimes they work in tin and brass. Their materials, tools, and apparatus are of a very inferior kind. The anvil is a stone ; the other implements are a pair of hand-bellows, a hammer, a pincers, a vice, and a file. In favourable weather the work is carried on in the open air ; when it is stormy, within the tent. The gipsy does not stand, but sits on the ground cross-legged at his work. He is generally dexterous and quick, notwithstanding the bad tools he works with. Another occupation much followed by gipsies is horse-dealing, to which they have been attached from the earliest period of their history. In those parts of Hungary where the climate is so mild that horses may lie out all the year, the gipsies avail themselves of this circumstance to breed, as well as to deal in horses ; by which means they sometimes grow rich. Instances have been known on the continent of gipsies keeping from fifty to seventy horses each, some of which they

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let out for hire, others they exchange or sell. But these are not numerous.'

The two employments of tinkering and horse-dealing have been the apparent means by which the male gipsies, at all times and in all places, have earned their livelihood. 'The English gipsies,' says Mr Borrow, 'are constant attendants at the race-course; what jockey is not? Perhaps jockeyism originated with them, and even racing, at least in England. Jockeyism properly implies the *management of the whip*: and the word *jockey* is neither more nor less than the term, slightly modified, by which they designate the formidable whips which they usually carry. They are likewise fond of resorting to the prize-ring, and have occasionally attained some eminence in those brutalising exhibitions called pugilistic combats.' Theft and robbery have always furnished the gipsy with a large proportion of what was necessary for his support; and in all countries the gipsies have made a conspicuous figure in the records of crime and violence. Housebreaking and highway robbery, horse and cattle stealing, and less adventurous pilfering, seem, until a late period, when the improvement of police has made impunity in such crimes less easy, to have been universal among them. Their trade of jockeys, too, has always enabled them to obtain money by cheating in a variety of ways. Altering, by the dexterous use of the scissors and paint, the appearance of the horses which they or some of their companions have previously stolen, they have been known to palm them off again in the way of sale on their original proprietors. They are accused also, especially in Spain, of poisoning and maiming cattle, with a view to obtain either the carcasses or the cattle themselves at a low price; and it is probably from this that the story of their disgusting preference of carrion for food has taken its rise. 'It would be wrong,' says Mr Borrow, 'to conclude that the gipsies are habitual devourers of carrion. Many of the carcasses are not, in reality, the carrion which they appear, but are the bodies of animals which the gipsies themselves have killed by poison, in hope that the flesh might be abandoned to them.' Besides the eating of carrion, the gipsies have not escaped, in credulous countries, the more horrible imputation of cannibalism. The charge of kidnapping children is better authenticated. In Spain, children appear sometimes to have been carried away by gipsies, and sold as slaves to the Moors in Africa; and it is well known that Adam Smith, the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, was carried off when a child of three years of age by a gang of gipsies in Fifeshire, from whom he was recovered by his uncle, who rode after them in pursuit.

The gipsies did not monopolise the trade of fortune-telling on their first appearance in Europe, for that took place at a time when sorcerers abounded, and necromancy was an art believed in by many of the learned. Probably their natural cunning taught them that this was the most profitable employment in which they could engage ;

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and the story of their coming out of Egypt must have co-operated with the general wildness of their demeanour, and the unearthly expression of their eye, in placing them, in the popular estimation, at the head of their profession. Now, the gipsy women, especially the old and ugly ones, are in special request in all countries among those who wish to pry into futurity, and ascertain their marriage fate. The servant-maids of London pay their sixpences and shillings to gipsy women, who come to the low areas early in the morning, to tell them their fortunes, before the families are up; half-tipsy young men do the same thing in a frolic at fairs, where gipsies are usually to be found; in Spain, ladies of rank have been known to consult these swarthy seeresses; and even in our own country, educated young ladies are said to go in pairs and parties to have interviews with some keen-eyed hag relative to their matrimonial prospects.

Among the tricks practised by gipsy women on the continent, besides that of express fortune-telling, or *La Bahi*, as the gipsies themselves call it, are the *Hokkano Baro*, or Great Trick, which consists in persuading some credulous person to deposit money or precious articles in some place underground, with a view to obtain five or six times the quantity when they are again dug up; and the *Ustilar Patesas*, which consists in abstracting money by sleight of hand. While thus practising on other people's credulity, the gipsies do not appear to have any superstitious beliefs of their own, unless it be in the *evil eye*, or power of injuring people and making them sick by a glance, a belief founded on a physical fact; and in the loadstone, which the Spanish gipsies believe to be gifted with some marvellous qualities. Yet Mr Borrow, while he speaks of this exemption of the gipsies from belief in prophecy, relates the following extraordinary story, for the truth of which he vouches. While in Madrid, in the spring of 1838, he was thrown into prison for distributing Bibles; and here he was attended by his Basque servant, Francisco, a good-humoured fellow, of immense strength. In ten days they were released, and returned to their lodgings. Here they were visited by a man who had forced himself upon Mr Borrow's acquaintance some time before his imprisonment, and in consequence of his ferocious habits of speech, and his incessant demands for wine, had become exceedingly disagreeable. According to his own account, he was a gipsy by the mother's side; his name was Chaleco, and he was a captain on half-pay in the service of Donna Isabel, whose uniform he wore. He had received a shot through the lungs, as he said himself, which occasioned him the most horrible fits of coughing; and his whole manner was incoherent and insane. 'In age he was about fifty, with thin flaxen hair covering the sides of his head, which at the top was entirely bald. His eyes were small, and, like ferrets', red and fiery; his complexion like a brick, a dull red, checkered with spots of purple.' Such was the person who called on Mr Borrow after his release from prison. He sat the whole

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evening smoking and drinking wine, which he ordered from a tavern on Mr Borrow's account; and when the last bottle was exhausted, he asked for more. 'I told him in a gentle manner,' says Mr Borrow, 'he had drunk enough. He looked on the ground for some time, then slowly, and somewhat hesitatingly, drew his sword, and laid it on the table. It was become dark. I was not afraid of the fellow, but I wished to avoid anything unpleasant. I called to Francisco to bring lights, and, obeying a sign which I made him, he sat down at the table. The gipsy glared fiercely upon him; Francisco laughed, and began with great glee to talk in Basque, of which the gipsy understood not a word. The gipsy was incensed, and forgetting the language in which, for the last hour, he had himself been speaking, complained to Francisco of his rudeness in speaking any tongue but Castilian. The Basque replied with a loud carcajada, and slightly touched the gipsy on the knee. The latter sprang up, seized his sword, and retreating a few steps, made a desperate lunge at Francisco. The Basques, next to the Pasiegos, are the best cudgel-players in Spain, and in the world. Francisco held in his hand part of a broomstick, which he had broken in the stable, whence he had just ascended. With the swiftness of lightning he foiled the stroke of Chaleco, and in another moment, with a dexterous blow, struck the sword out of his hand, and sent it ringing against the wall. The gipsy resumed his seat and his cigar. He occasionally looked at the Basque. His glances were at first atrocious, but presently changed their expression, and appeared to me to become prying and eagerly curious. He at last arose, picked up his sword, sheathed it, and walked slowly to the door; there he stopped, turned round, advanced close to Francisco, and looked him steadfastly in the face. "My good fellow," said he, "I am a gipsy, and can read *baji*. Do you know where you will be at this time to-morrow?" Then, laughing like a hyena, he departed, and I never saw him again. At that time on the morrow, Francisco was on his deathbed. He had caught the jail-fever, which had long raged in the Carcel de la Corte where I was imprisoned.'

So far as has been ascertained, the gipsies have no system of religious belief, properly so called, and are quite indifferent to all religious subjects. In Spain, Mr Borrow found them as nearly absolute atheists as he could conceive mortals to be, the only doctrine that they appeared ever to have seriously held being that of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls. Mr Borrow frequently attempted to interest them in religion, by translating to them simple portions of the gospels, as, for instance, the parable of the Prodigal Son, accompanying the reading with a comment suited to their capacities; he found, however, that although some of them, particularly the women, listened with attention, and expressed their delight, it was rather because they were gratified to find that the gipsy jargon could be written and read, than that they were impressed by the

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matter of the narrative. Persevering in the labour of translating parts of Scripture into the gipsy tongue, Mr Borrow was in the habit of holding little congregations of gipsies in Madrid, with a view both to instruct them, and to practise himself in the art of rendering the ideas of Christianity into so uncommon, a dialect. The attachment of the gipsies to his person, and the pleasure they took in singing little gipsy hymns which he wrote for them, generally procured him a respectable attendance; but he mentions that no dependence was to be placed on their behaviour, they were always so disposed to the grotesque. One day he held a congregation, at which a gipsy jockey, whom he had offended, was present; the rest of the congregation consisted of about seventeen women. 'I spoke,' he says, 'for some time in Spanish; I chose for the theme of my discourse the situation of the Hebrews in Egypt, and pointed out its similarity to that of the gitanos in Spain. I subsequently produced a manuscript book, from which I read a portion of Scripture, and the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed, in Rommani. When I had concluded, I looked around me. The features of the assembly were twisted, and the eyes of all turned upon me with a frightful squint; not an individual present but squinted. The gipsy fellow, the contriver of the jest, squinted worst of all. Such are gipsies.'

In England and Scotland the gipsies appear to exhibit the same carelessness regarding religion as their Spanish brethren; they seem, however, to be more alive to superstitious impressions. Thus, in Scotland, the gipsies almost universally apply to the clergyman of the parish where they take up their headquarters to have their children baptised, not from any intelligence of what the rite signifies, but because they think it unlucky to have an unchristened child in a family, a notion which they have borrowed from the people of the country. They sometimes attend divine service, but principally with a view to retain such a hold of the church as may entitle them to have their children baptised. 'I have ever understood,' says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, speaking of a tribe of Scottish gipsies, 'that they are extremely superstitious—carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the *soughing* of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, on meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect. They also burn the clothes of their dead from a superstitious motive. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment; and conceive that "the deil tinkles at the lyke-wake" of those who felt in their *dead-thraw* the agonies of remorse.' These, however, are mere superstitious notions with which they have been infected by their Scottish neighbours; and the gipsies of Scotland seem essentially to be as near to heathens as Mr Borrow states the Spanish gipsies to be.

With regard to the *morality* of the gipsies, little more can be said

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than that they have a strong attachment to each other, which, however, does not prevent them from fighting and quarrelling among themselves; and that they treat as their natural enemies, the *Busnees*, or Gentiles. Yet, though revengeful and remorseless in their conduct towards people who have insulted them, the gipsies yet shew themselves capable of gratitude for favours, and are known to respect the property of such as have been kind to them. All are agreed that the marriage contract among the gipsies is lightly entered into; and, among the Scottish gipsies at least, polygamy has been known to exist; but, according to Mr Borrow, the assertions respecting the licentiousness of the gipsy women are founded on a mistake. 'Nothing,' he says, 'is more sacred among the gipsies than the fidelity of the gipsy wife to the husband of her own race.'

ANECDOTES OF THE SCOTTISH GIPSIES.

One of the earliest anecdotes of the Scottish gipsies is that of 'Johnnie Faa, the Gipsy Laddie,' who eloped with the lady of the Earl of Cassilis. This story rests on tradition and on an old ballad; the facts, so far as they can be gathered, are thus related in the *Picture of Scotland*. 'John, the sixth Earl of Cassilis, a stern Covenanter, of whom it is recorded by Bishop Burnet that he would never permit his language to be understood but in its direct sense, obtained to wife Lady Jean Hamilton, a daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Haddington, who had raised himself from the Scottish bar to a peerage, and the best fortune of his time. The match seems to have been dictated by policy; and it is not likely that Lady Jean herself had much to say in the bargain. On the contrary, says report, she had been previously beloved by a gallant young knight, a Sir John Faa of Dunbar, who had perhaps seen her at her father's seat of Tynningham, which is not more than three miles from that town. When several years were gone, and Lady Cassilis had brought her husband three children, this passion led to a dreadful catastrophe. Her youthful lover, seizing an opportunity when the Earl of Cassilis was attending the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, came to Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower, on the banks of the Doon. He was disguised as a gipsy, and attended by a band of these desperate outcasts. The countess consented to elope with her lover. Ere they had proceeded very far, however, the earl came home, and immediately set out in pursuit. Accompanied by a band which put resistance out of the question, he overtook them, and captured the whole party at a ford over the Doon, still called the "Gipsies' Steps," a few miles from the castle. He brought them back to Cassilis, and there hanged all the gipsies, including the hapless Sir John, upon "the Dule Tree," a splendid and most umbrageous plane, which yet flourishes on a mound, in front of the

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castle gate, and which was his gallows in ordinary, as the name testifies :

“ And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Although we were na bonnie ;
And we were a' put down for ane—
A fair young wanton lady.”

The countess was taken by her husband to a window in front of the castle, and there compelled to survey the dreadful scene—to see, one after another, fifteen gallant men put to death—and at last to witness the dying agonies of him who had first been dear to her. The particular room in the stately old house where the unhappy lady endured this horrible torture, is still called “The Countess’s Room.” After undergoing a short confinement in that apartment, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted up for her reception, by the addition of a fine projecting staircase, upon which were carved heads, representing those of her lover and his band ; and she was removed thither, and confined for the rest of her life—the earl, in the meantime, marrying another wife. One of her daughters was afterwards married to the celebrated Gilbert Burnet. The effigies of the gypsies on the staircase at Maybole are very minute ; the head of Johnnie Faa himself is distinct from the rest, large, and more lachrymose in the expression of the features.’ Such is the story ; but whether the hero, who is here called Sir John Faa of Dunbar, was himself of gipsy blood, as the ballad bears, and as tradition asserts, or whether he was merely in such intimacy with the gypsies as to obtain their aid in the adventure, cannot be decisively ascertained. It may be mentioned, however, that the colony of gypsies long established in Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, always claimed to be of the same stock with the Faws or Falls, a family of respectability settled in East Lothian, and of which the hero of the ballad may have been a scion, holding some rank in Scottish society, and yet keeping up a connection with his outcast kindred.

In the records of the family of Penicuik, in Edinburghshire, is preserved an account of an assault made by a band of gypsies on Penicuik House, late in the seventeenth century, illustrating the lawless habits of the Scottish gypsies at that time. The anecdote is thus given in an early number of *Blackwood’s Magazine*: ‘The gang broke into the house while the greater part of the family were at church. Sir John Clerk, the proprietor, barricaded himself in his own apartment, where he sustained a sort of siege, firing from the window upon the robbers, who fired in return. By an odd accident, one of them, while they strayed through the house in quest of plate and other portable articles, began to ascend the stair of a very narrow turret. When he had got to some height, his foot slipped, and, to save himself from falling, he caught hold of what was rather an ominous means of assistance—namely, a rope which

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hung conveniently for the purpose. It proved to be the bell-rope, and the fellow's weight on falling set the alarm-bell a-ringing, and startled the congregation who were assembled in the parish church. They instantly came to the rescue of the laird, and succeeded, it is said, in apprehending some of the gipsies, who were executed.'

The records of the Courts of Justiciary exhibit many proofs of the savage and violent habits of the gipsies, in various parts of Scotland, during the eighteenth century. Many anecdotes of them are likewise preserved by tradition, particularly regarding the Yetholm gipsies, a gang which has produced some of the most celebrated specimens of the race.

The village of Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, famed as the seat of the largest gipsy colony in Scotland, lies embosomed among the Cheviot hills, about eight miles from Kelso, and is divided by a stream called the Bowmont into two portions—*Kirk Yetholm* and *Town Yetholm*—a broad level haugh intervening between them. The village called *Kirk Yetholm* is the haunt of the gipsies. 'A mill and a churchyard rise from the brink of the water; the church itself is low, and covered with thatch; beyond which appear the straggling houses of the village, built in the old Scottish style, many of them with their gable ends, backs, or corners turned to the street or *town-gate*, and still farther up the *Tinkler Row*, with its low, unequal, straw-covered roofs, and chimneys bound with rushes and hay-ropes—men and women loitering at their doors, or lazily busied among the carts and panniers, and ragged children scrambling on the *midden-steeds*, in intimate and equal fellowship with pigs, poultry, dogs, and *cuddies*.' Such is the description given of *Kirk Yetholm* by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* more than fifty years ago. No one knows at what time the gipsies first selected *Kirk Yetholm* as a place of residence, or what reasons led them to prefer it. The *Faas* are believed to have settled in it at a very early period, probably a century and a half ago at least; the *Youngs*, *Gordons*, &c. followed. In the year 1797, the gipsy population of *Kirk Yetholm* amounted to fifty; and there is reason to think that, at no time during the eighteenth century, was it very much below that number.

The *Faas* seem to have been the hereditary monarchs of the gipsies of *Kirk Yetholm*, and some of them attained to great notoriety in their day. None, however, of the *Yetholm* gipsies possess so great claims on our attention as *Jean Gordon*, acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott to be the prototype of *Meg Merrilies*. One of the earliest notices of this heroine is in connection with the trial, in the year 1727, of *Robert Johnstone*, a gipsy, for the murder of *Alexander Faa*, by stabbing him with a *grasp*, or three-pronged fork, such as is used about farm-offices. Tradition calls the murdered man *Geordie Faa*, and makes him *Jean Gordon's* husband;

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the story then proceeds as follows: Johnstone, the murderer, was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of June 1727, but managed to escape from prison. 'But it was easier to escape from the grasp of justice than to elude gipsy vengeance. Jean Gordon traced the murderer like a bloodhound, followed him to Holland, and from thence to Ireland, where she got him seized, and brought back to Jedburgh; and she at length obtained the reward of her toils, and enjoyed the gratification of seeing him hanged on the Gallow-hill. Some time afterwards, Jean being up at Stourhope, a sheep-farm on Bowmont Water, the goodman there said to her: "Weel, Jean, ye hae got Rob Johnstone hanged at last, and out o' the way." "Ay, guidman," replied Jean, lifting up her apron by the two corners, "and a' that fu' o' gowd hasna done't." Not long after this, Jean herself seems to have been in difficulties, for in May 1732, we find a petition presented to the Circuit Court at Jedburgh in behalf of 'Jean Gordon, commonly called the Duchess,' then prisoner in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. In this petition she states that she is now 'become an old and infirm woman, having been long in prison;' and she offers, if released, 'to take voluntar banishment upon herself, to depairt from Scotland never to return thereto.' Jean, however, when released, still clung to her native haunts about Yetholm, as the following stories will shew.

'My father,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farmhouse of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

'It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle, to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted, and lost his way.

'A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farmhouse to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure—for she was nearly six feet high—and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

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'Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition—"Eh, sirs! the winsome guidman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye maunna gang farther the night and a friend's house sae near." The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

'Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him, and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

'This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scots call it, or bedclothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not. About midnight the gang returned with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

"E'en the winsome guidman of Lochside, poor body!" replied Jean. "He's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-licket he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame, wi' a toom purse and a sair heart."

"That may be, Jean," replied one of the banditti; "but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no." Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or not; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused, and went to rest. As soon as day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high road to Lochside. She then

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restored his whole property; nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

'I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words: "*Hang them a'!*" Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said: "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!" Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was, in many respects, wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a stanch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water, and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals: "*Charlie yet! Charlie yet!*" When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.'

A grand-daughter of Jean Gordon, whom Sir Walter recollected having seen in his infancy, was Madge Gordon, who acted as queen of the Yetholm gipsies, and seems to have retained many of old Jean's qualities. She is described as having been 'a remarkable personage, of very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes even in her old age, bushy hair, that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. When she spoke vehemently (for she had many complaints), she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrel while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number.'

A particular account of the Yetholm gipsies was furnished in the year 1815 to Mr Hoyland, a member of the Society of Friends, who was collecting information respecting the gipsy race, by Bailie Smith of Kelso, who had known them intimately for a period of forty or fifty years. At his first acquaintance with them, he said, 'they

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were called the *Tinklers* of Yetholm, from the males being chiefly employed in mending pots and other culinary utensils. Sometimes they were called *Horners*, from their occupation in making and selling horn spoons, called *cutties*. Now (1815) their common appellation is that of *Muggers*, or, what pleases them better, *Potters*. They purchase at a cheap rate the cast or faulty articles at the different manufactories of earthenware, which they carry for sale all over the country, in groups of six, ten, and sometimes twelve or fourteen persons, male and female, young and old, provided with a horse and cart, besides shelties and asses. In the country they sleep in barns and byres, or other outhouses; and when they cannot find accommodation in such, they take the canvas covering from the pottery cart, and squat themselves below it, like a covey of partridges in the snow. The residence of those who remain at home is in the *Tinkler Row* of Kirk Yetholm. Most of them there have leases of their houses granted for a term of nineteen times nineteen years, for payment of a small sum yearly. Most of these leases were granted by the family of the Bennets of Grubet, the last of whom was Sir David Bennet, who died about sixty years ago (1755). The late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton then succeeded to the estate, comprehending the baronies of Kirk Yetholm and Grubet. He died about the year 1783; and not long afterwards the property was acquired by the late Marquis of Tweeddale's trustees. Mr Nesbit was a great favourite with the gipsies; he used to call them his body-guards, and often gave them money. I remember,' continues Mr Smith, 'that, about forty-five years ago (1770), being then apprentice to a writer, who used to receive the rents as well as the small duties of Kirk Yetholm, he sent me there with a list of names and a statement of what was due, recommending me to apply to the landlord of the public-house in the village for any information or assistance which I might require. After waiting for a long time, and receiving payment from most of the feuars or rentalers, I observed to this landlord that none of the persons of the names of Faa, Young, Blythe, Fleckie, &c. who stood at the bottom of the list for small sums, had come to meet me, and proposed sending to require their immediate attendance. The landlord, with a grave face, inquired whether my master had desired me to ask money from those men. I said: "Not particularly; but they stand on the list." "So I see," replied he; "but had your master been here himself, he dared not ask money from them, either as rent or feu-duty. He knows that it is as sure as if it were in his pocket. They will pay when their own time comes, but do not like to pay at a set time with the rest of the barony, and still less to be craved." I accordingly returned without the money, and reported progress. I found the landlord was right. My master said with a smile that it was unnecessary to send to them after they had got notice from the baron officer; it was enough if I had received

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the money if offered. Their rent and feu-duty were brought to the office in a few weeks. I need scarcely add those persons were all gipsies.'

When Mr Smith first knew the Yetholm gipsies, their king was old Will Faa, a contemporary, and probably a relative of Madge Gordon, Jean's grand-daughter. Will never forgot his descent from the 'Lords of Little Egypt,' and was in the habit also, it is said, of paying an annual visit to the Messrs Falls of Dunbar, with whom, as has been already remarked, the gipsy Faas claimed kindred. Will seems to have been a great favourite in the district: he had twenty-four children, all of whom he had christened in great state, in the presence of his assembled clan and some of the neighbouring farmers, who humoured him. At these christenings, Will always appeared dressed in his wedding-robcs. He is said to have maintained his kingly sway with a very rigorous hand, negotiating, when he thought proper, for the restoration of property stolen by any of his tribe. 'When old Will Faa,' says Mr Smith, 'was upwards of eighty years of age, he called on me at Kelso, on his way to Edinburgh, telling that he was going to see the laird, the late Mr Nesbit of Dirleton, as he understood that he was very unwell, and himself being now old, and not so stout as he had been, he wished to see him once more before he died. The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his common practice. Next market-day, some of the farmers informed me that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge (the South Bridge was not then built); that he was tossing about his old brown hat, and huzzaing with great vociferation that he had seen the laird before he died. Indeed Will himself had no time to lose, for having set his face homewards by the way of the sea-coast, to vary his route, as is the general custom of the gang, he only got the length of Coldingham, when he was taken ill, and died.' His body was conveyed by his clan to Yetholm, where his obsequies were celebrated, after the gipsy fashion, with great feasting and uproar.

On the death of old Will Faa, we are informed by another authority, the kingly dignity was usurped by a bold gipsy who had no right to it, and who ultimately, after a sort of civil war, was dethroned to make way for the true successor. This usurper was the leader of an inferior gang of gipsies, and a somewhat notable character in his day. He was once tried for stealing a sum of money at a market in Dalkeith. There was pretty strong proof of his guilt; but, somewhat to the surprise of the court, the jury returned a verdict of 'not proven.' The judge, in dismissing him from the bar, alluded to the weight of evidence against him, and told him that 'he had rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows that morning,' and had better take care in future; an advice which the advocate who had acted as his counsel thought fit to repeat in a somewhat open manner. To the no small entertainment of the auditors, the gipsy resented the

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affront by saying that 'he was proven an innocent man, and naeboddy had ony right to use siccan language to him.'

Among the more recent chiefs of the Yetholm gipsies was one designated 'Gleid-neckit Will,' alluding to some twist in the shape of his throat. Of this individual, the following anecdote is related in the first volume of *Blackwood's Magazine*. 'The late Mr Leck, minister of Yetholm, happening to be riding home one evening from a visit to Northumberland, struck into a wild solitary track or drove-road across the Fells, by a place called *the Staw*. In one of the dense places through which the path led him, there stood an old deserted shepherd's house, which of course was reputed to be haunted. The minister, though little apt to be alarmed by such reports, was somewhat startled on observing, as he approached close to the cottage, a grim visage staring out past a *window-claith*, or sort of curtain, which had been fastened up to supply the place of a door, and also several dusky figures skulking among the bourtree bushes that had once sheltered the shepherd's garden. Without leaving him any time for speculation, however, the knight of the curtain bolted forth upon him, and seizing his horse by the bridle, demanded his money. Mr Leck, though it was now dusk, at once recognised the gruff voice and great black burly head of his next-door neighbour, Gleid-neckit Will, the gipsy chief.

"Dear me, William," said the minister in his usual quiet manner, "can this be you? Ye're surely no serious wi' me; ye wadna sae far wrang your character for a good neighbour for the bit trifle I hae to gie, William?"

"Saif us, Mr Leck," said William, quitting the rein, and lifting his hat with great respect, "whae wad hae thought o' meeting *you* out owre here-awa! Ye needna gripe ony siller for me; I wadna touch a plack o' your gear, nor a hair o' your head, for a' the gowd o' Tividale. I ken ye'll no do *us* an ill turn for this mistak; and I'll e'en see you through the Staw. It's no reckoned a very canny bit, mair ways than ane; but *ye'll* no be feared for the *dead*, and *I'll* take care o' the *living*." Will accordingly gave his revered friend a convoy through the haunted pass, and notwithstanding this ugly mistake, continued ever after an inoffensive and obliging neighbour to the minister, who on his part observed a prudent secrecy on the subject of the rencounter during the lifetime of Gleid-neckit Will.

At the time when Mr Smith of Kelso contributed his information respecting the Yetholm gipsies (in 1815), they were one hundred and nine in number; in 1839 they had increased to one hundred and twenty-five; but according to the latest account—that given by the Rev. A. Davidson, minister of the parish of Yetholm, in the year 1870—the colony then consisted of eighteen families, including in all seventy-four individuals.

Although the Kirk Yetholm gipsies have attracted more attention

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than any other clan of the same race in Scotland, numerous stories are current respecting remarkable gipsy characters who have, at various times during the last century, figured in other parts of the country. We have already mentioned that the true prototype of Meg Merrilies, according to Sir Walter Scott's own admission, was the famous Jean Gordon of Yetholm; yet various other localities have put in their claims to the honour of having produced the original of this celebrated gipsy character. The following, from Sir Walter's own pen, occurs in the notes to *Guy Mannering*:

'Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the *Caird* of Barullion, king of the gipsies of the western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice from the following peculiarities: He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael about the year 1671; and as he died at Kirkcudbright, 23d November 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkcudbright church, where his monument is still shewn, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two ram's horns and two horn spoons.

'In his youth, he occasionally committed highway robbery. On one occasion the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally, at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant Bargally came up with some assistants, and recognising the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge; and though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the Circuit Court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court; Bargally swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion

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of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in the court who knew well both who did and who did not commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar, near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and looking the laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the court and crowded audience: "Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn, am not I the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?"

'Bargally replied, in great astonishment: "Yes; you are the very man."

"You see what sort of memory this gentleman has," said the volunteer pleader: "he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington." The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted; and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon.

'While the king of the gipsies was thus laudably occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the judge's gown; for which offence, combined with her presumptive guilt as a gipsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned.

Towards the end of last century, a horde of gipsies, known by the name of the 'Lochgellie band,' from the designation of the town where they had then headquarters, used to extend their peregrinations over the shires of Fife, Kinross, Perth, Angus, Mearns, and Aberdeen; and it appears that this band can boast of nearly as many heroes of the gipsy species, directly or collaterally connected with it, as the more celebrated Yetholm colony. The predominating surnames in this clan were Graham, Brown, Robison, and Young. Two of the most famous of those who went by the first of these surnames were called Old and Young Charlie Graham, who were successively chiefs of the tribe. Young Charlie Graham was hanged at Perth for horse-stealing about the year 1795. 'His feet and hands,' it is said, 'were so small in proportion to the other parts of his athletic body, that neither irons nor handcuffs could be kept on his ankles and wrists without injuring them. He had a prepossessing countenance, an elegant figure, and was, notwithstanding his tricks, an extraordinary favourite with the public. He sometimes stole from wealthy individuals, and gave the booty to the indigent, although not gipsies; and so accustomed were the people in some places to his bloodless robberies, that some only put spurs to their horses, calling out as they passed him: "Aha, Charlie, lad, ye've missed your mark the night!" In the morning of the day on which he was to suffer,

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he sent a message to one of the magistrates of Perth, requesting a razor to take off his beard, at the same time desiring the person to tell the magistrate, that "unless his beard was shaven, he could neither appear before God nor man." This extraordinary expression warrants the opinion that he imagined he would appear in his mortal frame before the Great Judge of the universe. A short while before he was taken out to the gallows, he was observed very pensive and thoughtful, leaning upon a seat. He started up all at once, and exclaimed in a mournful tone of voice: "Oh! can any o' you read, sirs? Will some o' you read a psalm to me?" at the same time regretting much that he had not been taught to read. The fifty-first psalm was accordingly read to him by a gentleman present, which, he said, soothed his feelings exceedingly, and gave him much ease and comfort of mind. He was greatly agitated when he ascended the platform—his knees were knocking one against another; but just before he was cast off, his inveterate gipsy feelings returned; he kicked off both his shoes in sight of the spectators; and it was understood that this strange proceeding was intended to falsify some prophecy that he would die with his shoes on. A number of his band attended his execution, and when his body was returned to them, they all kissed it with great affection, and held the usual late-wake over it. His sweetheart or gipsy wife, I am not sure which, of the name of Wilson, his own cousin, put his corpse into hot lime, then buried it, and sat on his grave in a state of intoxication till the body was rendered unfit for dissection. This man boasted, while under sentence of death, of never having shed human blood.*

Sandie Brown was another noted gipsy belonging to the Lochgellie band. He sustained sometimes the part of the strolling gipsy, and sometimes that of the gentleman-highwayman. In the latter capacity 'he wore, when in full dress, a hat richly ornamented and trimmed with beautiful gold-lace, then fashionable among the highest ranks of Scotland. His coat was made of superfine cloth, of a light-green colour, long in the tails, and having one row of buttons at the breast. His shirt, of the finest quality, was ruffled at the breast and hands; and he had a stock and buckle round his neck. He also wore a pair of handsome boots, with silver-plated spurs, all in the fashion of the day. Below his garments he carried a large knife, and in the shaft or butt-end a small spear or dagger was concealed. His brother-in-law, a gipsy called Wilson, wore a similar garb, and both rode the finest horses in the country.' Both were favourites with the country people. In his capacity as a mere gipsy thief, Brown was as expert as he was dashing in his other capacity of highwayman. Once, being in want of butcher-meat for his tribe, he resolved to steal a bullock which he had observed grazing in a field in the county of Linlithgow, and which, by some accident, had lost about three-fourths

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of its tail. 'He purchased from a tanner the tail of a skin of the same colour as this bullock, and in an ingenious manner made it fast to the remaining part of the tail of the living animal. He then drove off the booty. As he was shipping the beast at Queensferry on his way north, a servant, who had been despatched in quest of the depredator, overtook him. An altercation immediately commenced; the servant said he could swear to the ox in his possession, were it not for its long tail, and was accordingly proceeding to examine it narrowly, to satisfy himself in this particular, when the ready-witted gipsy took his knife out of his pocket, and in view of all present, cut the false tail from the animal, taking a part of the real tail along with it, which drew blood instantly. "Swear to the ox, now, you scoundrel!" said he, throwing the tail into the sea.'

At length, after several hair-breadth escapes, Brown and his brother-in-law, Wilson, came within the swoop of the law. They were hanged together in Edinburgh; and, horrible to relate, 'while these two wretches were shivering in the winds in the convulsive throes of death, Martha, the mother of the former, and the mother-in-law of the latter, was apprehended on the spot, in the act of stealing a pair of sheets. They were, in all probability, intended for the winding-sheets of her unfortunate sons, who were just suffering in her presence.'

We shall conclude this string of anecdotes by a notice of the famous Aberdeenshire gipsy, Peter Young, who was related, it is said, both to the Yetholm and the Lochgellie band; indeed, according to the expression made use of by one of the tribe, 'the gipsies are a' sib [all kin].' Peter had a brother, John, about twelve years younger than himself. Their father had enlisted during the American war; but at the peace of 1783 he returned to Scotland, and resumed his old occupation, that of a travelling tinker. Peter succeeded him, and was captain of a band well known in the north of Scotland, where his exploits are told to this day. Possessed of great strength of body, and very uncommon abilities, Peter was a fine specimen of his race, though he retained all their lawless propensities. He was proud, passionate, revengeful, a great poacher, and an absolute despot, although a tolerably just one, over his gang, maintaining his authority with an oak stick, the principal sufferers from which were his numerous wives.

'Peter esteemed himself to be a very honourable man, and the keepers of the different public-houses in the country seem to have thought that, to a certain extent, he was so. He never asked for *trust* as long as he had a halfpenny in his pocket. At the different inns which he used to frequent, he was seldom or never denied anything. If he pledged his word that he would pay his bill the next time he came that way, he punctually performed his promise. Peter's work was of a very miscellaneous nature. It comprehended the professions of a blacksmith in all its varieties, a tinsmith, and brazier.

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His original business was to mend pots, pans, kettles, &c. of every description, and this he did with great neatness and ingenuity. Having an uncommon turn for mechanics, he at last cleaned and repaired clocks and watches. He also could engrave on wood or metal; so also could his brother John; but where they learned any of these arts I never heard. Peter was very handy about all sorts of carpenter-work, and occasionally amused himself, when the fancy seized him, in executing some pieces of curious cabinet-work that required neatness of hand. He was particularly famous in making fishing-rods, and in the art of fishing he was surpassed by few. Placed in advantageous circumstances, what might this man not have become? As the case was, he was continually committing depredations on society; and no pains being taken to improve his habits, he came out of prison worse than he went in. At length he committed a capital crime, and was condemned to be hanged at Aberdeen.

‘During the few weeks which were permitted to elapse between sentence and execution, Peter appeared to be very penitent, and perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him. Having been heard to complain of the coldness of his feet, different articles of clothing were sent to him by humane people, to keep him warm. The practice in Aberdeen at that time was for the jail to be finally shut at four o'clock P.M. Public executions always took place upon the Friday, being the market-day. Upon the previous Wednesday, when the jailer came to inquire if he wanted anything for the night, Peter sprang upon him like a tiger, took the keys from him, and said if he would remain quiet, he would not touch a hair of his head. He had been for some time at freedom from his irons, having sawed them through with the mainspring of a watch. He commanded the jailer to lie down upon his back, and, with dreadful imprecations, swore that if he moved a finger or a toe, and especially if he looked out at the window, he would murder him on the spot. The jailer was well aware of the kind of man he had to deal with, and was therefore very compliant. After thus settling matters with the jailer, which occupied five or six hours, at a time of night when everything appeared to be quiet, Peter went down stairs and informed his fellow-prisoners what he was about. It so happened that there were a great number then in the prison at Aberdeen. He had all the keys, and shewing these was sufficient hush-money. When he thought everything was prepared, at one o'clock he went himself to unlock the outer door; but, unfortunately for him, it was bolted on the outside. This for a moment staggered him; but no time was to be lost—no exertion spared. In a state of fearful agony and desperation, he threw his immense strength upon the door, and it yielded to the impulse, and flew open. In the old prison of Aberdeen there was always a soldier on guard. Peter seized his firelock, and made him accompany him, until he set every prisoner at liberty.

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He was the last that went out himself. Having locked the door, and left the key in the lock, he delivered the firelock to the sentinel, and ran off.

There was at that time a great deal of snow upon the ground. Peter was well acquainted with every devious path in the county; he needed nobody to pilot him. According to his own account, he tore off the skirts of his coat immediately upon leaving the prison, and made all the speed he could to the hilly country, or what is called the head of Aberdeenshire. He had travelled about twenty-four miles, and, being quite exhausted, lay down to sleep. Sir Edward Bannerman and some other gentlemen were out on a sporting expedition, and their dogs made a dead set at Peter, who was lying on the snow fast asleep. Sir Edward knew Peter perfectly, and, according to the statement of some, had been one of the jury that condemned him. They bound Peter, and sent an express to Aberdeen. The magistrates ordered that he should be sent to town under a strong guard.

By this time it was Friday morning; the gallows was erected, and everything prepared for the execution; but, in going up the Shiprow, attended by a great mob, some person called out: "Peter, deny that you are the man!" The provost, council, &c. examined him. Peter said he knew nothing about such a man as Peter Young; he never heard of him; his own name was John Anderson; and he wondered what they meant by making such a *wark* about him. Though he was as well known in Aberdeen as the provost himself, yet none could be found to identify him. He therefore escaped being hanged at this time, and was sent to Edinburgh, where, after a short delay, and the necessary examinations, the unfortunate man was executed. John Young, his brother, was hanged at Aberdeen for the murder of a gipsy cousin in 1801; the whole family, indeed, consisting of seven brothers, became victims of their own unregulated passions, and of the law of capital punishment.

We now conclude with a more pleasing department of inquiry, namely, the prospect of the

CIVILISATION OF THE GIPSIES.

The foregoing sketches afford a melancholy picture of human degradation and neglect. According to the barbarous policy of a past age, no attempt was made to reclaim the gipsies to the usages of civilised life; they were left to wander at large, exposed to every species of temptation to crime, and when caught, they were punished with all the usual vengeance of the law. In recent times, in consequence of that wise and more philanthropic mode of dealing with the criminal classes in society which has been gaining ground, some attempts have been made to call attention to the condition of the gipsies, with a view to their instruction and civilisation. This has been particularly the case in Great Britain, where the gipsies are

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supposed to be about eighteen thousand in number—a large proportion of the population to be left abandoned to a lawless course of life. The attempts which have been made, although by no means so energetically or extensively supported as they ought to have been, have been sufficient at least to demonstrate the practicability, with the assistance of time, of civilising and domesticating this unfortunate race.

The most remarkable, and perhaps the most successful attempt to reclaim the gipsies, is that begun about the year 1839 at Yetholm in Roxburghshire. Here, as already mentioned, a tribe has been many years located, but, in the course of time, it has become so mingled with the general population of the country, that few traits of the original gipsy character remain. Among these, unfortunately, is the tendency to vagrancy, which, although greatly checked of late by more stringent police regulations, still exists, and has been the chief difficulty to contend with. The effort at reclamation began by the establishment of a Society in Edinburgh, and the collection of voluntary contributions and subscriptions. The actual operations were mainly conducted by the then minister of the parish, the Rev. John Baird, and have been actively continued by his successor, the Rev. A. Davidson. Of the aptitude of his gipsy parishioners in learning, Mr Baird could speak thus : 'Most of the tribe are able to read, though very indifferently. They seem alive to the advantages of education, and speak of it as the only legacy which a poor man can leave to his children; but the migratory habits of the people prevent their children from remaining long enough at school ever to make much progress. The children are generally remarked as clever. One large family of children have been taught to read by their mother at home; and I have known a father (when he was able) who gave a lesson every day to his two children in the course of their migrations. I may mention, as a proof of the anxiety of parents on this subject, that most of them have again and again professed their willingness to leave their children at home throughout the year for instruction, could they only afford it. Of late, the greater number of the tribe have attended church occasionally, and some with exemplary regularity. Their ideas on the subject of religion, however, are extremely limited and erroneous. Nor can they well be otherwise, considering their unsettled way of life and their defective education. Yet they profess a general respect for religion, and, when absent from church, excuse themselves on the ground that they have no suitable or decent clothing. I have not been able to ascertain whether they entertain any peculiar sentiments on the subject of religion. Like most ignorant persons, they are very superstitious. All of them profess to belong to the Established Church, and there are no Dissenters among them. Eight or nine of them are communicants. Most of them possess Bibles, which have been purchased, however, rather for the use of their children when at

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school than for any other purpose. Those who have not Bibles would purchase them, they say, could they afford it.'

In 1846 he thus speaks of the plan and its results: 'Our plan is simply this—To keep the children at home during the excursions of their parents (who are absent usually about ten months out of the twelve), to give them a useful education, and afterwards to find situations for them as servants or apprentices. In this we have succeeded to some extent. Eight girls have been hired as servants, several of whom, however, are at home at present; two from bad health; and one is required, in the absence of her parents, to take care of her brothers and sisters attending school. All of them have conducted themselves well. Nearly as many lads have been hired or apprenticed, or are otherwise employed in ordinary agricultural operations. Two unmarried men, not educated at our expense, and three married men with wives and families, are also now employed as industrious day-labourers. Several of the younger men have been working on the railways. Including the children of these families, there are now between thirty and forty who, for the present, have been withdrawn from the vagabond life of their tribe, and are now in the fair way, we trust, of becoming useful members of society.'

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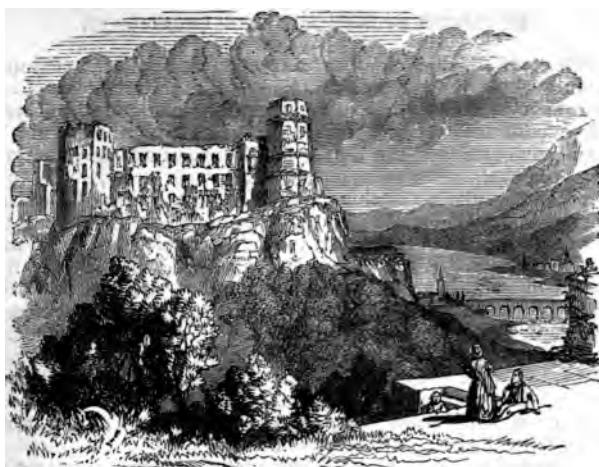
on, and as a child could gather as well as a parent, the meal did not serve the purpose for which it was intended. But when the wool season is over, the children return to school, and are there till the vacation.

'The school in the gipsy village is one of the few belonging to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland south of the Forth, and has had a series of excellent teachers, whose labours are telling most decidedly now. Of all reformers of the gipsies, the school-master has been the best. The young can now all read and, with about two exceptions, can all write a very creditable letter. One boy last year was the best of the school in arithmetic. Many are good at geography and grammar. Since I had a teacher of sewing appointed, we can shew the novel sight of gipsy girls expert at knitting, sewing, darning, and mending.

'In connection with the school there is still in Edinburgh a gipsy fund, in the hands of George Mackenzie, Esq., W.S., 9, Hill Street (by whom subscriptions will be received). From it all fees, books, &c. are paid; while a Clothing Society and other assistance keep them properly clad. What was long doubted has now become a fact—that the gipsies are capable of being improved, and that to any extent. Many are regular in their church attendance; and the Sunday evening services in their cottages are much appreciated. All their friends will rejoice with me to see that conscience in those, at one time, deemed the worst among us, is not seared, and that the truths of our common salvation have still a way open to their hearts.'

We have here the most conclusive evidence of the improbability of the gipsies; their better faculties only require to be developed, and those of an evil tendency suppressed in youth, in order that they may assume their proper place among the ordinary population of the country. It is to be trusted that the meritorious effort at reclamation will not be suffered to languish for lack of means, and that its example will lead to similar attempts for civilising and bettering the condition of the gipsies in England and other countries.





ELIZABETH STUART AND THE PALATINATE.

IN making the tour of the Rhine, the traveller, after passing through a long range of picturesque and beautiful scenery, arrives at a level region, rich and arable, which stretches towards the confines of Switzerland. Belonging in the present day to the grand-dukedom of Baden, the kingdom of Bavaria, and other states, the district referred to formed at one time a portion of what in continental history is known as the PALATINATE. How the country should have acquired that designation, it is proper to explain. When, at the beginning of the ninth century, Charlemagne made himself master of Germany, and assumed the character of successor to the Roman emperors, he granted hereditary fiefs to favourite officers, and one of these fell to the share of the Palatine, or seneschal of his imperial household. From being, therefore, a term inferring servitude in a palace, the title Count-Palatine—in German Pfalzgraf, or Palsgrave—became attached to the territory which was held hereditarily by the officer with that title. In time, the connection between the Counts-Palatine and the household of the German emperor fell into disuse, but the title of Palatine or Pfalzgraf remained until comparatively recent times. The domains conferred on the Counts-Palatine consisted of large possessions on the Upper Rhine and one of its tributaries, the Neckar. Upon a commanding height overlooking the latter river, the Palatines built their splendid castle of Heidelberg, which, with the adjoining town, gradually became the permanent capital of their dominions. Besides

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the district of which Heidelberg was the principal seat of population, and which, lying on both sides of the Rhine, was locally known as the Lower Palatinate, the dominions of the Counts-Palatine embraced a large territory, bordering on Bohemia and Bavaria, usually styled the Upper Palatinate, of which Amberg was the seat of government.

The Counts-Palatine of these united provinces, like the adjacent princes, exercised the rights of sovereignty within their dominions, but owned a species of allegiance to the Germanic Empire, of which they were electors. Rich in agricultural produce, yielding the finest Rhenish wines, with an industrious population, and a capital distinguished by its flourishing university, the Palatinate presented the pleasing picture of a happy country, ruled with discretion by a series of counts in whom little was left to desire. It is our purpose, however, to shew how, by one false step, this enviable condition of prosperity was destroyed; and as unreasonable discontent and ambition were the main cause of the calamity, the story we are about to tell will not be without its moral.

The history of the Palatinate is in a remarkable manner associated with that of the royal House of Stuart; for it was in the person of a princess of that race that ruin was introduced into a hitherto fortunate family; and this circumstance alone will impart a degree of melancholy interest to a narrative fraught with the most instructive memorials. The period at which the narrative may be taken up was one of general jealousy, intrigue, and dispeace in Europe. The Reformation had broken up old friendships among nations, and led to new leagues, as well as new views of civil polity. Among the German states that had embraced the principles of the Reformation was the Palatinate, which became an asylum for the persecuted Huguenots or Calvinistic Protestants of France. The great influx of French refugees, however, though tending to the material prosperity of the country, introduced also a germ of religious dissension. A contest took place between the rival adherents of Lutheranism and Calvinism, in which the latter were successful; and as toleration was unknown, the profession of the Lutheran forms of worship and doctrines was legally proscribed. This access of Calvinism in the Palatinate was greatly promoted by Juliana, wife of Frederick, fourth Elector-Palatine. Juliana, daughter of the Prince of Orange, and sister of Maurice of Nassau, brought with her from Holland the most austere religious views; and under her direction the court of Heidelberg became a model of propriety. Rigidly Calvinistic, Juliana appears to have been of polished manners, and possessed of a kind of masculine good sense, which, during her widowhood, she exercised for the advantage of her little state and her children. Frederick, her husband, died in 1610; and affairs being left in a great measure to the management of Juliana, she sent her eldest son, Frederick, the young elector, to be educated at Sedan, at that

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time a celebrated seat of learning and science, to which resorted the flower of the Protestant youth of France and Switzerland to pursue their academical studies. Here, under the charge of his uncle, the Duke de Bouillon, Frederick was confirmed in the interests of the Calvinistic party, and trained in hatred to Austria and Spain—the two nations at the head of the Catholic league, and of course enemies to the Protestant cause.

Illustrious by birth, position, and his connection with the House of Orange, and educated as a Calvinist, Frederick, though still a youth, was already the hope, if not actually the head of the Protestant interest on the continent of Europe. Superior in these respects even to the young Gustavus of Sweden, whose extraordinary qualities were then unknown and undeveloped, he was thus a person of great importance to the Protestants of Britain, and particularly to the rising sect of the Puritans. It will be remembered that about this time England was convulsed by the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and that hatred and terror of the Papists were universal amongst all Protestants, whether of the High or Low Church. These feelings were shared in their fullest extent by the reigning sovereign, James I., who had so narrowly escaped destruction. It was, therefore, with a degree of enthusiasm of which we can form but a faint idea, that a project was formed to unite James's daughter, the Lady Elizabeth, with Frederick the Elector-Palatine, the hope of the Protestant cause. It need hardly be said that, in the Palatinate, the prospect of this great match was hailed with feelings of delight; and to no one was it more gratifying than to the dowager Juliana, who longed to see her son at the head of his own court of Heidelberg.

Elizabeth Stuart, the daughter of James VI. of Scotland, was born in the palace of Falkland, a royal residence in Fife, on the 19th of August 1596; and on her father's accession to the English throne, as James I. of England, in 1603, she accompanied the family in its progress southwards. Some months later, she was consigned to the exclusive care of Sir John Harrington, recently created Baron Exton, to be educated as became her rank, and in sound Protestant principles. By this arrangement, which was customary at the period, Elizabeth was separated from her brother Henry, for whom she entertained the warmest affection; and her letters to this prince during her education are marked with the finest sensibilities. The place of her residence with Lord and Lady Harrington was the beautiful manor of Combe Abbey, in Warwickshire. Here, in the society of the young Harringtons, the 'Lady Elizabeth,' as she was called, may be said to have spent some of the happiest years of her existence. Her favourite companion was Ann Dudley, a niece of Lord Harrington, with whom she formed a lasting friendship. In her studies, Elizabeth shewed excellent abilities; her mind was docile and quick of apprehension; and her dispositions were

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affectionate. From her mother, she inherited a graceful form and fair complexion, with a vivacious and affable manner; while from her father she seems to have derived a certain love of show and pageantry, which, however, she had an opportunity of indulging in the family of Lord Harrington only when paying visits of state to the neighbouring towns. In 1609, she visited London with the family of Lord Harrington; and on this occasion she was allowed a share in the amusements of the court, one of which was a spectacle at the Tower, consisting of a fight between a lion on the one part, and a bear and four dogs on the other. Whatever were the amusements in which on this and other occasions the Lady Elizabeth participated, they did not efface the serious impressions which had already been made on her character. After returning to Combe Abbey, and in her thirteenth year, she wrote the following verses, addressed to Lord Harrington, which have been deemed worthy of a place among the productions of royal authors :

‘ This is a joye—this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure,
And enjoy them at full leisure,
Evermore in richest measure.

God is only excellent,
Let up to Him our love be sent ;
Whose desires are set and bent
On ought else—shall much repent.

Theirs is a most wretched case
Who themselves so far disgrace,
That they their affections place
Upon things named vile and base.

Earthly things do fade, decay,
Contentatious not one day ;
Suddenly they pass away,
And man cannot make them stay.

All the vast world doth contain
To content men's hearts is vain,
That still justly will complain,
And unsatisfied remain.

Why should vain joyes us transport ?
Earthly pleasures are but short,
And are mingled in such sort,
Griefs are greater than the sport.

God—most holy, high, and great,
Our delight, doth make complete
When in us He takes his seat,
Only then we are replete.

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Oh, my soul of heavenly birth,
Do thou scorn this basest earth,
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above ;
Set thy heart and fix thy love
Where thou truest joyes shall prove.

To me grace, O Father, send,
On thee wholly to depend,
That all may to thy glory tend ;
So let me live, so let me end.'

Having completed her education, Elizabeth was introduced at her father's court, where her residence was to be exceedingly brief. Although only in her sixteenth year, her marriage with Frederick Elector-Palatine had already become a subject of negotiation. This match was not distasteful to the princess ; and the only person about the court to whom it was really objectionable was the queen. From what occurred on this occasion, the least that can be said of the queen-mother, Anne of Denmark, is, that she appears to have been a weak and frivolous woman, who had only one consideration—and that was to see her daughter a queen. The prospect of Elizabeth settling down as the wife of a Count-Palatine, even although a reigning prince, was revolting to her feelings, and she used every endeavour to dissuade her from the marriage. 'As you are the daughter of a queen,' she said, 'be also a queen yourself: think how you will like to be called *Goody Palsgrave*!' Elizabeth listened dutifully to her mother's remonstrances ; but declined to make any promise to reject Frederick's suit, and waited to form a final determination when she should have an opportunity of judging by a personal interview with the young Palatine.

Having made all suitable arrangements for visiting England, Frederick proceeded through Germany to Holland, and thence embarked in a splendid yacht on the 16th of October 1612. Next day, he arrived at Gravesend ; and the day following, he embarked in a royal barge with a train of gay cavaliers, and was rowed up the Thames amidst the acclamations of crowds of spectators. On passing the Tower, he was greeted with a royal salute. At length he reached Whitehall, where he was received at the landing-place by Prince Charles, then eleven years of age, and was by him conducted through rows of courtiers to a superb hall in the palace, where the king and queen, prince and princess, were assembled. In this trying first interview, the young Palatine is said to have acquitted himself with much propriety. 'He advanced without trepidation towards James, with grace to Queen Anne, with frankness to the prince, and

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with a degree of elegance to the Lady Elizabeth.' The whole court was satisfied with his appearance and deportment; and it was generally admitted that nothing was wanting to render him perfect but a regal crown. Being established in apartments in the palace of St James's, Frederick had opportunities of daily visiting the royal family in their private circle, and of becoming personally acquainted with Elizabeth, who was still under Lord and Lady Harrington's protection. Elizabeth was not displeased with the demeanour of the Palatine, to whom 'she allowed all modest maidenly encouragement; and her ladies soon discovered, that though, by his graceful and discreet carriage, he had conciliated the whole court, it was in her society only that he delighted.' In order to shew him some attention, she invited him to 'a solemn supper,' which was followed by a masque, or pantomimic play with allegorical and fabulous characters, according to the fantastic taste of the period. While Frederick and Elizabeth were thus becoming attached to each other, the royal family were thrown into deep distress by the illness and death of Prince Henry, a youth of great promise to the nation; and the Palatine's genuine sympathy on this melancholy occasion touched even the queen, who thought there was still some good in the young man, although not a king. James, at the same time, affected to think that God, in taking one son from him, was giving him another; and as the nation was clamorous for the marriage, the betrothal of Frederick and Elizabeth was performed with great ceremony on the 27th of December. On New-Year's Day 1613, gifts were exchanged between the royal family and Frederick. And to conclude an affair which James felt to be tiresome and expensive, the marriage was solemnised on Valentine's Day, the 14th of February. The fireworks, the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and other tokens of rejoicing, it is unnecessary to describe. Elizabeth, at her nuptials, was attired in a gorgeous robe of white and silver, studded with diamonds. On her head she wore a crown of gold, her long fair hair floating on her shoulders; but in those beautiful tresses, pearls and diamonds were elaborately interwoven in a style of great magnificence. For many days after the marriage, there was a succession of luxurious entertainments, which James's exchequer, never well provided, could ill bear; and as want of money always threw him into bad humour, he began to betray very inhospitable feelings. The truth seems to be, that the royal treasury was exhausted by the sum expended on the espousals, which is said to have amounted to £140,000, a large sum in those days. So utter was James's impoverishment by this marriage, along with other causes of outlay, that he was unable to pay for the board and education of Elizabeth during so many years; and, according to a convenient but mischievous method of liquidating his debts, he settled Lord Harrington's claim by conferring on him the privilege of coining copper money.

The ungracious conduct of the king, joined to the impertinence of

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the queen, who publicly addressed her daughter as 'Goody Palsgrave,' had at length the effect of sending away the newly married pair. Frederick, with Elizabeth and her suite, which included the Harringtons, Ann Dudley, and several other English, bade farewell to the court, and embarked at Margate for the continent. The party arrived at Flushing on the 28th of April, and were received with great cordiality in their progress through Holland to Amsterdam. After being royally entertained for some time, Frederick hurried forward to make arrangements for the reception of his bride at Heidelberg; and she, accompanied by princes and nobles, made her journey towards the Palatinate in a splendidly decorated yacht, which sailed slowly, and to the sound of music, on the fair bosom of the Rhine. Touching at various places, and admiring the picturesque scenery from the deck of her sumptuous vessel, Elizabeth's voyage, in the green and mild month of May, was like a protracted vision of fairyland. At length she reaches the confines of the Palatinate, her long-looked-for home; and here she is met by her husband with crowds of retainers, who rend the air with shouts in honour of the great English princess, who is now the wife of their sovereign. Then for miles, through town after town, is she received by processions of peasants, magistrates, learned professors, and grave-looking divines; and again and again is she addressed in long and adulatory orations in Latin, bidding her welcome to the land which is now to be her own. Everywhere, up to the gates of the castle of Heidelberg, is Elizabeth thus the object of a people's love, until she is received with tears of delight into the arms of the good dowager Juliana, who finds in her a daughter worthy of her best esteem and affection.

Those who have seen the ancient castle of Heidelberg, grand even in its ruins, seated on a verdant leafy hill overlooking the Neckar, will perhaps be able to form some idea of its magnificence, when, in May 1613, it received within its portal the young and accomplished Scotchwoman, Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of a long line of kings. 'The British party,' says Miss Benger, in her history of Elizabeth, 'was cordially welcomed; and Frederick was repeatedly felicitated on the possession of his magnificent habitation. The interior of the palace, with its floors of porphyry and gilt pillars, and cornice inlaid with gems, was superb beyond description; the ceiling was painted in fresco; the walls were hung with tapestry; and a suite of ten rooms, including the knights' hall, the royal saloon, the silver chamber, and ante-rooms, formed a complete Gothic palace, which, during the summer, seemed the temple of pleasure.' Great and expensive entertainments followed Elizabeth's arrival; and to afford an idea of the manner in which courtly amusements were conducted at the period, we present the following account of one of them which took place at Heidelberg: it is from an old German author:

'The jousts and sports of chivalry [at Heidelberg] were presented

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in the pleasure-gardens on the other side of the castle, where, in front of the barriers, was erected a pleasure-house, divided into two compartments; one of which was appropriated to the royal dames, and in which were seats allotted to the maintainers and judges of chivalry; the other was allotted to the high German nobility. On the opposite side were balconies for the British suite and the dignitaries of the Palatinate; and nearly in the centre was a booth, sufficiently commodious to accommodate all other orders of the community, where men and women were permitted to sit together. The jousts commenced at one o'clock, when thirty knights entered the lists, all arrayed in gaudy magnificence. The cavaliers wore gilt armour, having their helmets crowned with peacocks' plumes; even their horses were in like manner embellished. The Palatine company were designated by a livery of green and white; the Anspachers wore white and red; the cavaliers of Würtemberg exhibited white and gold, with a profusion of suns and stars. Various courses were run with lance, with spear, and sword, in which the magnificent Duke of Würtemberg was pre-eminently victorious. On the evening of this day, there was a grand display of fireworks on the Neckar, the effect of which was heightened by trumpets and hautboys, which, without intermission, were heard to reverberate from the high cliffs to the smooth waters of the Neckar. On the following Thursday, according to cartels published on the gates of the castle, a general invitation was issued to running at the ring, which also commenced at noon in the royal gardens; in addition to which, there was a grand romantic spectacle called the *Argonauts*, in which the Elector-Palatine enacted the part of Jason, and each of the cavaliers appeared in the appropriate garb of Greek heroes. The idea was suggested by Baron Achatius d'Hona, to whose taste Frederick was indebted for the invention, for which he obtained the first prize from the ladies. This entertainment lasted several days, and was varied by a series of inventions or fables, for each of which the author or authors received thanks, and a prize of ducats, dollars, or florins, in sums proportioned to the ingenuity of the device, and the gallantry of the achievement. During this spectacle, a series of laudatory speeches and poems was addressed to Elizabeth by the princes or nobles, supporting the characters of Pallas, Juno, Mercury, Orpheus, Jason, and his companions. The metrical pieces were composed under the eye of the Baron d'Hona, and probably employed some of the most practised pens in Heidelberg.

To give pleasure to Elizabeth, Frederick did not confine himself to these costly entertainments. He caused a garden in the English style to be formed by a series of excavations from the hill, and adorned it with the most beautiful flowers, shrubs, statuary, and fountains; including certain quaint hydrostatical contrivances, by means of which charming music was played. The modern visitor still notes with melancholy interest the royal arms of England, and

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other memorials of Elizabeth, carved on the entrance of this once elegant retreat.

Within a year of Elizabeth's arrival in the Palatinate, she gave birth to a son, afterwards known as Henry-Frederick; and intelligence of the event was received with undissembled joy in England and Scotland, as a further guarantee to the Protestant states of Europe. In little more than a year after was born a second son, Charles-Louis; and in due time she gave birth to her daughter, Elizabeth. Five years had thus flowed on in tranquillity. Happy in all her domestic relations, dwelling in one of the most princely mansions in Europe, honoured by her little court, loved by her people, daily edified by the prelections of favourite chaplains, and varying her outdoor recreations by occasional exercises on horse-back amid the most beautiful scenery, Elizabeth may be said to have had nothing earthly left to ask or long for. In her husband, her children, and her home, blessings had been showered upon her. What more could she desire?

Elizabeth's life, beginning under the most favourable auspices, may be likened to a drama, in which, by the whisperings of a demon, unhappiness and discord were introduced into the action. The evil genius of this dismal tragedy appeared in the form of a bigoted old Calvinist divine, named Abraham Scultetus. This personage, whom we now notice for the first time, was a native of Silesia, and having been educated in the principles of the Hussites, he wandered through the Protestant German states, until evil fortune settled him in Heidelberg, as private chaplain to the widowed Juliana, by whom he was transferred to her son Frederick. In the quality of spiritual director, he accompanied the young Palatine to England, on the occasion of his marriage, and ever since had become a parasitic fixture in the family. Scultetus was imbued with the most austere religious notions of the period; and at the famous Synod of Dort, distinguished and raised himself in the opinion of his party by proscribing the Arminians, and counselling the judicial murder of the patriot Barneveldt. Ambitious, pedantic and visionary, Scultetus was a dangerous counsellor to Frederick. To scholarly erudition, he united the strange combination of astro-theological science and superstition. He drew auguries from meteorological phenomena, and framed predictions from the darkest passages in the Apocalypse. Of Frederick, he never ceased to prophesy an accession to royal power, as a thing of divine ordination. Under his banner, truth was to spread and take root over the whole German Empire; by his interposition, all were to be reclaimed from idolatry to the pure faith of the Gospel.

These divinations, communicated to Frederick and Elizabeth, were not displeasing, and they seemed to have a special significance when agitations were set on foot among certain chiefs and petty princes in the Protestant interest in Germany, to find a fitting

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person to fill the throne of Bohemia. We despair of being able; with our limited space, to give a distinct idea of the historical complications in which the states of Germany were at this time involved. Only a few leading particulars, bearing on the fortunes of our heroine, can be presented.

Bohemia, an ancient kingdom inhabited by a Slavonic race, had at one time been a hereditary, and at other times an elective monarchy. For some generations preceding the period to which we have to refer, it had been under the sway of the Archdukes of Austria, Emperors of Germany; though the nobility claimed the right of electing the sovereign, and, if necessary, of changing the dynasty. The Emperor Mathias, a zealous Catholic, gave the most serious offence by despotically shutting up the Protestant churches. A violent commotion was excited among the Bohemians, and particularly the citizens of Prague, the capital; and the states manifested their displeasure by flinging the imperial deputies out of the windows of the reception-room—an act of violence which, as is well known, led to the protracted struggle called the Thirty Years' War. The immediate consequence was to place Bohemia in hostility with Austria. The Emperor Mathias opportunely dying at this time, the Austrian states and the title of emperor devolved on his nephew Ferdinand II., a prince of considerable sagacity and energy, but cruel, vindictive, and bigotedly attached to the Roman Catholic faith. Ferdinand claimed, as a matter of right, the crown of Bohemia; but, strictly, he required to be elected, and his claim, therefore, was not perfectly valid. Be this as it may, the Bohemians denied his authority, and resolved to choose a king with the assistance of the states of the Protestant Union. Thus defiance was hurled at Austria, and not only so, but at Spain and other Catholic powers, who, it might be expected, would not tamely see Bohemia pass into the hands of a Protestant family.

Before the emperor could adopt any active measures to secure Bohemia, the magnates of the kingdom, headed by Count Thurm, offered the crown to Frederick, Elector-Palatine. It is alleged that Frederick was strongly urged by the Protestant states of Germany, by his princely relatives of Holland and Nassau, and also by his uncle, the Duke de Bouillon, to accept the perilous honour. He was also assured of zealous and efficient support from the famous Bethlem Gabor, a military adventurer, who had recently arrived at supreme power in Transylvania and Hungary. It is but justice to Frederick to say, that having little of the heroic in his character, he did not readily agree to the proposals to make him a king. Foreseeing the commencement of a warlike struggle, doubtful in its results, his mother besought him to rest satisfied with his present possessions; declaring her confident belief that, on accepting the crown of Bohemia, he would sacrifice a substance for a vain shadow. Elizabeth, who had the soul of a heroine of romance, owned no such

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fears. All her prepossessions were enlisted in favour of the tempting proposals. Educated with high notions of Protestant ascendancy, she considered the present to be an opportunity developed by Providence for spreading and strengthening her favourite principles. It is also probable that a desire to realise her mother's wish to see her a queen had its due influence on her mind. A sense of duty, as she thought, not only to the world, but to her family and herself, decided her choice; she therefore spared no pains to bring Frederick to the same determination. Not trusting exclusively to her own sophistries, she enlisted the willing agency of Scultetus, who, by sermons and private harangues, laboured to impress a conviction on the mind of his master that it was his noble destiny to wear the Bohemian diadem. Distracted and irresolute, Frederick at length yielded to his wife's and his chaplain's solicitations, fortified as they were by an opinion maintained by the Duke de Bouillon, that England, as a matter of course, would, if necessary, aid with men and money the great cause, of which the king of Bohemia was to be the head. Events proved the entire fallacy of these expectations. James, from the first, entreated his son-in-law to remain in the Palatinate, and to reject the Bohemian crown; nor did he ever afford the slightest assistance to Frederick.

The time had now arrived—autumn of 1619—when Frederick, with his family and suite, including the pragmatic Scultetus, were to quit Heidelberg, and make a royal progress to Prague. Juliana and the Duke de Deuxponts were appointed a regency in charge of the Palatinate; a ceremonious but kindly farewell was taken of the people in the great church of Heidelberg; and a portentous gloom hung over the palace and gardens, soon to be deprived of their princely occupants, who, it was feared, would never return. Amidst sobs and tears, Elizabeth, with her husband and three children, left a spot endeared by many happy recollections. The die of her fate was cast. Ambition and a mistaken sense of duty were leading her to destruction. As yet, however, there were only visions of grandeur in the distance. On the 21st of October, the cavalcade entered Prague, whose semi-oriental and picturesque streets, splendid churches and palaces, and gaily dressed population, enthusiastic in their welcome to their new king and queen, filled the royal family with delight. Elizabeth, transferred to a state-coach, and Frederick, mounted on a handsome steed, were ushered to the palace by a troop of nobility, knights, and citizens, who, with solemn invocations, declared they would stand or fall by the king of their choice. For days, all was rejoicing; and even Scultetus condescended to relax somewhat in his austerity. In the principal church, he preached a sermon, inculcating brotherly love and charity, of which, we regret to say, there appears in those days to have been little practical example. His harangue was well received; and there was a prospect that the Lutherans of Prague and the Calvinist incomers might agree

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tolerably well together. Unfortunately, the truce was not of long continuance. Scultetus, at heart, hated the Lutherans as much as he did the Catholics; and soon he began fiery orations against their ceremonials of worship, their use of pictures, images, and crucifixes, which gave deep offence, and led to serious outbreaks. The principal church was cleared of its ornaments by a Calvinist mob; and a much-venerated crucifix, that had for ages stood on the bridge across the river Moldau, which runs through Prague, was thrown down and destroyed.

Great was the commotion consequent on these outrages. A bitter feeling of hostility to the king was roused among the Lutherans, which it required all the address of Frederick and Elizabeth to allay; nor did they ever overcome the sentiment of religious hatred which Scultetus had imprudently excited.

Frederick and Elizabeth occupied the throne of Bohemia about a year, during which period they experienced many distressing fears for the cause they had espoused, as well as for the security of their own position. The nobles around them were found to be fickle, and scarcely amenable to discipline; treachery brooded within the walls of Prague; and some of the Protestant powers which had promised assistance, drew back on one excuse or other. Frederick, nevertheless, was able to form an army of allies; and the task of defending Bohemia as well as the Palatinate was now to be undertaken.

The princes of the Protestant Union had taken the field under the Margrave of Anspach, for the protection of the Palatinate; and he was confronted by the Duke of Bavaria, at the head of the Catholic league, who had been promised the Upper Palatinate as the price of his desertion of his relative. A battle was hourly expected, when Frederick and Elizabeth learned, to their astonishment and despair, that a deputation from the French court, hitherto considered a stanch ally, had interfered, through jealousy of the emperor, and persuaded both armies to retire and disband—thus leaving the Palatinate to the tender mercies of Spinola and his Spaniards, who, immediately issuing from Flanders, proceeded unopposed in their work of devastation. On the occurrence of this catastrophe, Frederick's mother, Juliana, escaped with difficulty in the night from Heidelberg. Spinola had been only waiting for the full and free permission of James I., to ravage his daughter's territories. It is difficult at this time to conceive the blindness and stupidity of these Protestant princes, who thus played the game of their merciless antagonists. The Palatinate was now gone, and the disengaged troops of Maximilian of Bavaria, in conjunction with the Austrian forces under Marshal Bucquoy, were in full march upon Prague; while Frederick's forces, disheartened and disaffected, swarmed with traitors, who conveyed intelligence of every movement to the invaders. In this crisis, despair seems to have inspired Frederick to attempt, perhaps, the only military act of his life—namely, a well-planned nocturnal

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advance upon the Bavarians at Rakonitz, who were imprudently encamped beyond the lines of communication with the Austrians.

This scheme of a night-surprise failed, in consequence of the traitors in Frederick's camp having warned the Austrians of their danger. Frederick had now no resource but a rapid retreat, and a concentration of what forces he had under the walls of Prague, whither he was hotly pursued by the combined forces. In the battle which ensued, November 8, 1620, Frederick did not make his appearance—possibly his presence being required in the distracted city. Whether through treachery in the generals, the Prince of Anhalt and Count Hohenloe, or through superior generalship and fortitude in the invaders, the attack was everywhere successful; and the routed soldiers of Frederick were only saved from extermination by his humanely causing the city gates to be opened to admit them and their pursuers together. He hurried Elizabeth away in a private carriage across the river Moldau by the bridge from which the ancient crucifix had been torn—a circumstance long after recalled with bitterness by the victorious party. With the utmost difficulty, Frederick obtained an eight hours' truce from Maximilian. Now Elizabeth, in her extremity, became the heroine we delight to think her. One of her devoted admirers eagerly proposed to defend the citadel of Prague for a few days, to hold the enemy in play, and so give time for an unmolested escape. 'I forbid the sacrifice,' exclaimed Elizabeth: 'never shall the son of my best friend hazard his life to spare my fears—never shall this devoted city be exposed to more outrageous treatment for my sake; rather let me perish on the spot, than be remembered as a curse.' With these words, she and her husband commenced their hazardous journey, leaving behind kingdom, Palatinate, electorate, rank, station, high hopes, and grand designs, to meet danger, unkindness, and all the bitterness which waits on fallen greatness. But Frederick did not despair; he had still his incomparable wife; and Elizabeth had still her incomparable friends—enough of themselves to make her a heroine of romance, if she were not in herself that better heroine—a high-souled, uncomplaining woman, and devoted wife. Well might Frederick be called in derision the Winter King: the hot breath of adversity had but to breathe upon him, and he melted away, never again to appear as a potentate. Through great difficulty and danger, the fugitives reached Breslau, in Silesia, where news reached them of the surrender of Prague, and the extinction of their last hopes; and as Elizabeth was now near her confinement, Frederick obtained, after several humiliating repulses from his brother-in-law, George-William of Brandenburg, permission to reside for a while in the strong castle of Küstrin, where Prince Maurice was born, afterwards so well known in the civil wars of England.

While residing at Breslau, Elizabeth wrote the following affecting letter to her father, entreating him to afford succour in her sad

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reverse of fortune. She says: 'The Baron d'Hona will not fail to inform your majesty of the misfortune that has befallen us, and by which we have been compelled to leave Prague and come to this place, where God only knows how long we may be permitted to remain. I therefore most humbly beseech your majesty to protect the king and myself, by sending us succour; otherwise we must be brought to utter ruin. It is from your majesty alone, next to Almighty God, that we expect assistance. I most humbly thank your majesty for the favourable declaration you have been pleased to make respecting the preservation of the Palatinate. I earnestly entreat you to do as much for us here, and to send us good aid to resist our foes; otherwise I know not what will become of us. Let me, then, once more implore your majesty to have compassion on us, and not to abandon the king, at the moment when he most needs assistance. As to myself, I am resolved not to leave him; and if he must perish, why, I will perish also. But whatever may become of me, never, never shall I be other than your majesty's most humble, most obedient daughter and servant, ELIZABETH.'

This letter, like every other appeal to James, proved fruitless. He left his daughter to her fate. Neither pusillanimity nor parsimony was the cause of this behaviour. The king of England was at the time contriving a marriage between his son Charles and the Infanta of Spain; and to have supported the king of Bohemia in what the Spanish monarch considered to be a usurpation, would have perilled the project. Perceiving James's weakness, Spain led him on with hopes of effecting the marriage, until the cause of the unfortunate Frederick was past remedy. Historians deplore the infatuation of James in this extraordinary affair. We may be permitted to present the views of Schiller on the subject.

'England,' says he, 'though now united with Scotland, no longer possessed, under the weak administration of James, that influence over the affairs of Europe which the ascendancy of Elizabeth had procured for it. Convinced that the welfare of her dominions depended on the security of the Protestants, this prudent princess had never swerved from the principle of supporting every undertaking which had for its object the diminution of the Austrian power. Her successors were equally deficient in capacity to comprehend, and strength to execute her views. While the economical Elizabeth threw open her treasury to support the Flemings against Spain, and Henry IV. against the League, James abandoned his daughter, his son-in-law, and his grandchild, to the mercy of an unrelenting conqueror; while he exhausted his learning to deduce the origin of majesty from Heaven, he allowed his own dignity to sink into the dust; while he laboured by his rhetoric to prove the absolute right of kings, he reminded the English nation of theirs; and by a useless profusion, sacrificed his most important prerogative—that of dispensing with his parliament—and thus silencing the voice of freedom.'

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An innate horror at the sight of a naked sword, intimidated him from entering on any war, however just; while his favourite Buckingham practised on his weakness, and his own vanity and self-conceit rendered him an easy dupe of Spanish imposture; while the affairs of his son-in-law were ruined, and the German inheritance of his grandson alienated, this weak prince was imbibing, with satisfaction, the incense which was offered to him by Austria and Spain. To divert his attention from the German war, he was amused with the proposal of a Spanish marriage for his son, and he himself encouraged him in the romantic project of paying his addresses in person to the Spanish princess. But his son lost his bride, as his son-in-law had done the crown of Bohemia and the Palatine-Electorate; and death alone saved him from the danger of closing his pacific reign by a war at home, which he had never had courage to maintain even at a distance. The civil commotions which his misgovernment had gradually excited, burst forth under his unfortunate son, and compelled him to relinquish, after some unimportant attempts, all participation in the German war, in order to oppose the rage of faction within his own kingdom, and at last to fall a victim to its fury.' Entering fully into the feelings of the historian of the Thirty Years' War, in the foregoing observations, we cannot bring ourselves to an unqualified condemnation of James for his apparent neglect of his daughter and son-in-law's interests. Doubtless, he acted a mean part. But the question is: Would it have been proper for England to plunge into a continental war, on the ground of vindicating the interests of a member of the royal family, who was no longer a British subject? Judged by modern notions of public policy, it must be allowed that the non-intervention of England in the continental broils at this distracted period was exactly such as would now receive commendation.

Whatever opinions may be entertained on the subject of James's policy, all will commiserate the fate of his unhappy daughter, now chased in the depth of winter from the elegances of a palace, and obliged to go in quest of refuge among the relatives of her husband. Ultimately, she and her family found it necessary to retire from Central Germany, and seek an asylum in Holland.

Leaving her sad history for a moment, we may return to Prague, which was now in the hands of the victorious Austrians, and exposed to the most severe chastisement for its partisanship of the Elector-Palatine and his followers. The triumph of the Catholics throughout Europe was excessive. 'The Catholics have conquered,' wrote an eminent cardinal from Paris; 'they have dispersed the Palsgrave's troops, and are actually in possession of Prague. How will this news transfix the breasts of the Huguenots! and what will the Duke de Bouillon say, the original architect of his nephew's speculations—Bouillon, who, but a year ago, boasted at the solemnity of the Knights of the Holy Spirit, that whilst others made knights, he

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had created kings ! Behold, now, a king without a kingdom, a palsgrave without the Palatinate, and, I trust also, an elector deprived of an electoral privilege.'

Bohemia was now overrun with imperialist armies, and many hundreds of the nobles and other distinguished partisans of Frederick were seized and committed to prison. Among these, the most noted personage was the accomplished Count Andreas Schlick, who had fought in the cause of the dethroned monarch. After performing prodigies of valour, he was compelled to surrender his sword, and was retained as a prisoner. He fled, however, from confinement, and retired to his own castle, trusting for protection to the fidelity of his vassals. Here, while hunting, he was surprised by a troop of Saxon marauders, conducted to Prague, and brought to trial before a tribunal composed chiefly of Austrian judges. Schlick, in his defence, avowed that he had borne arms against Ferdinand, to whom he owed no allegiance, and whom he considered to be a usurper. 'If,' said he, 'it is rebellious to resist tyranny, I aspire to the honour of rebellion. Tear this body of mine into ten thousand pieces, probe each vein and corner of my heart, and you shall not find a single sentiment but what my right hand hath subscribed to and vindicated. The love of liberty, of God's religion, and my country, prompted that hand to wield the sword ; and, since it has pleased the Supreme Being to transfer success to the emperor, and deliver us into your hands, I can only say, with submission, love, and reverence, "the will of God be done."' These sentiments were perhaps more heroic than prudent. Schlick, with other prisoners, was condemned to death. He was conducted to the scaffold on the morning of the 20th of June 1621. Miss Benger's account of this vengeful execution may be quoted.

'At four in the morning, the prisoners were put into covered carts, which, in slow and mournful procession, proceeded from the old town [of Prague] to an area in front of the council-house. On this spot was erected a platform, covered with cloth, at one end of which sat, under his royal canopy, Prince Lichtenstein, as the emperor's representative, a circumstance strikingly characteristic of barbarous manners. An immense crowd of people had collected, of whom the greater part seemed to have no better feeling than mere curiosity, or that passion for excitement by which even savages are actuated. With their friends, the prisoners were not permitted to enjoy any personal communication. Even Schlick was denied the privilege of bidding his wife farewell ; and if she exchanged with him a momentary glance, it was from the window of a house that overlooked the fatal scaffold. The execution was deferred till the clock struck five. The first who appeared was Count Schlick, dressed in the style of Elizabeth's court, in a green silk frock, his hair plain, and in his left hand a prayer-book, his countenance serene and resigned ; but when his chains were removed, he breathed a heavy

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sigh for the thralldom imposed on his unhappy country. In undressing, he was assisted by his own servants, who were, in this instance, more favoured than his wife, to whom he sent a silk handkerchief, in token of his faithful love. He then knelt down, and having prayed with fervent devotion, laid his head on the block, stretched out his right hand, and thus challenged the stroke of the executioner, which in a moment consummated his fate.' The countess, distracted by the death of her husband, survived him only a few weeks. The executions struck terror into the citizens of Prague. The people at large were thoroughly stunned with their calamity. They submitted to the conqueror; and adherence to the cause of the fugitive king, as well as to Protestantism, may be said to have been extinguished in Bohemia.

We may now follow Elizabeth in her sorrowful journey to the Netherlands, undertaken in circumstances so different from those under which she had arrived in Germany. The only comfort she experienced was in being attended by a handful of faithful friends; among these was Ann Dudley, inconsolable for the loss of her husband, Count Schomberg, who had been killed at Prague. Another attendant was a British volunteer, of good family, named Hopton; and when compelled to quit her carriage, she placed herself on horseback behind this faithful young Englishman. The whole of her guard amounted to eighty cavaliers of distinction. Thus attended during her fatiguing march through an unsettled country, the exiled queen preserved the cheerfulness of her character; and all admired the equanimity with which she raised herself above the frowns of fortune. At Münster, she was joined by six companies sent by the Prince of Orange. Joined by her husband and children, she now took up her residence at the Hague; and here her sorrows were considerably alleviated by a personal or epistolary intercourse with her British friends, among whom were not a few distinguished statesmen and scholars. 'In the society of the Hague,' says her biographer, 'she found a pleasing relief from the semi-barbarous monotony of her Bohemian subjects; nor did the frankness of her happy nature revolt from that rational tone of freedom and courtesy, equally removed from adulation and rudeness, which here reigned in the most polished circles. As she had ascended a throne without arrogance, she adopted the style of republican simplicity, without meanness, or a painful consciousness of degradation; but it was otherwise with Frederick, to whose hereditary prejudices the independent spirit of Holland was absolutely intolerable. From infancy accustomed to that deference ever rendered to an absolute sovereign, he could little relish the urbanity even of the higher classes. From the bluntness, or what seemed to him the insolence, of the commercial and agricultural orders, he recoiled with abhorrence.' After a time, Frederick and his family, augmented by three sons and two daughters, felt it to be prudent to retire from the Hague to a country residence,

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less expensive and ostentatious ; and considerations respecting the education of her sons, Henry-Frederick, Charles-Louis, Rupert, and Maurice, now occupied Elizabeth along with the public affairs of the continent. Policy had suggested the rearing of the elder children in places apart from the family. Some were committed to the care of their grandmother, Juliana, while Henry-Frederick was placed under the celebrated Vossius at Leyden. The Prince of Bohemia, as Henry-Frederick was styled, possessed talents which called forth general admiration. When only eight years of age, he conversed fluently in French, English, Italian, German, and Bohemian, and assiduously applied to his studies in Latin. At this early age, he was encouraged to carry on an epistolary correspondence with his brothers and sisters, of which specimens remain that are interesting from their simplicity and good feeling. To expand his mind by a practical knowledge of the world, Frederick occasionally took his eldest son in excursions by land and water ; and it was during one of these expeditions that the unfortunate young prince lost his life. The following is Miss Benger's account of this sad catastrophe :

‘The naval victories lately obtained by that great naval hero of Holland, Peter Heins, was then the theme of universal felicitation ; and Henry-Frederick, by whom the republic was justly cherished as an adopted country, earnestly entreated permission to accompany his father to the sea of Haarlem, purposely to see the Spanish galleons, which were the trophies of Batavian triumph. Elizabeth, though incapable of joining the party, parted from him with smiles, and was pleased to mark the correspondence in tastes and character between her son and her lamented brother. It was not until the evening that the princes arrived in the Zuider Zee, which was covered with vessels of every description, attracted by the same spectacle. As they approached the object of their research, their yacht, becoming entangled with a vessel of far superior bulk, was in a moment sunk and buried in the waves. The king of Bohemia, clinging to a rope, with some difficulty reached a boat that had been launched to his assistance ; but all efforts to preserve Henry-Frederick were vain. “Save me, father ! save me !” were the last words that fell from his lips, ere he sunk to rise no more, leaving his parent in a state of anguish that mocks description. His companions sympathised deeply in his grief. Elizabeth alone, by whom the trial was sustained with even more than her wonted fortitude, administered consolation to her distracted husband ; and after the first violence of passion, the mournful subject was by both parents dismissed to silence, though not to oblivion. The untimely fate of this promising youth excited universal sympathy.’ The dying cries of his son rung continually in Frederick's ears ; and it cannot be said that he ever after held up his head.

The progress of the war in Germany, with which Frederiek's cause was primarily mixed up, may now be adverted to. The Palatinate,

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formerly a scene of peace and prosperity, was overrun by Spanish and Bavarian troops, and the ferocious Count Tilly, the Bavarian general, who had commenced his career at the fatal battle of Prague, and who in after-years was so fearfully remembered for the awful carnage of Magdeburg, invested Heidelberg, and after a cruel siege and bombardment of nearly a month, stormed the town, and gave it up to be sacked for three days. The garrison, under a brave young Englishman named Herbert, one of the devoted champions of the queen of Bohemia, made good their retreat into the castle, where for some time longer they maintained an honourable though desperate defence, till the death of Herbert, who fell in action, made them lose heart and surrender; and the Imperialists occupied the Palatinate, or rather kept it in a state of chronic devastation for eleven years, until driven out in turn by the victorious advance of the Swedes.

Frederick, though despairing of Bohemia, did not entirely abandon all attempts to recover the Palatinate; he had still nominally in his service the famous Count Mansfeldt, a soldier of fortune, who possessed a thorough military genius and experience; but all his projects and exploits did little service to the proscribed prince, merely protracting expectations, and inflicting additional misery on the inhabitants—for Mansfeldt, like Wallenstein, had the habit of plundering on all sides. Of higher character, though less military genius, Christian of Brunswick, brother of the reigning duke, was by this motive attracted to the cause of Frederick, but continued unalterably in that cause from the regard, almost amounting to idolatry, which he began to entertain for Elizabeth. These two auxiliaries, assisted by the indefatigable Count Thurm, at least kept alive in men's minds the pretensions of Frederick; but still higher interests and more tremendous conflicts were now at hand. The infatuated Protestant princes were convinced, by the ravaged Palatinate and prostrated Bohemia, that it was not merely Frederick but themselves who were to be put to the ban of the empire; and at last, cordially uniting, and obtaining the assistance of Christian, king of Denmark, they took the field in earnest. One or two campaigns soon proved that they had let the favourable opportunity pass; and Wallenstein and Tilly, overrunning the north of Germany, and overpowering the Danish king, obliged them to own that the cause of the Reformed religion was now entirely beyond the protection of aught within Germany itself; and that succour must come from a distant part of Europe.

The deliverer of Germany, at this period, it is almost needless to remind the reader, was the famous Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. This remarkable personage seems to have been almost as free from faults, and as much adorned with excellences of the head and heart, as is compatible with the limited faculties of imperfect man. Ardently and sincerely attached to his own form of religion,

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he yet blandly and generously accorded full equality to every other ; a conqueror, without ambition ; a general, prodigal only of his own blood ; a hero, whose delight was to spare.

Gustavus plunged with enthusiasm into the cause of suffering Germany ; and he openly proclaimed that a high part of his mission was to reinstate Frederick and Elizabeth in the Palatinate. Elizabeth's chief enemy, her weak and ungraceful father, was now dead ; but a hostile relative survived in the person of his son, Charles I., whose hatred to the Puritans made him share with his father in hostility to her, whom both considered the virtual representative of that mighty party. Charles affected to treat with Gustavus on behalf of Frederick, and ought to have sent as his ambassador, Elizabeth's friend and constant correspondent, Sir Thomas Rowe, instead of which, he sent the subtle and intriguing Sir Henry Vane, whose prevarication offended Gustavus, and obliged him to treat the claims of Frederick with far more reserve than had been his original and avowed intention. Nevertheless, after the decisive victory of Leipzig, and the triumphant advance of the Swedes upon the Rhine, Frederick took a last leave of his family, and joined the conqueror, where the simplicity, dignity, and affability of Gustavus appear to have produced a strong impression upon the unfortunate prince, though the evasions of Charles I. and his envoy Vane still prevented Gustavus from giving him the assurances he expected. The truth seems to be, that Gustavus began to entertain thoughts of supplanting Ferdinand as Protestant emperor of Germany. Be this as it may, it is evident that Frederick suspected Gustavus of intending that he should hold the Palatinate under himself as liege-lord, and hence his disappointment. Still, Gustavus was his only prop, his last stay ; and the tidings of the battle of Lützen, at which Gustavus was slain, found the Palatine a dying man. Frederick expired at Mentz, on the 17th of February 1629, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. His friends were desirous that he should be buried within the Palatinate ; but this they found to be inexpedient, as it was dreaded that the sanctity of the grave would be violated. The remains of the unfortunate prince were transported to Sedan, where they were suffered to repose in peace. Thus terminated the career of Frederick, titular king of Bohemia, leaving a character which has not escaped calumny and misrepresentation, but which, it may be said, was that of a truly good man, more amiable than resolute, and fitted for almost any position in life but that into which his own easy and well-meaning disposition had thrown him.

The intelligence threw Elizabeth into a state of extreme grief ; and now she felt that all her efforts must be aimed at securing the rights of her bereaved family. Looking to the states of Holland for a continuance of their aid and protection, she transmitted to them a memorial, in which she touchingly says : 'It has pleased Almighty God to call from this scene of woe my ever and most entirely

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beloved consort, an event of which I desire to transmit to you the account, not doubting of your full and generous participation in my sorrow; and, what renders this calamity the more overwhelming is, that it followed immediately that of his ally, the glorious, the invincible king of Sweden, and on the eve of triumph, just when he was about to re-enter into possession of his states, with all his former dignity. Thus to lose him, renders my grief almost beyond endurance. My first great resource is Heaven; next to that divine trust, I confide in you; nor will I doubt but that to me and my children will be continued that friendship so long manifested to my lamented consort. It is for a widow, for her orphans, that I now implore your protection; conscious that it is not less the pride than it has been the glory of your commonwealth, to offer a refuge to the oppressed from the oppressor. It is for you to receive those who have been proscribed for the sake of righteousness and truth; you refuse not succour to the destitute and persecuted; therefore, to your friendship, in his last moments, did my consort consign me and my bereaved children.'

Elizabeth's brother, Charles I. of England, deputed the Earl of Arundel to pay her a visit of condolence; and thence to proceed to Germany, and intercede with Ferdinand for a restitution of the Palatinate. But this begging of Charles for what Elizabeth considered a right unjustly withheld from her family, was displeasing to her: it failed, however; nor were the remonstrances of Cardinal Richelieu, in behalf of the family of the deceased Palatine, more favourably received by the emperor of Germany.

While Elizabeth occupied herself with plans to bring about a restoration of the Palatinate—all hope of recovering Bohemia being abandoned—her two elder sons, Charles-Louis and Rupert, were attaining a period when it became desirable for them to enter on an active course of life. Unfortunately, these young men did not possess qualities that recommended them to esteem. Charles-Louis was selfish and arrogant; while Rupert, bold and robust in frame, was rash and impetuous, and lacked the discretion that would have made him either a statesman or a hero. Both, at the request of their uncle, visited England, and were entertained at court. After a time, they returned to the continent, Charles I. being apparently glad to rid himself of their presence; and now they engaged in various enterprises, which proved unsuccessful. Charles-Louis was captured by the Austrians, and lodged in the castle of Vienna; and Rupert became a prisoner of the French, and was placed in the castle of Vincennes. Both were ultimately released; and for a time Elizabeth was relieved from anxieties on their account. An important event, political and domestic, served to impart to her a degree of happiness at this period. This was the treaty of amity between England and the states of Holland, cemented by a matrimonial alliance between Prince William of Nassau, son of the Prince of Orange, and the Princess Mary,

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eldest daughter of Charles I. By this union of her niece with the House of Orange, Elizabeth anticipated the permanent establishment of Protestant principles, as well as succour to her family, now dependent on the aid of well-disposed friends. Still residing in Holland, and surrounded by persons of distinction, the house of the exiled queen of Bohemia, and her fair daughters, rivalled in its attractions the palace of the Prince of Orange, and was called the mansion of the 'Muses and Graces.' Of these, as well as other children of Elizabeth, it may here be proper to offer some account.

Elizabeth was the mother of thirteen children; the elder of whom, Henry-Frederick, had perished in the manner already described, and three others died young. The duties and cares of the queen of Bohemia in rearing her nine surviving children, and devising plans for settling them in the world, were sufficiently onerous. Charles-Louis and Rupert, the two elder sons, have been referred to. Next in order were Elizabeth, Maurice, Edward, Philip, Louisa, Henrietta-Maria, and Sophia. We shall allow Miss Bengier to describe the character of the princesses, as they grew up to womanhood. 'The eldest and most distinguished, the Princess Elizabeth, had no pretensions to beauty, although she had expressive eyes and a mild pleasing countenance: addicted to sedentary pursuits, she rarely joined in the diversion of the chase, which her mother pursued with unabated ardour; was unskilled in music, and in general preferred reading, writing, or intellectual society, to any other amusement. Her mental attainments were such as would have rendered any woman illustrious. For the languages and the sciences, she had equal aptitude; and her supreme delight was meditation, or, as it was called, philosophy. These studies were little congenial to the habits of her mother's household; and the disparity in intellectual endowments was probably the cause why so little sympathy existed between them. Louisa, now in the bloom of youth, possessed the attractions of a fine complexion, symmetrical features, a well-proportioned form, and a most graceful deportment. Although her dispositions were somewhat reserved, her manners were soft and prepossessing; and though less studious than Elizabeth, she was, like her, devoted to a pursuit that rendered her independent of frivolous amusements. Accustomed in childhood to reside in the country, she had sedulously cultivated a taste for painting, to which her master, Gerard Horst, gave judicious encouragement by criticising, rather than embellishing, her productions. The queen of Bohemia, who was far more competent to appreciate a paintress than a female philosopher, smiled on Louisa's efforts, and evinced for her a partiality that drew from her elder son a marked, though decorous, expression of displeasure. Henrietta-Maria, the third daughter, who but verged on womanhood, was a more ordinary character; but the most captivating of all these princesses was Sophia, whose education was less systematic than that of Louisa or Elizabeth, and who, by a happy

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irregularity, had been permitted to combine the mother's vivacity with Louisa's softness and Elizabeth's solidity of judgment. It was observed that the queen attached herself to her children for their different qualities. Thus, while she assimilated with Charles and Elizabeth in their constancy to Protestantism, she sympathised with Rupert's feelings of heroism and generosity; and, though she could not but discern that Louisa was without that openness of temper which she herself possessed, she overlooked the defect, for the sake of that uniform cheerfulness and amenity which gave to this daughter, above every other, the power of soothing her mother's cares.'

Elizabeth's personal regrets were now to be mingled with concern for her native country. The civil war broke out in England; and, ambitious of distinction, Rupert and his brother Maurice proceeded to fight in the cause of their uncle, Charles I.—a step approved of by Elizabeth, though she thereby forfeited the sympathy of the Puritans. Charles-Louis adopted a different course: he attached himself to the Parliamentary, and, as it proved, winning party. The insecurity of the royal family in England threw the wife of Charles I., the celebrated Henrietta-Maria, a suppliant on the hospitality of Holland; and the meeting of this unfortunate queen, with her equally unfortunate sister-in-law, the queen of Bohemia, was one of the strange incidents of this disturbed period. The death of Juliana, her mother-in-law, in 1644, was another cause of family distress. This aged princess had been forced to retreat from Heidelberg, and her latter years were spent under the protection of her daughter's husband, the Elector of Brandenburg. Almost her last words were a farewell message to Elizabeth, whom she had never ceased to love and pity. 'Give my farewell,' said she, 'to the queen of Bohemia; tell her, that in my last moments I gave her my solemn benediction. In this world, I shall never meet her more; but it shall be the last prayer on my lips, that she may long survive to taste whatever health, gladness, or satisfaction this world has to bestow, and to enjoy all the blessings she so well deserves. Let her know how much, from my inmost heart and soul, I have loved and honoured her, and that I declared these sentiments in the hour of death.'

It is sometimes observed, in ordinary life, that parents, from no fault of their own, are exposed to a succession of griefs on account of their children. In vain have the best education and the best counsels been lavished on them; all, one after the other, lapse into error, and cause only sorrow to those who brought them into the world. Elizabeth Stuart was not utterly disappointed in her offspring; but it cannot be said that she derived much comfort from them, as a consolation for her early misfortunes. The behaviour of the family was generally wayward, if not, with one or two exceptions, positively bad. Charles-Louis was a selfish, calculating person, with low and disreputable habits; and not the least of his errors was a heartless disregard of his mother. Rupert and Maurice, after the

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loss of the Royalist cause at the battle of Naseby, fled from England, betook themselves to the sea, and for some time were little better than pirates. Edward, the fourth son, in 1645, after the example of his kinsman, the Duke de Bouillon, abjured Protestantism, and was admitted into the bosom of the Catholic Church. Philip, the fifth son, took a step which convinced his mother that there might be crimes more atrocious than apostasy. Considering himself to be affronted by the *Sieur d'Epinay*, a resident at the Hague, he, with the assistance of some armed associates, attacked the defenceless man in the market-place, and put him to death. Fleeing from justice, he went to France, became a soldier of fortune, and was slain in the civil wars. Shortly after the flight of Philip, the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, for the sake, as is alleged, of lessening the family expenses, quitted her mother's house, and removed to the court of her aunt, the Electress-Dowager of Brandenburg, where, according to her preceptor, the illustrious Descartes, she enjoyed a tranquillity to which she had been long a stranger. Some years later, the Princess Elizabeth, whose predilections were towards learning and retirement, accepted the office of superior of the Lutheran abbey of Hervorden, by which she secured a moderate independence, with a certain political dignity, as a member of the German Empire, which inferred a right to send a deputy to the Diet.

Before proceeding with the history of the other members of the family, it is necessary to state that, for several years, the queen of Bohemia suffered considerable inconvenience from the disordered state of her affairs. A small pension, which she had drawn from England, was cut off by the civil wars; and the execution of Charles I. closed any hope of relief from that quarter. She was now almost solely dependent on an allowance grudgingly paid by the states of Holland. Lord Craven, an English nobleman, who had chivalrously attached himself to her cause, and manifested the most noble disinterestedness on her account, was not in a condition to afford pecuniary assistance; for his estates in England were sequestered, and he was an exile along with many other distressed Royalists. It might now indeed be said that Elizabeth Stuart, once a reigning electress and queen, with no want unsupplied, was now a pauper, afflicted with the conduct of her children, and nearly deserted by the world. She had drunk misfortune to the dregs; but pity for her condition was mingled with the recollection that her sufferings were partly due to her own inconsiderate ambition. It was traditionally remembered, that when her husband hesitated to accept the crown of Bohemia, Elizabeth exclaimed: 'Let me rather eat dry bread at a king's table, than feast at the board of an elector!' How was her choice realised! It seemed as if some avenging demon had hovered in the air, to take her literally at her word. She and her family had lived to eat dry bread—bread begged before it was eaten. And so was she punished for having resolved to be a queen!

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While in a state the most abject and desponding, a ray of comfort reached her when intelligence was brought that the long and disastrous wars in Germany were terminated, and that a treaty of pacification was to take place in Westphalia. By this treaty, October 24, 1648, Charles-Louis was restored to the Lower Palatinate, and to the dignity of an elector of the empire; the Upper Palatinate being at the same time annexed to Bavaria.

By the installation of her son in at least the fairest portion of his hereditary dominions, Elizabeth reasonably expected that her own claims on the Palatinate would now meet with consideration. But neither filial regard nor generosity was part of the character of Charles-Louis. He ungraciously left his mother to contend with poverty and debt, and paid little attention to her solicitations. In one of her letters to him, after his accession, she beseeches him, if he has any affection for her, to give her some money to liquidate the claims of her creditors. She says: 'I do not ask you for much;' and adds, what must have been a humiliating confession: 'I am making my house as little as I can, that I may subsist by the little I have, till I shall be able to come to you; which I cannot do because of my debts, which I am not able to pay, neither the new nor the old. If you do not as I desire you, I am sure I shall not increase. As you love me, I do conjure you to give an answer, and by the time commonly, and you will tie me to continue, as I am, most truly yours.' Her son is said to have vouchsafed a favourable reply; from which we may infer that he sent her a trifle to relieve her more pressing wants. It is certain that she never recovered her jointure, and never more set foot in the Palatinate. The only benefit she seems to have derived from the restoration of the court of Heidelberg was the asylum it afforded to her youngest daughter Sophia. Left by this princess, as she had previously been by her eldest daughter Elizabeth, the queen of Bohemia had now only two daughters to claim her attention—Henrietta-Maria and Louisa. Yet soon was she to be deprived of them also. In May 1651, Henrietta-Maria was espoused by Ragotzi, Prince of Transylvania; but if this marriage of her daughter was satisfactory to the queen of Bohemia, her joy was of short duration; for the princess died after being married only a few months. Louisa was now the favourite of her mother, and she was looked to as a comfort in her declining years. Here, again, hopes were mercilessly blighted. Without preparation or apology, and with unbecoming heartlessness, Louisa one morning quitted the maternal mansion, leaving on her dressing-table a billet containing the terrible words: 'I depart for France, to embrace the true faith, and to take the vows!' Her future life was consumed in a convent. The highest dignity she attained was that of Abbess of Maubuisson.

Now deserted by all her children, few of whom she could think of with any pleasure, impoverished, and a stranger in a land which

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had become distasteful, there was nothing to induce Elizabeth to remain longer in Holland; and accordingly, when the restoration of the monarchy opened England to the exiled Royalists, she gladly contemplated a return to her native country. Relieved of her debts by the sale of jewels, and by a pecuniary subsidy from the British parliament, she embraced an invitation from her nephew, Charles II., to come to England. Quitting the Netherlands with a few attendants, she arrived at Margate on the 17th of May 1661. Charles's invitation had been given in a hesitating manner; he cared not whether his aunt came or went, lived or died, provided she made no claims on his purse; and it was a relief to him to find that Elizabeth did not design to come to court, but to accept the hospitality of her friend, Lord Craven, in a mansion which he had purchased from Sir Robert Drury. This house, which was fitted up in a style of suitable elegance for its royal guest, was situated in what was then the outskirts of London, but is now included in Drury Lane, in the heart of the metropolis.

To this suburban retreat, the bereaved queen of Bohemia was conducted on her arrival, and here, 'by Lord Craven's munificence, she enjoyed all that belonged to a court, except its monotony and insincerity.' Yet not long was she permitted to indulge in dreams of earthly happiness in this hospitable retreat. Once admired and eulogised, Elizabeth was now neglected equally by Cavaliers and Puritans. Her fine qualities were forgotten; her misfortunes received no public sympathy. In the wane of life, her constitution was broken, and her spirits gone. Feeling her end approaching, she made her will; but what had she to bequeath? Only a few books, papers, and pictures, which she left to her incomparable friend and benefactor, Lord Craven. So little did she occupy attention, that her last illness is described by no contemporary writer. All that is known of her decease occurs in a brief sentence in a chronicle of the period: 'On the 13th of February 1662, died the queen of Bohemia—a princess of talents and virtues not often equalled, rarely surpassed.' Thus obscurely perished Elizabeth Stuart, formerly the occupant of a throne, and whose varied career from grandeur to poverty offers one of the most remarkable examples of the instability of fortune. To complete the series of contrasts in her melancholy history, Charles II., who had left her a dependant on strangers, ordered her body to lie in state, and gave her the mockery of a royal funeral. Her remains were interred in Westminster Abbey on the 1st of March 1662.

Any interest in the history of Elizabeth Stuart, in the present day, is derived perhaps less from her extraordinary reverses of fortune, than from the fact of her having been a foundress of at least two of the most distinguished families in Europe—namely, the present royal family of England, and the Orleans branch of the French Bourbons. For the sake of our young readers, we

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shall present some account of Elizabeth's connection with these dynasties.

Elizabeth, as we have seen, had nine surviving children; to whom individually we must again refer, beginning with Rupert. This personage, who is usually described as 'the mad cavalier,' returned, after his maritime enterprises, to England a considerably sobered man. He enjoyed the office of governor of Windsor Castle, and spent his declining years in a retirement devoted to literary and scientific pursuits: he died a bachelor in 1682. Maurice never came back to England; he is said to have been drowned at sea. Edward was married; but he became a Roman Catholic, and his children and their descendants were of the same faith. Philip was slain in the civil wars in France. Henrietta-Maria was married, but died childless. Elizabeth and Louisa were nuns, and consequently died unmarried. Thus seven of Elizabeth's children are disposed of; leaving us to speak of the eldest, Charles-Louis, and the youngest, Sophia.

Charles-Louis, who became Elector-Palatine, was married to Charlotte, Princess of Hesse-Cassel, by whom he had a son, Charles, and a daughter, Charlotte-Elizabeth, the latter born at Heidelberg in 1652. Shortly after the birth of this child, the conduct of Charles-Louis became so insulting to his wife, that she found it necessary to leave him, and take refuge at her brother's court at Cassel. Charles-Louis died in 1680, when his son, Charles, succeeded him as Elector-Palatine, which dignity he enjoyed only five years. He died in 1685, without issue; and the Palatinate, as a male fief of the empire, passed to the House of Neuburg, a collateral branch of the family. In this branch there were several successive Electors-Palatine. Charlotte-Elizabeth, deserted by her mother, was brought up chiefly by her aunt Sophia, who took care to give her the best education that could be found in Germany. She is described by historians as plain in appearance, but with a strong understanding, an unaffected character, and much liveliness of manner. She also possessed considerable literary ability, and carried on a correspondence with Leibnitz and other distinguished men of her time. In the year 1671, at the age of nineteen, this accomplished princess became the second wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Louis XIV. of France. The alliance was one of state policy. It was arranged by Louis XIV. with a view to securing the neutrality of the Elector-Palatine, in the approaching war against Holland. Charlotte-Elizabeth was carried by her husband to Paris, and the remainder of her life was spent at the French court, where she incurred the enmity of Madame de Maintenon, but attracted the friendship of Louis XIV. by her integrity and frankness, her vivacity and wit. She often accompanied the king to the chase, where she shone as an equestrian. In 1674, she gave birth to a prince, who subsequently inherited the title of Duke of Orleans from his father,

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and became the noted Regent of France during the minority of Louis XV. Charlotte-Elizabeth died at St-Cloud in 1722 ; having lived to see her son Regent. From this son the late Louis-Philippe, king of the French, was lineally descended.

We may now proceed to the history of Sophia, the youngest daughter of Elizabeth Stuart, whom we left at the court of Heidelberg. With her brother, she appears to have lived here a few years, dignifying a court which was deprived of its proper mistress, by the absence of the ill-used wife of the Elector-Palatine ; and it is more than probable that Sophia remained with her brother only on account of her mother's hapless condition, and from a desire to superintend the early years of her niece, Charlotte-Elizabeth, to whom she was greatly attached. At length, Sophia was drawn away from Heidelberg, to be placed at the head of a modest establishment of her own. In 1658, she was married to Ernest-Augustus, the young titular Bishop of Osnaburg, who was descended from a junior branch of the House of Brunswick. This union, which had been promoted by Charles-Louis, pretty much with the view of ridding himself of his sister, was not deemed to be a brilliant match ; for Ernest possessed but a small inheritance, not greater than an ordinary English estate. Ernest, at the period of his marriage, was not even heir-presumptive of the states of Hanover. Fortunately for him, his eldest brother, George-William, the Duke of Lüneburg, had entered into a left-handed marriage ; and though the union was valid in point of law, his children could not succeed to his rank and estates. It was equally fortunate that his next elder brother died without heirs ; and thus Ernest and his wife Sophia peacefully succeeded to the electorate of Hanover.

Removed to Hanover, Sophia now occupied a position which realised all her wishes, and had the additional advantage of rendering her no longer dependent on her brother. In 1660, she gave birth to George-Louis, who, at the death of his father in 1700, succeeded to the electorate. Sophia lived through the period in English history which saw the abdication of James II., the Revolution of 1688, with the accession of William and Mary, and the reign of Queen Anne. As death and forfeiture cleared the way for the advancement of her family, Sophia looked forward with confidence to her promotion to the throne. This, indeed, provided she lived long enough, was placed beyond a doubt. By an act of parliament, 1708, the crown of Great Britain was secured to her and her descendants, being Protestants, to the exclusion of all other claimants. Sophia, however, did not survive to enjoy her anticipated honours. Anxiously did she desire that she might survive Anne, and be greeted with the title of queen ; but it was otherwise destined. She died three months before Anne, and her son was called to the throne of these realms as George I. This event occurred August 12, 1714.

The accession of the family of Hanover was, as is well known,

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a deeply debated question, there being various personages whose claims, in point of consanguinity, were stronger than that of George. Setting aside James II., and his unfortunate son 'the Pretender,' who were assumed to have forfeited their rights, there were descendants of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., and first wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans; also descendants of Edward, son, and of Charlotte-Elizabeth, grand-daughter, of Elizabeth Stuart. Charlotte-Elizabeth, as has been seen, was still in existence at the death of Queen Anne, and died at St-Cloud so lately as 1722. Lastly, there was George, son of Sophia, Electress of Hanover, the daughter of Elizabeth Stuart. It is a remarkable fact, that all these descendants of James I. were Roman Catholics, except Sophia and her family, and on that account they were set aside by the nation. The calling of a descendant of the Stuarts to the throne was regulated by the principle of appointing the nearest heir, 'being a Protestant;' and in virtue of the act of parliament destining this form of settlement, George ascended the throne of Great Britain. In this extraordinary and unforeseen manner did a grandson of the unfortunate queen of Bohemia become king of England, and originate the dynasty of the reigning monarch.

With these explanations, we may conclude our narrative by giving a few particulars respecting the Palatinate, in the later period of its history.

The termination of the Thirty Years' War, in 1648, left the Palatinate in an exhausted condition; its towns were destroyed, its fields were uncultivated, and suffering prevailed through a once happy domain. By the measures adopted by Charles-Louis, the continuance of peace, and the natural fertility of the soil, the country again assumed a state of prosperity. The castle of Heidelberg was rebuilt, and again was the seat of the elector's court. As if misfortune were never to be done with it, the Palatinate, after twenty-seven years of repose, became once more involved in the horrors of war. On this occasion, no blame could be imputed to the reigning prince; for Charles-Louis, whatever were his faults, desired to live at peace with his neighbours. War, however, sometimes comes unsought and unprovoked.

The author of the new outrages was Louis XIV. Animated by the most insatiable ambition, this monarch desired to add various territories to France, and picking a quarrel with Germany, he despatched an army to carry fire and sword over a wide extent of country on the Upper Rhine. The war was prosecuted with vigour in 1675, under Marshal Turenne, one of the most celebrated soldiers of his age—bold, unscrupulous, and whose sense of duty led him to execute orders to kill and demolish without the slightest compunction. Headed by this remorseless commander, an army of Frenchmen overran the Palatinate and adjacent territories, everywhere attacking castles, sacking towns and cities, and destroying

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the property of the much-abused inhabitants. From the towers of one of his castles, Charles-Louis, without means to check the advance of the enemy, saw fire and smoke rising on the plain from burning villages; and his conduct on witnessing this distressing spectacle, shews that he was not destitute of the heroic spirit of the Stuarts. Anxious to save his people and country, he sent a challenge to Turenne to meet him in single combat, and so settle the war without further devastation. A civil answer was returned by the French marshal, declining the proposed encounter. The war continued its progress, until the Peace of Nimeguen, in 1678, when the Palatinate was again left to recover itself.

On the demise of Charles, Elector-Palatine, in 1685, the right to the Palatinate, as has been shewn, devolved on a collateral branch of the family. This claim, however, was not uncontested. On pretence of vindicating the right of Charlotte-Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans, but, in reality, with a view to aggrandise France at the expense of Germany, Louis XIV. began a fresh war, which exceeded the former in atrocity. The new Elector-Palatine possessed little power to resist the invasion of his territories; but William of Orange, now king of England, had organised a coalition against France, and the war became general. The armies of France, nominally under the command of the Dauphin, but really conducted by Marshal de Duras and the famous Catinat, entered the Palatinate, and successively, and almost without an effort, possessed themselves of Heidelberg, Mannheim, Frankenthal, Spires, Worms, Oppenheim, and other places of importance. The whole country was thus in possession of and at the mercy of the invaders; and so far there was no pretext for the wanton destruction of what had become their own property. But the German armies, though baffled and driven back, were still organised, and might return in augmented force. It was therefore resolved, in the council of Versailles, to reduce the whole country of the Palatinate and its neighbourhood to the condition of a desert. The orders given to the military commanders were to burn, slay, and consume every castle, city, town, and hamlet to ashes. Never, perhaps, in any age or country, did so savage a decree go forth. The people who submitted were to be driven from their homes, and marched into France, to become henceforth subjects of the Grand Monarque. To render the devastation more frightful, the season was the heart of winter, and snow covered the ground.

The French commenced by the destruction of Mannheim and Heidelberg, as the residences of the unhappy elector, whose palaces were destroyed, as well as the humbler mansions of the citizens. The ravage was at least impartial, if it was unsparing. Even the tombs of the dead were torn up and ransacked in search of plunder; and, in the language of the historian, the very ashes they contained were scattered abroad upon the waste around. All Europe was

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aghast with horror at the atrocity. The fires with which Turenne had burned two cities and twenty villages in his desolation, were but sparks in comparison with the vast and all-pervading conflagration which now prevailed. It is said that even the military men who executed these horrible orders were ashamed, and threw the blame upon Louvois, minister of war, a man of the most savage temperament.

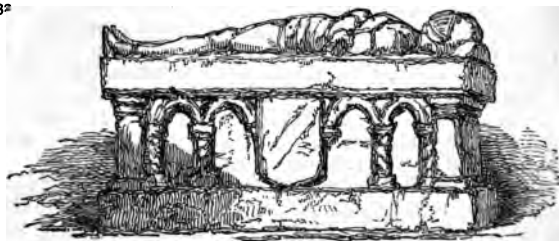
Among the many celebrated towns thus levelled with the ground, Mannheim and Heidelberg have been too often referred to, to need further resumption of the bare and monotonous tale of murder ; but there is something peculiarly touching in the fate of older and more celebrated towns on the Rhine which shared in the common ruin. We may instance the interesting town of Spire, on the left bank of the Rhine, once a chosen residence of Charlemagne and his successors. Spire had also been celebrated as a seat of the German Diet, and the scene of many interesting historical events. All these venerable recollections availed not to the unhappy city, which the French had not even the excuse of taking by storm, as it surrendered quietly on the approach of their armies. Shortly after its occupation, a proclamation was issued commanding all, without exception of sex or age, to quit the town within six days, and to betake themselves, not to their fellow-countrymen of Germany, but to Alsace, Lorraine, or Burgundy, it being death to attempt to cross the Rhine. To give emphasis to this edict, a grisly procession of the provost-marshal, with forty assistant executioners, was paraded through the town, each with a gallows, wheel, and other instruments of torture embroidered on his dress. By the appointed day, the inhabitants were driven out by beat of drum. The soldiery were then let loose through the deserted streets, and everything of value plundered. The cathedral was dismantled, the graves of the emperors burst open, and their remains scattered. The city was then systematically fired, and in a few hours the seven-and-forty streets of Spire were in a blaze. Not satisfied with this, all the resources of destructive art were employed to blow up the very foundation, so as to render the city for ever uninhabitable. The *dom*, or cathedral, alone bade a proud defiance to the utmost efforts of malignant ingenuity. It was mined ; but its stupendous strength, and its massive round arched pillars, remained entire after the terrific explosion. For years this ancient seat of empire continued, like Babylon, a desolate wilderness. Even at this day, in spite of all attempts at restoration, it remains but a shadow of its former self. At this period, 1693, the castle of Heidelberg was also entirely ruined.

Ultimately, Louis XIV. withdrew all his claims on the Palatinate, and, humbled by repeated losses, was glad to put an end to the war ; so that all the sufferings inflicted on this and adjacent districts proved to be useless as regards political advantage.

Again, from being a scene of ruin, the Palatinate returned to a

condition of prosperity. About the year 1718, the castle of Heidelberg was restored to something like its original splendour ; and in this finished state it remained till 1764, when it was unfortunately set on fire by lightning, and destroyed. Since this calamity, it has remained a ruin. Meanwhile, previous to its destruction, the Electors-Palatine removed the court to Mannheim, which had grown up a considerable town on the Rhine. It is distressing to relate that even yet the Palatinate was destined to suffer from military incursion. During the wars of the French Revolution, Mannheim was bombarded in 1794 by the French, and in 1795 by the Austrians ; and till this day, a portion of the palace remains a blackened ruin.

At the Peace of Lunéville, dictated in 1801 to Germany by the victorious French Republic, the principality of the Palatinate was dismembered. The larger portion, on the right bank of the Rhine, was shared between Baden and other neighbouring principalities ; that on the left bank was annexed to France, along with the other territories lying on that side of the river to the north, including the Netherlands. France had thus attained what had always been, and has never ceased to be, her chief aspiration—the boundary of the Rhine. But this arrangement did not last long. After the fall of Napoleon in 1815, Germany regained her territories beyond the Rhine, and, among the rest, the Trans-Rhine Palatinate. Parts of it in the north were annexed to Rhenish Prussia and Hesse-Darmstadt ; but the great bulk of it was given to Bavaria, and now forms a detached circle of that kingdom under the name of Rhenish Bavaria, the Rhenish Palatinate, or simply the Palatinate (Pfalz). It was on the borders of this province—at Weissenburg and Saarbrück—that the internecine war of 1870 was begun between France and Germany ; the motive on the side of France being, partly at least, to gain this and other German lands on the west bank of the Rhine, and thus restore her boundary to what it was from 1801 to 1815. The eastern and chief division of the old Palatinate, divided into the circles of Mannheim, Heidelberg, and Mosbach, continues to form part of the grand-duchy of Baden.





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WHILE Scotland was suffering for the cause of religion under the persecutions of the later Stuarts, a similar and not less remarkable course of persecution was enacting in France under Louis XIV. In the one case, it was an attempt to put down Presbyterianism; in the other, to extinguish Protestantism generally; and the same species of compulsion was employed in both. As the troubles in Scotland have generally been associated with the name of the *Covenanters*, from the insurgents having engaged in a national covenant to defend their rights, so the war in France has been usually distinguished as the war of the *Camisards*, in consequence, it is said, of the leaders of the persecuted party having often appeared in a *camise*, or frock-shirt, over their other garments.

To understand the nature of the war of the Camisards, a few preliminary explanations seem desirable.

The readers of a previous tract* will be aware that, after a long period of civil war, arising from the spread of Calvinism in France, tranquillity was restored to that country by the accession of Henry IV. to the throne. Originally a Calvinist, Henry—although he found it necessary, for political reasons, to embrace the Catholic faith—was naturally disposed to be tolerant towards his old friends and fellow-religionists; and accordingly, under his auspices, was passed the famous Edict of Nantes, dated the 30th of April 1598, by which

* No. 97.—*Life of Henry IV., King of France.*

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ample liberty of conscience, the privilege, with certain restrictions, of worship after their own forms, and perfect freedom from civil disabilities, were secured to the French Protestants. This Edict of Nantes was regarded by the Protestants as the great charter of their liberties, never to be repealed or infringed. During Henry's life, it was punctually respected; and under its protection the Calvinists enjoyed a peace which had long been strange to them. Restrained from open attacks on the established church, bound also to contribute to its support, they were yet permitted to worship God in their own way, to print books for their own use, to educate their children in the Protestant faith, and even to hold synods for arranging the affairs of their church—privileges which, though at the present day they may seem limited enough, were then accepted with thankfulness. At Henry's death, however, in the year 1610, the condition of the Protestants was altered for the worse. War commenced between his son and successor, Louis XIII., and the Protestants of France. At this moment the master-spirit of Richelieu took the direction of affairs. The Protestants could not cope with so powerful a genius. In November 1628, the town of Rochelle, long the principal fastness of Protestantism in France, surrendered to his hands. Richelieu, however, was a generous enemy; and, in depriving the Calvinists of their political influence, he suffered them to retain most of their religious rights, as secured by the Edict of Nantes. To use his own expression, all that he wished in making war upon the Protestants was, 'to reduce them to the condition in which all subjects ought to be—to disable them from forming a separate body in the state.' When this was once effected, he was content; and under Richelieu every national career of activity—agriculture, commerce, the army, and the navy—was open to the Calvinists.

REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.—PERSECUTION OF THE PROTESTANTS—THE DRAGONNADES—REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

Richelieu died in December 1642, and his master, Louis XIII., survived him but a few months. He was succeeded by his son, Louis XIV., then a child of five years of age. An immense change had been brought about in France during the last reign by the efforts of Richelieu. Factions had been suppressed; the nobility humbled; the monarchy exalted; and, instead of a kingdom torn by political and civil discord, as it had been for a century previously, the young king received from his dying father a kingdom compact, peaceful, powerful, and submissive to the slightest declaration of the sovereign's will. The reign of Louis XIV. was the culminating era of the French monarchy. 'Louis,' says a French author, 'was born with an ideal of royalty altogether Asiatic. It consisted not in conducting his armies, for he was not a hero; not in directing diplomatic arrangements, for he was not a politician; not in organising his government,

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for he was not a statesman ; but in reigning, in sitting upon his throne, in receiving the laurels of his generals, the submissions of vanquished nations, the homages of allied kings, the embassies of distant monarchs, the praises of the universe.'

During the first eighteen years of Louis XIV.'s long reign, nothing of consequence happened affecting the condition of the French Protestants as it had been fixed by Richelieu. There were various reasons for this forbearance. The Cardinal Mazarin, who succeeded Richelieu as prime-minister, desired to follow up the policy of that great statesman, which, as we have seen, was tolerant towards the Protestants. The international relations of France were likewise such as to render persecution of the Calvinists impolitic. It was the era of the Civil War and Protectorate in England ; and the terror of Cromwell's name was sufficient, while he lived, to check the persecuting spirit of foreign governments. The restoration of Charles II. to the throne of England in 1660, the marriage, in the same year, of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, and the death of Mazarin in 1661, were fatal events for French Protestantism. From this period we date the commencement of the persecutions of Louis XIV. One of the articles in the marriage-contract of Louis and Maria Theresa was the extirpation of heresy in France. The zeal of the Catholic clergy, long suppressed, now burst forth with fresh fury. France, divided into two religions, was universally compared by them to the household of Abraham, in which Hagar shared the honours due alone to Sarah ; and the monarch was solicited to imitate the conduct of the patriarch, and drive out the bondwoman and her son.

On Mazarin's death in 1661, Louis XIV., now about twenty-three years of age, avowed his intention of thenceforth governing alone. His ideas of his own power were of the most absolute character, as may be judged from his celebrated saying : '*L'état, c'est moi !*'—'The state, that is me !' On Mazarin's death, the young monarch assumed the entire administration of affairs into his own hands. One of his first acts was to dismiss Fouquet, who had acted as superintendent of finance under Mazarin, and appoint in his room the celebrated Colbert, whose strict economy soon restored order and prosperity to the revenue. Colbert was a Protestant ; but his appointment did not proceed from favour to his religious opinions. On the contrary, Louis began to manifest the most rooted dislike to the Protestants. The first distinct exhibition of this dislike in practice was the appointment of a commission to ascertain the number of churches, schools, and burying-grounds possessed by the Protestants, in order to reduce it strictly within the legal limits fixed by the Edict of Nantes. This proved a great hardship to the Calvinists. Many chapels, which had been erected in consequence of the increase of the Protestant population, were suppressed, as having no legal right ; elementary schools for the young were likewise prohibited, because,

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though evidently implied by the Edict of Nantes, they were not expressly stipulated for in its provisions. By a strict application of the letter of the Edict, its whole spirit was violated, and the Protestants subjected to the most galling superintendence. The slightest irreverence on the part of a Protestant to the ceremonies of the Catholic religion was punished with rigour; and all liberty of speech was virtually denied to the Calvinistic preachers. A multitude of vexatious edicts were passed, which reminded the Protestants of their inferior position in the state. Their clergy were forbidden to walk with their gowns on, to pray or address the people in the open air at funerals, or to mention the Church of Rome in their discourses with any other qualification than that of *Catholic*. Protestant notaries were forbidden to mention the Reformed Church without prefixing the word '*pretended*' to the name, under a penalty for every omission of the word. It was forbidden to Calvinists to bury their dead after six o'clock in the morning, and before six in the evening, in spring and summer; after eight in the morning, and before four in the evening, in autumn and winter. It was forbidden to Protestant congregations to sing in their churches during the passage of the holy sacrament. These and many other such-like enactments were passed between the years 1662 and 1668. A still more direct blow at Protestantism was the abolition, in 1669, of the *Chamber of the Edict*—a board invested with the charge of seeing the Edict of Nantes faithfully observed. The Protestants, foreseeing the impending persecution, began to leave France, and seek a refuge in other countries. The monarch tried to check the stream of emigration by a law punishing emigrants with death. The effort, however, was vain; family after family took leave of their native coasts, and went into exile.

Those who remained in France, especially such as occupied stations of trust or importance, were under great temptations to abjure the Protestant faith. The king had declared his intention to 'employ only good Christians in public situations,' by which he meant Roman Catholics. Accordingly, many Protestants were ejected from their places in the public service, and the royal patronage was carefully withheld from all who were not Catholics. On the other hand, the most tempting encouragements were held out to such as should set a public example by abjuring their Protestant tenets. In this work of conversion, Louis was assisted by the grand genius of Bossuet, whose sermons and publications, the production of a powerful intellect and a fervid soul, really shook the attachment of many minds to Protestantism, and dragged them over to the Church of Rome. Influenced partly by courtly motives, and partly by the arguments and controversies of Bossuet and his associates with their Protestant opponents, many of the first houses of France, as those of Bouillon, Coligny, Rohan, and Sully, abandoned Protestantism. It was not uncommon for an intending convert of rank to invite some

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leading Protestant clergyman to meet some leading Catholic in his house, there to debate respecting their differences, as if to satisfy the mind of their host which religion was the preferable—the host having long ago determined the matter for himself.

These theological controversies, and the persecution of the Protestants which accompanied them, were interrupted by the breaking out of a war with Holland in the year 1672. All the energies of Louis, and his ministers Louvois and Colbert, were devoted to this attempt to subjugate Holland. 'Scarcely,' says a French historian, 'since the invasion of Greece by Xerxes, had the world seen an exhibition of force more imposing than that of Louis XIV. invading Holland in 1672 at the head of his armies and fleets, commanded by Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, and Duquesne. But scarcely,' adds he, 'since Marathon and Salamis, has the world seen a more glorious display of heroism than that of the Dutch people defending their liberties.' At their head appeared a young, weak-bodied, pale-faced prince, as yet unknown to fame, but soon to be recognised as the champion of European Protestantism—William of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. Austere, simple, and taciturn, this young pale-faced stadtholder possessed a brain such as had been denied to his antagonist, the haughty and high-born king of France. Whoever would understand the history of Europe in the end of the seventeenth century, must have a picture in his mind of these two men—Louis XIV., the despot of France and the patron of Catholicism; and William of Orange, the republican stadtholder and the protector of Protestantism.

The war with Holland was brought to a conclusion by the peace of Nimeguen in 1678. Louis now turned his attention to his own kingdom, and again his bigoted dislike to the Calvinists began to display itself in persecution. A monarch with oriental ideas of his own power, totally ignorant of any except palace-life, and accustomed to see his Protestant courtiers become Catholics to please him, had no conception of the difficulty of forcing a nation's conscience, no belief that the common people had a conscience at all. His resolution to abolish Protestantism in his kingdom was encouraged by Letellier, his chancellor, and Louvois, his secretary-of-war, as well as by his mistress, Madame de Maintenon—a name conspicuous in the history of those times.

The persecution was recommenced with new vigour. Decree after decree was issued against the Protestants. One of these decrees excluded Protestants from all the royal farms; another fixed the age for the voluntary conversion of the children of Protestant parents at seven years. Excited by the priests, mobs rose in the towns, attacked the Protestant places of worship, and made bonfires of the desks, seats, and Bibles; corpses were disinterred from the Protestant burying-grounds, and thrown into the rivers; and Protestant clergymen were imprisoned or banished on the slightest

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pretext. The death of Colbert, in 1683, removed the last obstacle to the progress of these severities. Two millions of people were virtually put beyond the pale of the laws—denied liberty of conscience at home, and yet prohibited, on pain of death, from going into exile. The crowning act of persecution was the employment of the famous *dragonnades*, or invasions of the Protestant provinces by troops of dragoons, charged with the task of forcing the conversion of the inhabitants to the Catholic faith. The following is the account of these *dragonnades*, given by a French historian; and our readers will doubtless be struck by the similarity of many of the scenes described to those which were enacted in Scotland by the dragoons of Charles II. at the time of the persecution: ‘Louvois did not venture at once upon a general *dragonnade*. He commenced by isolated and progressive attempts, as if to habituate himself, the king, and the country to such measures. Encouraged by the success which he obtained over the peasants of Navarre, he caused the frontiers of the kingdom to be closed, and putting his troops in motion, commenced a general *dragonnade*. From Béarn, the cradle of French Calvinism, the *dragonnade* advanced roaring towards the valley of the Garonne, and ascended its tributaries the Dordogne, the Lot, the Tarn, the canal of Languedoc, towards the Cevennes. All kinds of troops were employed in this service; but the dragoons—whether from their more brutal zeal or their more glaring uniform—obtained the honour of giving it its name. The day before their arrival, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the town or village assembled the Protestant inhabitants, and in a harangue, the usual peroration of which was a threatening announcement of the armed force which was at hand, signified to them the irrevocable resolution of the king. The terrified people were sometimes converted by unanimous acclamations. Educated persons signed a confession of faith; the mob simply said: “I conform,” or cried out “Ave Maria,” or made the sign of the cross. In some towns, *conversion offices* were established, where, after the names of the converts were inscribed, there was delivered to them, on the back of a playing-card, a certificate which was to protect them from the soldiery. The people of Nîmes called this card the mark of the beast—the expression of a profound truth; for what else is a man who, to preserve his animal and mortal being, abdicates his thought, his soul, his celestial and immortal nature?

‘The soldiers then entered the village with drawn sabres and muskets erect. Their first attempt was to stagger the fidelity of the clergyman; if he resisted, he was driven from the town, that his example might not restrain the flock. After him, they tried to seduce the notables of the place. At Montauban, the Bishop Nesmond called before the intendant, De Boufflers, the Barons Mauzac, Vicoze, Montbeton, &c. The lackeys, concealed behind the door, suddenly fell upon the noblemen, and threw them down,

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so as to make them kneel ; and while they were struggling with the valets, the prelate made the sign of the cross upon them, and the business was over. Meanwhile the citizens and common people were the prey of a licentious soldiery, whose excesses would have put to the blush a horde of Tartars. After locking up their victims in closets, the dragoons threw out the magnificent furniture into the street, stalled their horses in splendid halls, offered them buckets of milk and wine to drink, and for litter gave them wool, cotton, silk, and the finest Holland lace. If their host, or rather their victim, still held out, they dragged him from his confinement, and sometimes suspended him in a well ; sometimes tying his hands and feet cross-wise at his back, hoisted him up by a pulley, with his face down, like a chandelier, let him fall on his face, and then hauled him up to let him fall again ; sometimes stripping him entirely naked, they forced him to turn the spit, and, while he was cooking their repast, amused themselves with pinching his skin and scorching his hair ; sometimes they compelled him to hold in his clenched hand a burning coal during the repetition of a whole paternoster. But the most intolerable punishment was the deprivation of sleep. Sometimes they sold sleep to their victim at ten, twenty, or thirty crowns an hour. By the time that the poor wretch began to slumber, the fatal hour struck, and they awoke him with their drums. Many women, seized in their flight by the pains of childbirth, were delivered in the woods. Their sex, in general, had more to suffer than ours ; because to a nature more delicate and modest, they joined a more lively faith and greater constancy. Young mothers, tied to the posts of their beds, were offered the cruel alternative of abjuring, or seeing their infants die of hunger before their eyes. Some yielded, that they might give their babes suck—touching feebleness of a mother, sacrificing, as she conceived, her own eternal salvation to the daily wants of her child, trusting in the infinite mercy of God, alone capable of understanding and rewarding the act.

From Versailles, Louvois watched, directed, stimulated the dragonnade, and scolded the less active intendants as the proprietor of a farm scolds his lazy reapers. "His majesty," he wrote to them, "wishes you to push to the last extremity those who will have the stupid glory of being the last to give up their religion."*

These severities had in some degree the effect intended. Whole towns and districts professed their conversion to the Catholic faith. The prisons and dungeons were full of recusants, who were treated with the most barbarous cruelty. Seven hundred Protestant churches were suppressed throughout France, and the clergymen separated from their flocks and driven into exile. Louis had no doubt but that the last remains of Huguenotism would soon be destroyed in his kingdom—that he would soon reign over a population united in

* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*. By M. Peyrat. An able work, to which we are indebted for much of the information contained in the present tract.

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one faith. Already he was receiving the flatteries and praises of his courtiers for the success of his schemes ; already he was hailed by the Jesuits as the destroyer of heresy. One measure alone remained to be adopted to make his triumph complete ; namely, the *Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*. The previous persecutions, the edicts against the Protestants during the last twenty years, and the dragonnades, had been merely preliminary to this final stroke, which descended in the shape of a royal *ordonnance*, in the month of October 1685. By this *ordonnance* all assemblies of any kind for the exercise of Protestant worship were prohibited ; and all the Protestant clergy who should continue obstinate in their opinions were ordered to quit France within fifteen days, under the penalty of being sent to the galleys. The only part of France to which these regulations did not apply was Alsace, which was under the protection of a special treaty.

Fifteen hundred clergymen left the country. Most of them took refuge in Holland and Germany. The people, unable to bear separation from their pastors, followed them into exile ; and immediately after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the emigration, which had been going on for twenty years, increased to such a degree as to attract the attention of government. The emigrants were forced to adopt innumerable precautions, and to run innumerable risks, in order to effect their escape. Travelling in all manner of disguises, and by the most unfrequented routes, they endeavoured to reach the frontier, or some seaport where they might embark for a foreign land. 'Great ladies, whose satin slippers had never before touched the grass, now travelled thirty, forty, or fifty leagues in clogs behind the mule of their guide, whose wife or daughter they passed for. Gentlemen tried to pass rolling wheelbarrows, carrying bales, or driving an ass or pigs ; others adopted the costume of a sportsman, with a gun and dog ; others that of a pilgrim, with long beard, staff, and rosary in hand, and their breast ornamented with shells.' Within a quarter of a century, about 500,000 Protestants had quitted France, and dispersed themselves over the whole world. As far as India and America, French refugees might be found. In the backwoods of America, the savage Indians received, with kindness and respect, the white strangers, 'who were without a home, because they had worshipped the Great Spirit.' The northern states of Europe, however, were the principal resort of the emigrants. Everywhere they were welcomed ; subscriptions were made for their relief, lands appropriated to them, and residences provided for them. Thus were many little French colonies planted in various of the northern countries of Europe in the end of the seventeenth century. In London, Berlin, and Amsterdam, whole streets were occupied by emigrant French Protestants. Nor was the hospitality with which they were treated without a recompense. Wherever they went, they carried with them new branches of manufacture which France had

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hitherto monopolised ; and many establishments for stocking-making, silk-dyeing, glass-blowing, &c., now flourishing in the towns of Northern Europe, were founded by the refugees whom the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove from their homes. Among the expelled clergymen, too, were many men of ability and learning, who founded academies, or pursued a literary career in the countries where they took refuge.

PERSECUTIONS IN LANGUEDOC AND DAUPHINÉ—THE FIRST PASTORS OF THE DESERT.

France was by no means cleared of Protestantism by the severities of Louis and his ministers. The half-million who had gone into exile were but a fraction of the Protestant population, and the leaven still remained, fermenting throughout all the provinces of France. True, whole towns and districts had abjured their faith, and professed themselves Catholics—driven to this extremity by the terrors of the dragonnade. It might indeed have appeared at first sight that Louis, in thundering his royal decree over the kingdom, had performed a miracle—had put down Protestantism at once and for ever. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was followed by a stifling calm ; and if any Protestants continued in France, they scarcely dared to breathe. But a tremendous reaction ensued. The pretended converts to Catholicism were seized with the horrors of remorse. Many of them, when partaking of the sacrament for the first time according to the Romish form, spat out the wafer, or went into fits. Others continued Catholics for a time ; but when attacked by illness, or when death approached, they returned to their former faith, testifying all the agonies of a restless conscience. In a short time it became evident that Protestantism was far from being extinct in France. As in Scotland after the passing of the Act of Conformity, meetings for worship began to be held, at first in private houses and secretly, afterwards in the fields and more openly. Protestant clergymen, both Frenchmen and foreigners—either such as had never gone into exile, or such as had been induced to return by a noble and chivalrous sense of duty—went about through the country preaching and administering the ordinances of religion according to the Protestant form. All the exertions of the authorities, military and civil, to put down these conventicles were of no avail.

The stronghold of French Protestantism was the Cevennes—the name given to an irregular tract of very mountainous country, extending from the Pyrenees to the Alps, a distance of about three hundred miles. Of this extensive district, however, the part which is principally famed as having been the scene of the war of the Camisards, is that which constituted formerly the eastern half of the province of Languedoc, and which, according to the present system of geographical division, would include the four departments of

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Ardèche, Lozère, Gard, and Hérault. The population of this part of France may have amounted, at the date of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to about 300,000, of whom nearly one-half were Protestants. In the natives of Lower Languedoc might be discerned traces of oriental blood, derived from the Jews and Arabs who haunted the shores of the Gulf of Lions during the middle ages. The Cévenols of the north, again, were a brave, simple, and hardy mountain race, and almost to a man Protestant. Their occupations were partly agricultural and pastoral, partly manufacturing. Rye, and chestnuts boiled in milk, were their principal fare. In the summer, they fed cattle; in the winter, when the snow lay on the hills, they remained in their houses, weaving coarse serges, for which they found a market at the town of Mende.

The fastnesses of the Cevennes afforded a refuge for the persecuted Protestants of the neighbouring provinces. During the dragonnade in Languedoc, many of the Huguenots fled to these mountains, to escape the fury of the soldiery; in fact, all the enthusiastic Protestantism of Languedoc was here cooped up and concentrated. The nature of the country—a maze of mountains, rocks, and forests, in many places savage and rugged in the extreme—defied all the attempts which were made to submit it to the process of purgation which the rest of France, and especially Languedoc, had experienced.

About the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a new intendant or governor was appointed to the province of Languedoc. This was Nicolas de Lamoignon de Bâville, Count de Launai-Courson. Bâville was born at Paris in 1648, and belonged to a family of jurists, whose spirit of antipathy to the church and the nobility he inherited. Able, active, and indefatigable, ambitious and imperious, he was a devoted disciple of Richelieu, in as far as anxiety to strengthen the royal power at the expense of the other interests in the state was concerned. Desirous of being absolute in his province, he procured the appointment of his brother-in-law, the Count de Broglie, to the office of military commandant of the province under him—Broglie being a savage soldier, and a man of too little ability to become his rival.

Like the *curates*, so famous in the history of the Scottish persecution under Charles II., the new clergy appointed to succeed the exiled Protestant pastors of France were men little calculated to recommend the religion of which they were the representatives. This had the effect of increasing the fondness of the Cévenols for the illegal conventicles which they had begun to hold for Protestant worship in their houses, or in *the desert*, as, in their Scriptural phraseology, they termed the solitary places among the hills. Nor were preachers wanting. The parting prediction of their exiled pastors, that God would not leave them without shepherds, but that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He would teach them His truth, seemed to be instantaneously fulfilled. A new race of preachers

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rose up, illiterate and rude, but powerful in their native force and their new-born enthusiasm. Leaving their ploughs or their looms, men with hard hands and sunburnt faces stood up before the crowds who gathered to hear them, and acted the part of preachers and expounders of the Scriptures. The most celebrated of these rustic preachers was Vivens, a wool-carder of Valleraugue. Some students of theology likewise joined them. Round these preachers, congregations of men, women, and children gathered; and from morning till night, nothing was heard in the desert but the groans and sobbings of excited spirits, mingled with prayer and psalm-singing.

When intelligence of these proceedings in the Cévennes reached court, it was believed that some of the Protestant pastors must have returned from their exile. Louvois instantly issued a declaration, condemning every such pastor to death; all those who held communication with him to punishment—the men to the galleys, and the women to perpetual imprisonment; and the houses in which pastors lodged to destruction. Rewards were likewise offered for the apprehension of the preachers. New bodies of dragoons were quartered in the district, by whom several field-meetings were surprised and dispersed—the fugitives being slashed down with sabres, some of them hanged from trees, and others reserved for public trial. The first preacher who fell a victim was Falcrand Rey, executed at Beaucaire in the beginning of 1686. These efforts failing, Bâville even condescended to negotiate with the Cévenols, and to make an agreement with Vivens, in the name of his brother-preachers, promising to allow them to go into exile, and carry their property with them. Divided into three bodies, the preachers left the Cévennes. Having thus purged the population of what he considered the insurrectionary leaven, Bâville prepared to prevent any further outbreaks in the Cévennes. An army of about 40,000 men was distributed, in a judicious manner, through Languedoc; the officers appointed to command the regiments posted in the Cévennes were chosen from the recent converts to Catholicism, whose zeal was naturally most savage and unhesitating; roads were begun through the mountains, to render them accessible to horse and artillery; and three forts were erected—one at Nîmes, one at Alais, and one at St Hippolyte.

The years 1687 and 1688 passed in tolerable quiet. The Cévenols and the other French Protestants seemed overawed, and were careful to hold their illegal meetings secretly. The great majority of their clergy had sought refuge in Holland, where they officiated as pastors to their fellow-exiles, engaged in theological and literary pursuits, and corresponded, as occasion offered, with their friends in France.

The year 1688 is remarkable in the history of Europe as the date of the English revolution. This event—the accession of William of Orange, the protector of European Protestantism, to the throne

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of Great Britain—was hailed at the time with universal enthusiasm by the Protestants of the continent. Among the exiled pastors in Holland especially it produced the utmost excitement ; it seemed to them the harbinger of better days for France. The fervid soul of one of them, Peter Jurieu, seized upon the event as the prelude to the downfall of Antichrist foretold in the book of Revelation. By a calculation applied to the eleventh chapter of that book, he had some time before concluded that the death of the *two witnesses* there mentioned was a propheticall allusion to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The three days and a half, during which the bodies of the witnesses were to lie unburied, being interpreted, as usual, to mean three years and a half, it appeared to him that as the death of the witnesses, or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, took place in October 1685, their resurrection, or the triumph of French Protestantism, must happen in April 1689. So confident was he in the truth of his views, that he published them in 1686, under the title of *The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, or the Approaching Deliverance of the Church*. The book caused an immediate sensation. The Catholic leaders replied both by ridicule and serious refutations. On the general spirit of the time the book fell like a spark among inflammable gas. Its notions spread like wild-fire among the persecuted Protestants of France, stimulating all the excitable minds to a pitch of fervour which had something in it of the grand and supernatural. The Spirit of God, it was believed, had again descended on the earth, and the times of prophecy had revived previous to the final triumph of the Protestant faith. 'Since the time of Voltaire,' says M. Peyrat, by way of preface to his narrative of those strange excitements and flights of the mind which form so remarkable a feature in the history of the Camisard persecutions, 'it is difficult for one to speak of prophecies and prodigies without provoking sarcasm and derision. Nevertheless,' he adds, '*ecstasy* is incontestably a real state of the human mind. Abnormal and unusual as it is at the present day, it was quite common in the infancy of the human species in the first ages of the world. Now the Reformation by Luther produced in the modern world a violent irruption of the old Hebrew or Asiatic spirit. The laws, customs, language, and images of the infant world were revived ; and it would seem as if the susceptibility to ecstasy had revived also.' Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that extraordinary danger or suffering has the effect of changing and enlarging human nature ; of stimulating the human emotion, spirit, imagination, or whatever we choose to call it, to a pitch of which, in the calm routine of civilised life, we have no experience. Without bearing this in mind, it is impossible for any one to understand the history of such religious persecutions as those of the Scottish Covenanters, or the French Camisards, or indeed to understand any important period of history whatever.

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Nowhere did Jurieu's book produce such effects as in Dauphiné—the province contiguous to Languedoc. Kindled by it into a state of ecstasy, an old man named Du Serre not only began to prophesy himself, but founded a school of prophets. The contagion spread, as if carried by the atmosphere, and in a short time the whole province was filled with rumours of prophecies, apparitions, angelic visits, &c. 'The first instance of these imagined celestial appearances,' says M. Peyrat, 'was in 1688, in the neighbourhood of Castres in Languedoc. A little girl of Capelle, about ten years of age, saw one day, when keeping cows, an angel resembling a child in figure, and clothed in white. It came out of a bush, and, advancing to the young shepherdess, said: "My sister, I descend from heaven to forbid you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, from going to the mass." It then withdrew, and disappeared among the bushes. The little damsel returned home, and related the miraculous vision. The news spread from village to village. From Viane, from Lacauue, and all round about, the people ran to Capelle to see the shepherdess, and to ask her about the apparition. The child told the story with simplicity. The people believed in the reality of the miracle, and, according to the orders of the angel, deserted the churches. The priests, raising a cry of alarm, made the sub-deputy, Barbeyrac, arrest the young prophetess. She was sent to a convent of Sommières, at the foot of the Cevennes. But after her departure, the miraculous appearances continued in the district of Castres.'

This was in Languedoc: in Dauphiné the ecstasy reached to still greater heights. 'Of the disciples of Du Serre, three young shepherds, of eight, fifteen, and twenty years of age respectively, named Bompard, Mazet, and Pascalin, became distinguished above the rest. They presided over assemblies, called apostates to account, preached, baptised, married, advised the people, and exercised all the functions of the fathers of the church. They were put in prison; but were immediately replaced by a multitude of other ecstasies, of whom the chief were Isabella Vincent and Gabriel Astier. The former, commonly called the *Beautiful Isabella*, was the daughter of a wool-carder of Saou. Forced by poverty to leave her father's house, she went, at about ten years of age, to reside with a relation, a labourer, who made her keep his cattle. A stranger came one day into the sheepfold, preached, and left her, at parting, the spirit of prophecy. She began to preach, and with such success, that her name became known all over Dauphiné, as far as Geneva, and even in Holland. Towards the end of May 1689, the desire to see the young shepherdess, of whom such marvels were reported, induced an advocate of Grenoble, by name Gerlan, to visit her abode. He entered, and asked something to drink, as if wearied by his long journey. While she served him with a cup of water, he observed her attentively. Her figure was small and slender; her face irregular, thin, and browned by the weather; her forehead large, with

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great black eyes of a sweet expression, and level with the head. "My sister," said he, "blessed be God, who has permitted me to see and hear you, that I may be strengthened in the faith, and receive the consolations of His persecuted children." "Be welcome," she replied: "this evening I shall preach to some of our brethren assembled in the mountain." She went out about dusk, accompanied by two young girls and twenty peasants, who followed with the advocate of Grenoble. She walked very fast, although the road was rough and the night dark. A numerous assembly waited her. "Of myself," she said, "I am unable to speak; but," continued she, falling on her knees, "do thou, O God, loosen my tongue, if it be thy good pleasure, that I may be able to proclaim thy word, and console thine afflicted people." Forthwith, says the narrator, 'the spirit seized her. She offered up a long prayer. I thought I heard some angel speaking. After the prayer, she made them sing a psalm, and raised it herself melodiously; then she preached from the text—"If any man shall say unto you, Lo! here is Christ, or there, believe it not." She delivered a discourse so excellent, so pathetic, with such holy boldness and such zeal, that one was almost compelled to believe that she had something in her above human. She uttered great lamentations for the wretched condition of the Protestants of France, who were in the dungeons, in the galleys, in the convents, and in exile. She promised, in the name of God, forgiveness, peace, blessing, and eternal joy to those who did not reject the fatherly solicitations of His goodness; she promised also, with precision and earnestness, the re-establishment of true religion in the kingdom.' 'Isabella,' adds M. Peyrat, 'could not read, and therefore quoted Scripture from memory. She preached in French. Her language was wonderfully pure, well connected, pathetic, and adorned with biblical images. Her inspiration came with such abundance and fury, that the words, like a stream long dammed up, escaped impetuously from her lips, flowed for some time with astonishing volubility, then slackened, and even towards the conclusion became embarrassed.

'At last the intendant Bouchu, who tracked out everywhere the prophets of Dauphiné, caused the young prophetess of Saou to be arrested. "Here I am, sir," said she to him; "you can put me to death. God will raise up others, who will say finer things than I." She was confined in the prisons of the general hospital of Grenoble.'

The other prophet of Dauphiné before mentioned was Gabriel Astier, a labourer, about twenty-two years of age. Altogether of a more sombre and melancholic genius than the prophetess Isabella, his preaching was attended with greater excitement and disturbance of the peace. Various bloody engagements took place between his

* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, by M. Peyrat.

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Followers and the troops sent into the Vivarais by Bâville and Broglie. Many of the insurgents were taken alive and hanged. Gabriel, however, contrived for a whole year to elude pursuit. At last, in the spring of 1690, he was recognised in the town of Montpeller, taken, and broken on the wheel.

Scarcely was the insurrection in the Vivarais suppressed, when the Cévennes caught the blaze. It will be remembered that, in the year 1686, Bâville entered into an agreement with a number of itinerant preachers, at the head of whom was François Vivens, promising them free exit from France. Owing to Bâville's treachery, Vivens and a body of his companions were conducted into Spain, from which they escaped with difficulty to Holland. Suddenly, in the beginning of 1689, Vivens reappeared in the Cévennes. He was about twenty-six years of age, of small stature, and lame, but robust and energetic. The Cévenols gathered round him, and the field-meetings, which, since 1686, had been almost discontinued, again became common.

Vivens was soon joined by a coadjutor illustrious in the history of the Camisards. This was Claude Brousson, a man of good family, who had practised as an advocate at Nîmes, had gone into exile in Lausanne in 1683, and had since that time been actively engaged in the communications which the persecuted Protestants of his native country were holding with William of Orange; but who now, moved by a sudden impulse of self-devotion and enthusiasm, returned to France to lead the life of a prophet of the desert, leaving his wife and child in Switzerland. After being ordained by Vivens and Gabriel, he commenced his labours. Already forty-three years of age, he abandoned a life of ease and security for one of toil, danger, and suffering. 'To be almost always alone; to travel in the night through wind, rain, and snow; to pass through the midst of soldiers or robbers; to sleep in woods on the bare ground, on a couch of grass, or of dried leaves; to dwell in caves, in barns, in shepherds' huts; to glide furtively into a town or village, and when received into a pious house, not even to be able to caress at the fireside the little ones of his generous host, lest their innocent prattle should betray him to the neighbours; to be discovered in his retreat, and surrounded by soldiers; to hide in lofts, in wells, or to cheat the troops by going boldly up to them, and sending them after some officious friend, who exposed himself to afford his pastor time to escape; to walk about in disguise; to pass sentinels, imitating the extravagances of a madman or the tricks of a mountebank; to endure fatigue, cold, heat, hunger, pain, abandonment, solitude, and finally the scaffold—such was the ordinary life of a pastor of the desert. Brousson,' continues M. Peyrat, 'preached regularly three or four times a week, sometimes every day, and even several times in one day; besides which there were baptisms, marriages, and funerals to be celebrated; models of prayer and rules of piety to be dictated to

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the little churches, that, after his departure, they might be able to continue their religious services without a pastor. This man, sweet and affectionate by disposition, never addressed his rustic auditories except by the appellation of sheep and doves. He afterwards published, under the title of *Mystic Manna of the Desert*, some of his "sermons preached in France, in deserts and caves, during the years 1690, 1691, 1692, and 1693." They are homilies, adapted to the wandering flocks to whom they were addressed: their style, simple, negligent, plain, but impregnated with sentiments of infinite sweetness and gentleness, is like a vessel of common clay-ware filled with milk and honey.

Bâville's utmost activity was exerted to suppress this new outbreak of Protestantism in the Cevennes, and especially to secure the apprehension of the prophets Vivens and Brousson. The movement was indeed becoming formidable. The energetic Vivens had entered into a correspondence with the Duke of Schomberg, inviting him to make a descent upon Languedoc with ten thousand men. The plan was discovered by means of a billet which Vivens had written to Schomberg, and which fell into Bâville's hands. This redoubled the exertions of the intendant to get possession of the person of the insurrectionary prophet. He was at length tracked to a cavern situated in a valley between Anduze and Alais. At the mouth of this cavern, Vivens himself was shot; and two companions who were with him, Carrière and Capieu, died on the scaffold. Brousson now remained almost the last prophet of the Cevennes. At length, hunted from place to place, weakened in body, and requiring rest, Brousson left the Cevennes for a time, to revisit his family at Lausanne. Again, in the year 1695, he returned to France, and employed himself in preaching secretly to the Protestants of different provinces; and again he was obliged to quit it.

Meanwhile, France was in the most wretched condition imaginable. Persecution, war, and exorbitant taxation were producing their effects. In Languedoc especially were these calamities felt. Forty thousand natives had emigrated, and large tracts of country were left desert and uncultivated. The hopes, too, which the French Protestants had entertained of a melioration of their condition, through the instrumentality of William III. of England, were extinguished by the peace of Ryswick, concluded in 1697. The prophecies of Jurieu were falsified; and Louis XIV. still sat on his throne, the enemy of Protestantism.

Moved by the accounts which reached him of the sufferings of his Protestant countrymen, Brousson returned to France for the third time in 1697. He spent some time in Dauphiné and Languedoc. In the spring of 1698, he wrote to his wife: 'The persecution is renewed. It is as violent as at first. The soldiers are ravaging the houses, carrying off the furniture, the corn, and the cattle. They tell the masters of the houses they are ruining them to make them

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go to mass.' Bâville, hearing of Brousson's return, increased the reward for his apprehension to 600 louis-d'ors. Escaping from Languedoc, the preacher made his way to Pau in Béarn. Here a letter of introduction, which he had to a faithful Protestant, was delivered by mistake to a Catholic of the same name. The authorities were informed; Brousson was seized, and sent back to Montpellier. 'At his trial, on the 4th of November,' says M. Peyrat, 'the hall was crowded with churchmen, military officers, and lawyers, anxious to see the once celebrated jurisconsult, now a poor pastor of the desert, about to die. Brousson disdained to employ in his defence the least oratorical artifice. He spoke for about a quarter of an hour with calmness and simplicity, confining himself to saying that he was an honest man, fearing God—a minister of the gospel, who had entered France to comfort his unfortunate brethren.' He denied having been concerned in the conspiracy with the Duke of Schomberg. He was broken on the wheel that same day, having been previously strangled by a merciful order of Bâville. His name was long cherished by the Protestants of Languedoc; and an account of his death was published under the title of *The Martyrdom of M. de Brousson*.

THE ECSTASIES OF THE CEVENNES—OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT INSURRECTION.

The century was now drawing to a close. Fifteen years had elapsed since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the condition of France during that period had been as we have described it. Hundreds of thousands of its Protestant citizens had abandoned it, to seek the liberty which it denied them in foreign lands; and those who remained were subjected to the most galling persecution, forced outwardly to conform to the Catholic worship, and enjoying only secretly, at great risks, and at rare intervals, the privilege of hearing the gospel preached by a Protestant minister. A few local insurrections, as we have seen, had broken out, but had been suppressed by the activity of the governors of the provinces. In the year 1700 all seemed over; and, turning his attention from France, Louis was engaged in making preparations for the new European war in which he was involved, for the purpose of establishing the right of his grandson, the Duke of Anjou, to succeed to the crown of Spain. This war continued till 1713; but scarcely had it begun, when the spirit of insurrection broke out in the Cevennes more fiercely than ever. Of this new struggle, to which more particularly the name of the War of the Camisards is applied, we now proceed to give an account.

We have already mentioned the appearance of the spirit or disease (whichever we choose to call it) of *ecstasy* which broke out in Dauphiné and Languedoc about the year 1689. After disappearing

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for a while, this spirit or disease broke out again in the year 1701. We will extract our account of these singular phenomena from M. Peyrat. 'The spirit,' he says, 'descended rarely on old persons, and never on those who were rich and well educated. It visited youth and indigence, misfortune, simple hearts, shepherds, labourers, grown-up girls, and even children. "The youngest child I ever saw speak in a state of ecstasy," says Durand Fage of Aubais, "was a little girl of five years of age, at the village of Saint Maurice, near Euzet; but it is known in the country that the spirit has often been poured out on little children, of whom some were even yet at the breast, and who could not speak at an age so tender, except when it pleased God to announce his marvels by the mouth of such innocents." "I have seen," adds Jacques Dubois of Montpellier—"I have seen, among others, a child of five months, in its mother's arms at Quissac, that spoke, with agitation and sobbings, distinctly, and with a loud voice, but yet with interruptions, which made it necessary to listen attentively to hear certain words."*

'The Cévenols reckoned four degrees of ecstasy. The first was called *l'avertissement* (warning); the second, *le souffle* (breath); the third, *la prophétie* (prophecy); and the fourth and highest, *le don* (the gift). They remarked, however, in general, of an inspired person, "He has received excellent gifts." One of the most extraordinary gifts was assuredly that of preaching. M. de Caladon of Aulas, a man of cultivated mind, speaks thus of one of the preachers, a female servant named Jeanne. "She was," he says, "a poor, silly peasant, aged about forty years, assuredly the most simple and ignorant creature known in our mountains. When I heard that she was preaching, and preaching wonderfully, I could not believe a word of it; it never entered into my conception that she could join four words of French together, or that she could have the boldness to speak in a company. Yet I have several times witnessed her acquit herself miraculously. When the heavenly intelligence made her speak, this she-ass of Balaam had truly a mouth of gold. Never did orator make himself heard as she did; and never was auditor more attentive or more affected than those who listened to her. It was a torrent of eloquence; it was a prodigy; and—what I say is no exaggeration—she became all at once a totally new creature, and was transformed into a great preacher."

'The number of prophets increased so rapidly, that eight thousand were counted in Languedoc the first year. Not a town, hamlet, village, or house, but had its inspired orator. All of them assembled their congregations, and that every day; so that every day eight thousand assemblies, large or small, were held between the Lozère

* In receiving these statements, and some which follow, our readers must exercise their own discretion. It is absolutely necessary to make such quotations as those in the text, in order to give a true idea of the strange state of feeling among the Cévenols during the insurrection, when the belief in the miraculous nature of the occurrences was universal.

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and the sea. But the number will appear infinite when one thinks that every prophet preached twice or thrice successively. When the first sermon was over, it often happened that people who had been delayed on the road, or who came from distant cantons, reached the spot; and these, too, must be satisfied. In going to nocturnal assemblies, the worshippers directed themselves to the spot by singing psalms. The prophet, at one of these nocturnal meetings, would all at once stop, and changing his tone, inform his hearers that there were some of the faithful wandering near at hand, in the fields or the woods, in search of the congregation, and that, to bring them in, some must go out and raise a psalm. A party would quit the assembly and begin singing, and in a short time after they would return with a considerable addition of worshippers, whom the singing had attracted to the spot. Nay, sometimes, it was said, the wanderers were guided by meteors in the sky, flaming forth in the direction in which the conventicle was assembled.*

This state of things continued for about a year, before any positive insurrection broke out. Most of the troops which had been stationed in Languedoc were now withdrawn to serve in Spain and Italy; and Bâville had not means at his command to put down the nuisance, as he considered the fresh outburst of fanaticism among the Cévenols to be. The priests, however, complained bitterly of the evil effects produced by the ecstasies; and Bâville did everything in his power to extirpate them. He made fathers and mothers responsible for the ecstasies of their children; and threatened the preachers with the punishment of death. As the ecstasy of the young persons was contagious, affecting even the children of good Catholics, Bâville caused them to be confined—the boys in the prisons, and the girls in convents. As many as three hundred were confined at once in the prisons of Uzès. Of the adults, many were apprehended, and subjected to severe punishments. Daniel Raoul, Floutier, and others of the most conspicuous preachers, perished on the wheel or the gibbet; and scores of others were sent to the galleys. Even women were hanged by Bâville's orders for the crime of preaching. In one instance, it is said, a woman was put to death because, in her ecstatic state, she shed tears of blood. One can hardly imagine a more horrible state of things than this—a whole province roused to a condition of frantic emotion, in which rational piety was strangely mingled with diseased nervous excitement; and a governor trying to restore calm and order by hanging the poor people in scores. These Cévenols were not naturally more given to extravagance than the rest of their countrymen; and had their own pastors been left among them, they would have continued, as they were before, a quiet, peaceable, hard-working, and pious peasant population.

* *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert*, by M. Peyrat.

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A tragical occurrence hurried on the general insurrection. One of the most zealous instruments of the persecution in Languedoc was François de Langlade du Chayla, archpriest of the Cévennes. The cruelties of this man had roused a general and bitter feeling against him among the Cévenols, and he had more than once been threatened with death. In the month of July 1702, a party of Protestants, male and female, trying to make their escape from the Cévennes, with the intention of going into exile at Geneva, were seized by the soldiery, and by the archpriest's orders committed to prison. On the following Sunday there was a field-meeting on the mountain of Bougès, at which a prophet of the name of Peter Séguier preached. Alluding in his sermon to the unfortunate Protestants who had been made prisoners, he declared that 'the Lord had commanded him to take up arms to deliver the captive brethren, and to exterminate that archpriest of Moloch.' Other preachers present followed in the same strain, one of them, Abraham Mazel, adding : 'Brethren, I have had a vision. I saw large black oxen, very fat, which were browsing on the plants of a garden ; and a voice said unto me : "Abraham, drive out these oxen ;" and when I did not obey, the voice again said unto me : "Abraham, drive out these oxen." Then I drove them out. Now, as the Spirit has revealed to me, that garden that I saw is the church of God, the black oxen which wasted it are the priests, and the voice which spoke to me is the Eternal, ordering me to drive these priests out of the Cévennes.' This parable produced its effect ; and next day fifty peasants met, twenty of them armed, and resolved to march to the archpriest's residence at Pont de Montvert, to inflict vengeance upon him, and release such of their brethren as were confined there. They were commanded by the preacher Séguier : Mazel was also there, and another prophet called Solomon ; and not the least enthusiastic among them was a mere stripling named Jean Cavalier — afterwards well known over all France.

At ten o'clock on the evening of the 24th of July, the archpriest was sitting with some ecclesiastics in his house at Pont de Montvert, when they heard the sound of psalmody approaching. They soon became aware that the house was surrounded by Protestant peasants. 'Withdraw, you Huguenot canaille !' cried the archpriest from the window. On their refusing, the guards fired, and killed one of the assailants. Procuring the trunk of a large tree, the peasants broke open the gate, and entering the house, ran to the dungeons in which the prisoners were confined, and set them free. They then set fire to the house. Some of the ecclesiastics escaped, others were killed in the attempt. Du Chayla, in trying to descend from a window, fell and broke his thigh. The peasants seized him, and despatched him with fifty-two wounds. All night they remained kneeling round the burning ruins, and returning thanks to God ; in the morning they departed to their mountains, singing as they had come.

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For a week Séguier and his companions wandered through the country in the neighbourhood of Pont de Montvert, executing what, in their wild and bloody enthusiasm, they called the judgment of God; putting priests to death, setting their imprisoned friends at liberty, and burning the houses in which they had been confined. The whole province was alarmed. Bâville despatched Broglie to the spot. After a short pursuit, the peasants were overtaken and dispersed by twenty men under one of Broglie's officers named Poul; the prophet himself, with two others named Nouvel and Bonnet, were taken, and conducted in chains to Florac, where they were condemned and executed.

The other peasants who had been concerned in the archpriest's death remained concealed in caves and woods, so that few of them were taken. It was concluded at last that they had escaped from the country; and Broglie, believing the disturbances over, retired to Alais, leaving Poul, with some companies of fusiliers, among the mountains. Scarcely was he gone, when the peasants left their hiding-places, reassembled, and seeing the impossibility of flight, resolved to continue the insurrection, and chose for their commander Laporte of Massoubeyran, a man of about forty-five years of age, who had served in the army. Laporte forthwith assumed the title of 'Colonel of the Children of God;' and named his camp the 'Camp of the Eternal.' Fresh recruits now came in from the country round, among the rest Laporte's nephew, Roland, and a peasant named Catinat, who had been concerned in an assassination perpetrated a few days before—that of the Baron de Saint Cômes, a military commander noted for his cruelty to the Huguenots. The young stripling Cavalier, too, shewed his zeal by descending to his native village of Ribaute, and returning to the 'Camp of the Eternal' with eighteen armed youths, whom he had enlisted in the cause. In all, the insurgents did not exceed a hundred and fifty. Under Laporte, they chose for their commanders Roland and a man named Castanet.

From the middle of August to the end of October, the 'Children of God'—sometimes in one body under the command of Laporte, sometimes divided into several under the command of Roland, Castanet, Catinat, and Cavalier—ranged through the Cevennes, inflicting vengeance on such persons as had made themselves conspicuous in the work of persecution, expelling the priests from their parishes, and holding field-meetings for prayer and worship among the mountains. Poul and his soldiers exerted their utmost activity to put an end to the insurrection; but for a while the insurgents contrived to elude their search. At length, on the 22d of October, a party of them, among whom was Laporte, were surprised and attacked in the valley of Sainte Croix. Laporte was killed, and his head, along with a number of others, sent in a hamper to Montpellier.

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ORGANISATION OF THE CAMISARDS—THEIR CHIEFS—WAR OF 1703—ROMANTIC CAMISARD STORY.

Again Bâville believed that the insurrection was at an end ; and again he was mistaken. Roland, Castanet, Catinat, and Cavalier, collected the dispersed troop of peasants, and recommenced the insurrection with fresh vigour. Roland was chosen to succeed his uncle Laporte as commander-in-chief. Of the various arrangements which they made for their own government, and the conduct of the war, M. Peyrat gives the following account : 'The Children of God,' he says, 'proceeded to organise themselves. Their army had increased considerably ; the harvest being over, the young Cévenols took their muskets and hatchets, and flocked to join their friends, so that all at once Roland found himself at the head of a thousand men. The army divided itself into five cantons, as follows : The men of Faus des Armes ; those of Upper Cevennes ; those of Aigol ; those of Lower Cevennes ; and those of Lower Languedoc. Each canton chose its own chiefs, their principle of election being to choose not those who were most conspicuous on account of their birth, their fortune, or even their intelligence, but those who were most largely gifted with what they called *the spirit*. Thus, Roland was elected commander-in-chief, not as the nephew of the last leader, not for his services in the insurrection, not for his courage or military skill ; but solely because he was their greatest prophet. The other chiefs ranked under him according to their degrees of inspiration. The whole hierarchy, for such it was, consisted of a general-in-chief, generals of brigade, chiefs of brigade, captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals, and privates. The army was divided into five legions ; every legion into brigades of a hundred men each ; and every brigade into two companies of fifty.' Roland, who, as commander-in-chief, assumed the title of 'General of the Protestant troops of France assembled in the Cevennes,' was also special commander or brigadier-general of his own legion, that of the canton of Lower Cevennes. The legion of the Upper Cevennes chose Abraham and Solomon as joint commanders ; that of Aigol, Andrew Castanet ; that of Lower Languedoc, Jean Cavalier ; and that of Faus des Armes, Nicolas Soani. Of the five legions, those of Roland and Cavalier were the largest ; a circumstance which made their power preponderate. The principle of equality and fraternity, however, was recognised among them ; and all, whether officers or men, addressed each other by the name of *brother*. This, however, did not interfere with the exercise of due authority. Roland had a supreme council, composed of the brigadier-generals and the chiefs of brigade ; and each brigadier-general had a council, composed in like manner of his inferior officers. 'As prophet-king, Roland, and, under him, his lieutenants, exercised religious and

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military power in all its functions and rights—the rights of life and death, of taxation, of worship, of celebrating the Lord's Supper, baptism, marriage, and funerals.' Such was the singular republican organisation set up by a few persecuted peasants in the year 1702, in a corner of the kingdom of the absolute monarch, Louis Quatorze.

Of the personal appearance and character of the two principal Camisard chiefs, the following is M. Peyrat's description. Roland was about twenty-seven years of age, and had served in the army down to the peace of Ryswick. He was of middle stature, of robust constitution; his face was round, and marked with small-pox, but with a fine complexion; his eyes large, and full of fire; his hair long, and of a light brown; he was naturally grave, silent, imperious, and ardent under an impassive aspect. Cavalier was scarcely seventeen, having been born in the famous year of the revocation at Ribaute, near Anduze. A poor peasant's son, and the eldest of three children, he had been first a shepherd boy, and afterwards a baker's apprentice at Anduze. To escape the persecutions of the curé of Ribaute, on account of his Protestantism, he fled in March 1701 to Geneva, where he lived for some time in the employment of a master baker; but, moved by the promptings of the Spirit, he returned to Languedoc, and plunged, as we have seen, into the insurrection. The Camisards delighted to trace in this youth a resemblance to the Hebrew David, while he was yet a shepherd feeding the flocks of his father Jesse. He was fair, well made, of small stature, but robust; his neck was short, his face wore the colour of health, his eyes were blue and quick, his head was large, and from it an abundance of flowing locks descended on his shoulders.

After having completed their arrangements, the army of the Children of God separated, each of the five legions going to its own canton, and there continuing its violent work—putting obnoxious persons to death, expelling priests, and occasionally coming into conflict with parties of Broglie's troops. In these engagements the Camisards were almost always victorious. It is impossible to follow the movements of all the various bands as they roamed through Eastern Languedoc, during the months of November and December 1702, fighting and singing psalms; the traditions of the adventures of the Camisards during these two months would fill a volume.

Before Christmas 1702, Languedoc was almost at the disposal of the Camisards; the noblesse had deserted their châteaux, the priests their parishes, the rich Catholic bourgeoisie their villages—all going to seek safety in the fortified towns, and leaving the general Catholic population to protect themselves, as they best could, against the Camisards; who, however, did not, except in rare cases, seek to do them any injury. Had the Camisards at this time received assistance from any foreign Protestant state, it is probable that Louis XIV. would have been obliged to make concessions; unfortunately,

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however, for them, William III. of England, from whom alone they could have expected efficient assistance, was now no more, having died in April 1702. They were left, therefore, to fight out their own cause as they best could—a few thousands of enthusiastic, and, in consequence of their persecutions, almost insane peasants, bidding defiance to the power of the most despotic monarch in Christendom. If, indeed, the politically discontented Catholics of France had combined with the Camisards, and demanded civil, while they demanded religious liberty, the coalition might have proved formidable. But, in the circumstances, such a coalition was impossible; the Camisards being animated by a spirit too peculiar either to co-operate with any other party, or to invite co-operation.

Louis XIV. was not aware of the whole extent of the insurrection in Languedoc; and if he had been, he would not have understood it. Information, however, reached the court sufficient to injure Bâville in the monarch's eyes; and in the middle of January 1703, M. de Julien—a distinguished officer, a native of Orange, who had served first under King William, then under Schomberg, and had at last entered the French army, turned Catholic, and received high promotion—was sent ostensibly to co-operate with Broglie, but really to supervise Bâville. Julien's advice for suppressing the insurrection was as follows: 'It is not sufficient,' he said, 'to kill only those who carry arms; the masses are infected; it is necessary to put to the sword all the Protestants of the country, and to burn up their villages. By these means the insurrection will not be able to recruit itself, and its extirpation will not cost the life of a single Catholic.' This horrid proposal revolted Bâville; and, by his influence, a more humane plan of procedure was reluctantly adopted. Ordinary military operations were recommenced against the Camisards, particularly against the legion commanded by Cavalier; and the month of January was passed pretty much in the same way as the months of November and December. Still, the Camisards had the advantage. In two or three engagements, Broglie's troops sustained severe defeats; and the insurrection seemed to be approaching no nearer to its termination. The secret dispatches of Julien to Versailles informed the court of the real state of matters in Languedoc; and the whole blame of the bad success falling on Broglie, he was recalled in the beginning of February, and Maréchal de Montrevel was sent to fill his place. He was about fifty-seven years of age, a brave enough soldier, but deficient in all the higher qualities necessary for the post to which he was appointed—that of military chief of a revolted province. Montrevel brought large reinforcements with him into Languedoc; and the royal army quartered in the province amounted now to an effective force of 60,000 men.

It was a common belief at the period that there existed in France a secret consistory or organisation, whose object was the re-establishment of Protestantism. This belief was adopted by Montrevel; and

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consequently he was inclined to favour the project of devastation which had been proposed by Julien, as the only means of suppressing the Camisard insurrection—a mere symptom, as he conceived, of the deeper disease which existed throughout the commonwealth. His plan was to make the whole Protestant population of Languedoc responsible for the crimes of the Camisards; and hold them punishable for these crimes in their persons, or, at all events, in their property. Bâville still opposed such an indiscriminate mode of retaliation; but Montrevel, enjoying the confidence of the court, was able to some extent to put it into execution. Accordingly, during the spring of 1703, the war changed its character. It was no longer a war against the culpable individuals; it was a course of military executions upon whole towns and districts, whose only fault was secret attachment to Protestantism. Massacres and butcheries, the ruin by exorbitant fines of whole families, not one member of which was among the Camisards, the devastation of villages, the transportation of their inhabitants to another part of the country—these and such-like were the measures adopted by Montrevel during the months of March, April, and May 1703. In this last month, too, a stimulus was given to the persecution in the Cevennes by a bull from the Vatican, couched in these words: ‘Clement XI., the Servant of Servants; salvation and apostolic blessing: We cannot express with what grief we have been penetrated on learning, through the ambassador of the Most Christian King, that the heretics of the Cevennes, sprung from the execrable race of the ancient Albigenes, have taken up arms against the church and their sovereign. With the design of arresting, as far as lies in our power, the progress and constant reappearance of heresy, to which it seemed that the piety of Louis the Great had given a finishing blow in his dominions, we have thought it our duty to conform to the conduct of our predecessors in like cases. Wherefore, and in order to engage the faithful in the work of exterminating the accursed race of those heretics and those evil-doers, in all ages enemies both of God and Cæsar, we, in virtue of the power to bind and to loose accorded by the Saviour of men to the chief of the apostles and to his successors, declare and award, of our full power and authority, the absolute and general remission of their sins to all those who shall engage in the holy crusade which ought to be formed and conducted for the extirpation of those heretics and those rebels to God and the king, and who shall have the misfortune to be killed in battle; and that our intentions on this subject may be known and made public, we command that our bull, given under the signet of the Fisher, be printed and affixed to the doors of all the churches in your diocese.—Given at Rome the 1st of May, in the year of our Lord 1703, and the first of our pontificate.’ This bull, which was sent to the bishops of Languedoc, had the effect of exciting a number of fanatics—among others, a hermit of the name of La Fayette, who obtained from

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Montrevel two hundred men, with whom he ranged through the Cevennes, wreaking vengeance on the Huguenots.

All the severities of Montrevel had only the effect of swelling the numbers of the Camisards, by driving the persecuted villagers to join them, and of rendering them more desperate. It would be hopeless to attempt to give an account of all the engagements which took place between the troops of Montrevel and the Camisards under Roland, Cavalier, and the other leaders ; or of all the enormities perpetrated by the Camisards upon the Catholics by way of retaliation. Detached scenes of blood may be depicted ; but to convey by words an idea of three months of merciless warfare, is impossible. We turn rather to the following strange and romantic picture of Camisard life during the period. The picture is painted by the Camisards themselves. 'Brother Cavalier, our chief,' says the narrator, 'called an assembly near the tile-kilns of Cannes, between Quissac and Sommières. Our troop, if I mistake not, amounted to five or six hundred men ; and there were at the least as many others, of both sexes, who had come from the neighbouring towns and villages to assist in our pious exercises that Sunday afternoon. After the exhortation, the reading, and the singing of psalms, Brother Claris of Quissac—a man of about thirty years of age, who had received excellent gifts, and whose revelations were frequent—was seized with the Spirit in the midst of the assembly. His agitation was so great, that all present were moved in an extraordinary manner. At the commencement, he said many things touching the dangers to which the congregations of the faithful were ordinarily exposed, adding, that God was their guard and protector. His agitation augmenting, the Spirit made him utter words to this effect : "I assure you, my child, there are in this assembly two men who have come to betray you ; they are sent by your enemies to spy all that passes among you, and carry the intelligence to those who employ them ; but I say unto you that unless they repent, I will permit them to be discovered by your laying your hand upon them." On this, Brother Cavalier ordered those who carried arms to form a circle, so that no one might escape. All present were much impressed ; and Claris, continuing in his ecstasy, rose and walked through them sobbing, his eyes closed, his head shaking violently, and his hands joined and elevated. He went straight up to one traitor, who was in the middle of the assembly, and laid his hand on him. The other, who was at some distance, cut his way through the press, and came to throw himself at the feet of Cavalier, asking mercy and pardon from God and the congregation. His companion did the same thing ; and both said that their extreme poverty had been the cause of their yielding. Cavalier made them be bound, and ordered them to be guarded.'

Meanwhile, it seems, on the supposition of some connivance between the prophet and the traitors, a murmur of disapprobation

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rose among the multitude. Claris understood its meaning; and judging that the subordination of the troops and the strength of the insurrection depended on the belief in the divine inspiration of the chiefs, he had recourse all at once to a prodigious device. 'O ye of little faith!' cried the Spirit by the voice of the prophet; 'do you yet doubt my power, after so many marvels which I have done in your sight? I will make you know my power and my truth. I desire that a fire be kindled presently; and I say to thee, my child, that I will permit thee to place thyself in the middle of the flames, without their having power over thee. Fear not; obey my commandment. I will be with thee, and preserve thee.' On this the people cried out (particularly those who had murmured, and who, not carrying arms, had the less degree of faith), shedding tears, confessing their fault, and asking forgiveness. But Claris insisted with redoubled agitation; and Cavalier, who did not hurry himself in an affair of so much consequence, at length ordered people to go and search for dry sticks with which to make a fire. 'I,' says Fage, one of the narrators, 'was of the number of those who gathered the wood. As there were tile-kilns quite near, we found in a moment a quantity of dry branches of pine, and of the prickly shrub which in Languedoc is called *arjals*. This last wood, mingled with large branches, was piled up in the middle of the assembly, in a spot of ground somewhat lower than the rest, so that all stood elevated round it. The fire was kindled; and I am not sure but it was Claris himself who kindled it. Then, as the flames were beginning to rise, Claris, who had on that day a white waistcoat (*camisole*), which his wife had brought him in the morning, placed himself in the middle of the heap of branches, standing erect, his hands joined, and raised over his head, always in ecstasy, and speaking under inspiration. Claris did not come out from the midst of the burning until the wood was so far consumed as no longer to emit flame. The Spirit had not quitted him for the whole time, which was about a quarter of an hour; and when he came out, he still spoke with heavings of the chest and sobs. Our wonder may be judged of. All those who could embrace him did so. I was one of the first to speak to Claris, and to look at his clothes and hair; and his white waistcoat was not singed the least, nor a single hair of his head. His wife and his relations were in raptures of joy; and every one blessed God.*

As for the two spies who were the occasion of this strange scene, Cavalier took pity on their poverty, and, with the advice of the prophets, pardoned them, after a severe rebuke. The next traitor, however, discovered in a similar manner, was put to death.

* Our readers must again exercise their discretion as to how much they will believe. Our object being to present a picture of Camisard life, we give such stories as related by the Camisards themselves.

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DEVASTATION OF THE CEVENNES—VICTORIES OF THE CAMISARDS—THEIR DEFEAT AND RUIN.

Our narrative must now be less detailed. During the summer of 1703, the war was not carried on with such vigour as during the spring months—principally owing to the somewhat effeminate character of Montrevel. In the month of September, however, he summoned a meeting of generals, bishops, governors of towns, &c. to meet him at Alais, to deliberate on measures for the suppression of the insurrection. After considerable discussion, the devastating policy of Julien triumphed, modified a little by the influence of Bâville. A proclamation was immediately issued by Montrevel to the following effect: 'Nicolas de Labaume-Montrevel, Maréchal of France, &c. It having pleased the king to command us to place the parishes and places after named out of a condition to furnish provisions or succours to the rebel troops, and not to leave in them any inhabitant, his majesty, nevertheless, desiring to provide for the subsistence of their inhabitants, by giving them instructions as to what they are to do, we hereby order the inhabitants of the said parishes to repair immediately to the places hereafter specified, with their goods, their cattle, and generally with as much of their property as they can make out to carry.' After which follows a list of the places of refuge, ten in all, to which the inhabitants of the various parishes were to repair; as, for instance, the inhabitants of the parishes of Castagnols, Saint Maurice, and Genouillac, were all to repair to the town of the last-named parish, there to remain during the king's pleasure. Three days were to be allowed, after the publication of the proclamation in each parish, for the inhabitants to obey it; after which those who remained were to be treated as rebels, their houses razed, &c. Never was there such consternation as these inhuman orders caused. Men, women, and children might be seen leaving their homes, which they were never more to see—carrying their furniture, and driving their cattle to the city of refuge. Many, however, took their guns, and joined the Camisards.

On the 29th of September, the work of devastation began under Julien. It lasted nearly three months, being terminated on the 14th of December—the last parish wasted being that of Saint Etienne de Valfrancesque. In these three months, four hundred villages and hamlets were reduced to ashes, and twenty leagues of territory converted into a desert, with here and there a town rising like an oasis, and crowded to overflowing with people and cattle. 'At last, thanks be to God,' wrote Julien to the minister Chamillard, when the horrid work was over, 'I have the honour and pleasure to announce to you that I have entirely accomplished the long and laborious task intrusted to me.'

The devastation of the Cevennes did not produce the desired effect.

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Instead of remaining among the hills, the Camisards rushed down in detachments into the plain, committing terrible reprisals upon the Catholic population, and carrying back provisions and ammunition, which they stored up in caverns and other places of concealment for their future use. While Julien was carrying on the devastation, Montrevel had sufficient occupation in protecting the Catholics of Lower Languedoc against the irruptions of Cavalier. Various bloody engagements took place between the royal troops and the Camisards under their young chief, and the victory was almost always on the side of the latter. The year 1704 commenced with good auspices for the Camisards, so far as hope and victory were concerned. The devastation had turned out a blunder; it had not accomplished its object of starving out the insurrection; it had drawn down dreadful sufferings upon the unoffending Catholic population of the plain; and it had encumbered the authorities with the care of supporting the crowds of Protestants, who were cooped up in the cities of refuge without the means of providing for their own subsistence. Two great victories over the troops of Montrevel, gained by the Camisards in February and March—the one by Cavalier at Martinargues, the other by Roland at Salindres—completed the triumph of the insurgents. Their cause seemed more hopeful than ever; they had received some slight intimations that foreign Protestant states, especially England, were disposed to render them assistance in their struggle; and they did not doubt but that, with a few thousands of foreign troops to fight by their side, they would be able to compel Louis XIV. to repeal his edicts against Protestants, and permit the Cévenols and all his other subjects to enjoy liberty of conscience. It was an additional cause of triumph that, by their victories, they had forced Louis to recall Montrevel, and appoint Maréchal Villars his successor.

The hopes of the poor Camisards were soon to be overthrown. Montrevel determined to signalise his departure from Languedoc by a last blow at the Camisards. He caused rumours to be spread that he was to leave Nîmes on a certain day, accompanied by half the garrison, on his way to Montpellier. By these rumours the Camisards were deceived. Cavalier resolved to attack Montrevel either before or during his march; and leaving the hills with a force of nine hundred foot and three hundred horse—the largest and best-equipped of all the Camisard armies that had yet been seen—he arrived, on the 15th of April, at Caveirac, about a league from Nîmes. Meanwhile Montrevel took his own precautions; posted large forces in the most advantageous positions, to enable him to cut off his enemy; and, after some preliminary fighting, drew him into a great and disastrous battle at Nages. In this battle, fought on the 16th of April 1704, the Camisards were to their enemies in the proportion of one to six; nevertheless they fought with the most resolute obstinacy from two in the afternoon till night. They escaped

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at length, after having lost about five hundred men. The military skill displayed by Cavalier in the battle and the retreat, excited still greater admiration than the courage of the insurgents. When, on his arrival in Languedoc, the Marquis de Villars visited the field of battle, 'Truly,' he said, referring to the conduct of Cavalier, 'it was worthy of Cæsar.'

The defeat of Nages was followed, in two days, by three others—one at Euzet, one at St Sébastien, and one at Pont de Montvert. In short, the Camisards were ruined. 'In two days and four battles,' says M. Peyrat, 'they had lost half of their brigades and of their horses, many of their secret stores for provisions, considerable quantities of ammunition and goods, and, what was worse than all, their energy and hope.' The most striking symptom of their dissolution—probably, indeed, the principal cause of it—was the growth of a sceptical spirit, which would no longer believe in the inspiration of their prophets. With the increase of this spirit their enthusiasm vanished, ecstasy became less common, the troops became mutinous and disaffected, and the whole hierarchy crumbled to pieces. It was a striking spectacle. A population which, for more than a year, had been at the boiling-point of enthusiasm—united, bold, daring, pervaded, as one man, by a spirit of fervid zeal—now cooled, demoralised, disintegrated, mistrusting one another, deceiving one another. The change was so rapid, as only to be fully expressed by their own phrase—'The Spirit had withdrawn from them.' They had awakened from their ecstasy, and were now common men.

PACIFICATION OF LANGUEDOC BY MARÉCHAL VILLARS—END OF THE INSURRECTION.

Louis-Hector, Marquis de Villars, and Maréchal of France, arrived in Languedoc in April 1704. He was about fifty years of age, and a man of brilliant abilities, who had distinguished himself in the service of France in the Low Countries. He was accompanied into Languedoc by the Baron d'Aigalliers, a Protestant at heart, who had conceived the project of crushing the Camisards by opposing to them the rest of the Protestant population. This singular but sagacious idea pleased Villars, who had himself resolved on a mild and pacific policy. By the representations of Villars and D'Aigalliers, Bâville and General Lalande, whom Montrevel had left in the province, were brought to co-operate in the attempt to put an end to the insurrection by pacific measures. The king himself had likewise been induced to permit the experiment. As we have seen, the time was exceedingly favourable for making it, the Camisards being disheartened and disorganised. It was thought advisable to begin with Cavalier, for whom the Catholics had conceived a general admiration, and who was believed much more likely to yield to fair offers than Roland. Accordingly, a conference was

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procured between the young Camisard chief and General Lalande, in which the former was sounded as to the conditions on which he would consent to lay down arms. This led to a meeting between Cavalier and Villars himself at Nîmes. Villars received the young Camisard with great respect, and a long conversation ensued. Cavalier drew up his demands in the form of a petition to the king; the articles of which, with the answers of Villars, in the name of the king, were as follows:

‘The very humble request of the Reformed population of Languedoc to the king:

‘Article 1. That it please the king to grant us liberty of conscience in the whole province, and to hold religious assemblies in all situations which shall be judged suitable, out of fortified places and walled towns. (Granted, on condition that they build no churches.)

‘Art. 2. That all Protestants detained in the prisons or the galleys for the cause of religion, having been placed there since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, shall be set at liberty within the space of six weeks from this date. (Granted.)

‘Art. 3. That it be permitted to all those who have quitted the kingdom for the cause of religion, to return freely and in safety; and that they be re-established in their property and privileges. (Granted, on condition that they take the oath of fidelity to the king.)

‘Art. 4. That the parliament of Languedoc be re-established on its ancient footing, and with all its privileges. (The king will consider the matter.)

‘Art. 5. That the province be exempted from capitation during ten years. (Refused.)

‘Art. 6. That the towns of Montpellier, Perpignan, Cette, and Aiguemortes be given us as towns of security. (Refused.)

‘Art. 7. That the inhabitants of the Cevennes whose houses have been burned or destroyed in the course of the war, be exempt from taxes during seven years. (Granted.)

‘Art. 8. That it please his majesty to permit Cavalier to choose two thousand men, as well from his present troop, as from those who shall be liberated from the prisons or galleys, to form a regiment of dragoons for the service of his majesty; which shall proceed to Portugal, and receive his majesty’s immediate orders. (Granted. If all the Camisards lay down their arms, the king will permit them to live quietly in the free exercise of their religion.)’

This treaty was signed at Nîmes on the 17th of May 1704; by Villars on the part of the king, and by Cavalier on the part of the Camisards. Both perhaps exceeded their commissions in signing the treaty. Cavalier, in doing so, was compromising Roland and the other Camisard chiefs; and although Villars acted ‘in virtue of full powers committed to him by the king,’ he did not communicate

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the precise nature of his intercourse with the Camisards to the court at Versailles.

Roland and most of the Camisards treated Cavalier as a traitor. Powerful as he had been when leading his countrymen to battle, his influence was not sufficient to prevent them from refusing their submission, and persevering in their resistance. But, faithful to the promise he had made to Villars, he held to his engagement—abandoned his native mountains with those of his companions who still adhered to him, and proceeding to Paris, presented himself at the court of Louis. The king, on his being presented, judging from his slight and youthful appearance (he was still only in his twentieth year), shrugged his shoulders; and Cavalier met with so doubtful a reception, that he took the first opportunity to withdraw, and save himself in Piedmont—the monarch thus shewing himself an indifferent judge of men, as he had previously done when rejecting with contempt the offered services of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Cavalier had a spirit of no ordinary stamp. From Piedmont he retired into Holland, and from thence to England, where he was received into the British service. He became a general officer and governor of Jersey; which post he filled with a well-earned reputation for bravery and talent, as well as prudence and discretion. He died at Chelsea in 1740.

Subsequent to the retirement of Cavalier, the war in the Cevennes was carried on by the Camisards under the direction of Roland, of Ravenet, and others of his former associates. Roland fell in the cause on the 13th of August 1704, and Ravenet was obliged, with many others of his company, to save himself in Switzerland. By the time that Villars quitted Languedoc in December 1704, his measures—partly severe, partly pacific—had succeeded so far, that the Camisard insurrection was considered at an end.

It was not, however, till the death of Louis in 1715 that the persecution of Protestantism in Languedoc closed. Indeed, properly considered, a history of the persecutions of the Protestants in France should reach to the year 1787—within a year of the French Revolution. The narrative of these persecutions, however, would form a distinct story.





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STORY OF PEGGY DICKSON.



WHAT a neat-looking girl Peggy Dickson was when we first saw her, a great many years ago : active, sprightly, and obliging, everybody thought well of her, and said she deserved to be happy. Peggy was brought up as a domestic servant from about her twelfth year, when she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and in the course of time she went through a number of respectable places.

Peggy had received little or no education, but she possessed good principles, and was liked by her employers. In more than one of her situations she might have lived for any length of time in a state of comfort, being kindly treated, and receiving the highest wages that were paid ; but, like many others in her class, Peggy was a little too fond of changes. She never liked to stay long in any place ; fidgeted about from term to term, always seeking better situations, or leaving those she was in from the most trifling excuses. In one house, she was not allowed to let a number of acquaintances call upon her ; in another, she was scolded for spending time needlessly when sent on errands ; and in a third, she was only allowed to have every alternate Sunday evening, not the whole day, to herself. These, and the like of these, she considered sufficient reasons to shift her situation, with a view to bettering her condition. Peggy's

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fate verified the old proverb, that 'an unhappy fish often gets an unhappy bait.' By one of these luckless removes, she got into a situation where she had the liberty of going out every alternate Sunday from morning till night; this seemed to her a most delightful arrangement, for it permitted her to carry on a more extensive system of gossiping with persons in her own rank of life at houses where servants are in the habit of meeting each other, to talk over their own affairs and those of the families with whom they are connected; by which practice a steady-flowing under-stream of scandal is kept up through society. Whatever may have been the pleasure derived at the time from these gossipings, they paved the way to a very serious disaster, which was neither more nor less than Peggy's marriage with a workman in the town, Peter Yellowlees by name. This would have been a commendable and prudent enough step, had she taken a little care to ascertain beforehand that her proposed husband was a man of steady industrious habits and sound moral principles. But this never entered into her mind; like too many women in humble life, she persuaded herself that it was her *fate* to marry the person who thus addressed her, and therefore neither sought advice, nor made any kind of investigation whatever.

Behold Peggy Dickson now transformed into Mrs Yellowlees, and her residence in a gentleman's family exchanged for a house of her own, consisting of a single apartment in an upper story in one of the meaner kind of back streets! Peggy was, however, a girl of some taste and tidiness; and although her domicile was humble, she did everything in her power to make it agreeable and acceptable to her husband. To the small stock of furniture she made some useful additions, and both by her exertions and her good-will, promised to make a really excellent housewife with the limited means at her command. But most unfortunately she had married a person who in no respect appreciated her efforts. Her husband was a man not decidedly bad; he would do nothing that would bring him within the scope of judicial punishment. But a man may be an utter wretch, and yet avoid the chance of coming under the hands of even the police. Peter was one of this description. He was addicted to indulge with companions in taprooms, and to loiter away his time with associates at the corners of the streets, or in any way that did not involve anything like steady labour. In short, he was an idle, dissolute person, who married Peggy for what he considered a tolerably large fortune—something that would minister to his abominable gratifications. Peggy's dowry was, alas! but a small affair to have tempted any one to destroy her comfort for life. It consisted of about twelve pounds sterling, saved from her half-yearly wages, besides a blue-painted trunk containing a tolerable wardrobe, not to speak of a brown silk bonnet with a veil, worth five-and-twenty or thirty shillings. All this appeared an inexhaustible mine of wealth to Peter, who was not long in developing his real character.

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For two or three weeks all went smoothly on, and he attended pretty regularly to his employment; but towards the end of the fourth week, his propensities could no longer be restrained. On the pretence of purchasing some articles necessary for their personal comfort, he wheedled Peggy out of the remains of her little savings. He went forth with some seven or eight pounds in his pocket—more riches than he had ever before had in his possession at one time—and did not make his appearance for a fortnight. This was a dreadful blow to Peggy's expectations of happiness in wedded life. It opened her eyes to the horrors of the condition she had brought herself into; but it is somehow difficult for a woman all at once to give up her attachment to the object who has gained her affections. A good and discreet wife will submit to a lengthened repetition of contumelies and ill-usage before she can think seriously of parting from a husband whom she has vowed to love, cherish, and obey, whatever may be his errors, however great may be his crimes. The idea always predominates in her mind that his follies are but temporary, that he will repent of his misdeeds, and again be the worthy being which she once pictured him to be in her imagination. This is a delusion—a hope that is rarely realised. Few badly disposed husbands are ever altogether reclaimed, or become better than they have been. Such at least was the case in the present instance. Peggy's silent tears, and bosom heaving with distress, her pitying and beseeching looks, or her few words of remonstrance, were alike disregarded. In a short space of time her husband abandoned all regular employment, abstracting from her little household any portable article he could carry off from time to time, to pledge at the nearest pawnbroker's for an insignificant sum, and which he squandered on liquor in the company of his reckless associates. In the meantime want pressed upon the humble dwelling, and Peggy only saved herself from starvation by making her necessities known to some of the families whom she had previously served, and who commiserated her deplorable fate. At length, in the midst of her distresses, she brought an infant into the world, to share in her sufferings, and to call upon her to put forth additional exertions for the family's support. But for the kindness of a lady who had known her in better days, she must now inevitably have sunk under her calamities; this benevolent individual, however, interested herself so far as to procure some employment for her, for which she expressed her thankfulness in terms of untutored eloquence. Poor Peggy, however, still clung to her home, miserable and desolate as it was; and still, in the warmth and sincerity of her unfortunately placed affections, continued to hope that her heartless husband would see the folly and wickedness of his ways, and would return to her and her child a penitent and reclaimed man. Vain hope! Idle anticipation!

One evening, as she was sitting by her little carefully economised

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fire, nursing her little one—on whom, to add to her misery, the hand of sickness was pressing heavily—sometimes reflecting on the painful contrast which her present and former condition presented, sometimes brooding over disappointed prospects and vanished dreams of happiness, mingled—for when will hope desert us?—with visions of future felicity, grounded on a fond anticipation of her husband's amendment—one evening, as we said, while thus employed, she was startled by a loud and boisterous knocking at the door. Her heart leaped from its place with terror, and in an instant her face grew deadly pale. She knew who it was that knocked—she knew it was her husband; but this, instead of allaying, only served to increase her fears; for she knew also, from the rudeness with which the wretched man assailed the door, that he was in that state when neither reason nor sympathy can reach the brutalised heart; she knew that he was intoxicated. The unhappy woman, however, obeyed the ruffian's summons. She opened the door, and Peter staggered into the middle of the apartment. Partly through fear, and partly from a feeling of affection for the lost man, which even his infamous conduct towards her could not entirely subdue, Peggy addressed him in the language of kindness, and endeavoured to soothe and allay the sullen and ferocious spirit which she saw gleaming in his reeling eye; for he was not in the last helpless stage of drunkenness, but just so far as to give energy and remorselessness to the demon spirit which the liquor he had swallowed had raised within him. 'Peter,' she said kindly, and making a feeble attempt to smile as she spoke—'Peter, you're all wet, my man; sit down here near the fire'—and she placed a chair for him with one hand, while she supported her child with the other—'and I'll put on some more coals,' she went on, 'and bring you dry clothes, and get some supper ready for you, for I'm sure you must be hungry.—Poor little Bobby's very unwell, Peter,' she added.

'I don't care whether he's well or ill,' roared out the drunken wretch; 'nor do I want clothes from you, nor a supper either! I want money!' he shouted out at the top of his voice; 'and money I must have!'

'Money, Peter!' replied the terrified wife in a gentle tone; 'you know I have no money. There's not a farthing in the house, nor has there been for many a day.'

'Well, though you have no money, you have a shawl, which we can soon turn into money.' Saying this, he forthwith went to a chest of drawers, and endeavoured to pull out that in which he knew the article he wanted was deposited; but the drawer was locked. This, however, was but a trifling obstacle. He seized a poker, smashed in the polished mahogany front of the drawer, and in an instant had his prey secured beneath his jacket, and was in the act of leaving the house with it, when his unfortunate wife, having laid her sick child down on the bed for a moment, flew towards him,

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flung her arms about his neck, burst into a flood of tears, and imploringly besought him to think of her and her infant's condition, and not to leave the house, or deprive her of the only remaining piece of decent apparel that was left to her. And what was the reply of the monster to this affecting appeal? His only reply was a violent blow on the breast, by which he stretched his unfortunate wife senseless on the floor! Having performed this dastardly and villainous feat, he rushed out of the house, hastened to a pawnbroker's shop, and from thence to the taproom, to rejoin the abandoned associates whom he had left there, until, as he himself said, he should 'raise the wind.'

Leaving the heartless ruffian in the midst of the fierce debauch which the basely acquired means he now possessed enabled him to resume, we return to his miserable wife. Extended on the floor by the hand that ought to have protected her, the unhappy woman lay for a considerable time without either sense or motion, until recalled to consciousness by the piercing cries of her helpless infant, who lay struggling on the bed where she had placed him. But the consequences of the cowardly blow did not terminate with the restoration of her faculties. On the day following, she became alarmed by the acutely painful sensations she felt in the breast on which the ruffian's blow had alighted. This pain gradually increased from day to day, until it at length became so serious, and exhibited symptoms so alarming, that the unfortunate woman, urged by her neighbours, submitted her case to a surgeon at one of those friendly medical dispensaries which are established in different parts of the town. But it was too late—not, however, to save her life, but to save her from mutilation; for a dangerous cancer was already at work on her frame. Unwilling to expose her husband, she had delayed too long. Cancer had taken place, and had already made fearful progress in her breast.

The surgeon who attended her recommended her instant removal to the infirmary, whither she accordingly went; and in two or three days after she entered that beneficent institution, the unfortunate woman, as the only means of saving her life, was subjected to the appalling operation of having her breast amputated. In six weeks afterwards, Peggy, with a dreadfully shattered constitution and emaciated form, left the infirmary, and returned to her own cold and desolate home, now ten times more desolate than it was before; for the callous brute to whom, in an evil hour, she had united her destiny, instead of soothing her bed of affliction, had availed himself of her absence to strip the house of every article of the smallest value it contained, and with the money thus raised, had continued in an uninterrupted course of dissipation during the whole time of his wife's confinement in the infirmary. During all that time, too, he had never once visited her, or ever once inquired after either her or his child. His days, and the greater part of his nights likewise, he

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spent in public-houses, and only visited his home to commit some new act of robbery.

When Peggy left the infirmary, her first care was to visit the kind neighbour who had taken charge of her child during her confinement, and it was some alleviation to her misery to find, as she now did, that her little innocent had been carefully tended, and was at that moment in excellent health. But the unfortunate woman was not yet aware of the state of utter desolation to which her home had been reduced by her worthless husband; when, therefore, she saw its bare walls, its naked apartments, and comfortless hearth, her heart sank within her, and she wept bitterly. It was now that she felt the full extent of her misery, and saw, with unprejudiced eyes, the melancholy and striking contrast between her present and former condition. She could no longer conceal from herself the appalling fact, that she was now fast verging towards the last stage of destitution, and was absolutely without a morsel of bread. Even hope threatened to desert her, and leave her a prey to a distracted mind and broken spirit. Poor Peggy, however, determined to make yet another effort for the sake of her child, and on his account to endeavour to fight her way a little farther through the world. With this view, she sought for, and at length, though not without great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining employment as a washerwoman. But here a serious obstacle presented itself. How was she to dispose of her child? She could not both work and nurse; yet work she must, or both must inevitably starve.

From this painful predicament she extricated herself by determining on putting the child out to nurse, and devoting to its maintenance whatever portion of her little hard-earned gains that duty should demand. Poor Peggy, however, did not come to the resolution which stern necessity imposed upon her, of parting with her infant, without feeling all that a tender and affectionate mother must always feel in taking such a heart-rending step. It is true that she knew she could see her child at any time; for she resolved that, wheresoever she placed it, it should be near her; but then she foresaw, also, that she must necessarily be often many hours absent from it, and a mother's fears pictured to her a thousand accidents which might befall the infant when she was not near to save or protect it. It was, however, impossible for her to do otherwise with the child than put it out to nurse, and she accordingly began to look out for a suitable person for that duty; and such a one—at least she thought so—she at length found; but she did not resign her infant to the charge of this person without having previously made the most minute and strict inquiries regarding her character, and being perfectly satisfied, or, at anyrate, so far satisfied as the testimony of those who knew the woman could make her; but, as the sequel will shew, she was, after all, cruelly deceived, and so probably were those who had spoken to her good name. Having made arrangements with

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this woman regarding her child, and having put the latter under her care, Peggy commenced the laborious life to which she was now doomed; for her husband appeared to have wholly deserted her, as he had never looked once near the house after he had completed its spoliation.

For about twelve months after this, nothing occurred in Peggy's obscure and humble life worth recording. She toiled early and late with unwearying assiduity to support herself and her child, and felt a degree of happiness which she had not hoped ever again to enjoy, from the consciousness of being in the discharge of a sacred duty, and from a belief that her infant was sharing in the benefits of her exertions, by receiving all those attentions which the dearly-won earnings she appropriated to its maintenance were meant to procure for it. But at the end of the period above named, a circumstance occurred which shewed how basely and wickedly she was deceived in the latter particular. One day, when washing in a gentleman's house where she was frequently employed, Peggy, in the temporary absence of the household servants, happened to answer a knock at the door, when a beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, wrapped closely up in a wretched cloak which she wore, presented herself, and solicited charity. Peggy, partly urged by curiosity, and partly by her parental feelings, gently removed the cloak, to have a peep of the mendicant's child; but what was her amazement, her horror, on discovering that the child was her own! She uttered a scream of mingled surprise and terror; distractedly tore her infant from the wretch who had possession of it; and pressed it to her bosom with an energy and vehemence that seemed to indicate a fear of its being again taken from her. The mendicant in the meantime endeavoured to make her escape, but was seized, and conveyed to the police-office upon a charge of child-stealing. From the examination which followed, however, it appeared that the child had not been stolen, but borrowed, or rather hired, at so much per day, by the infamous woman in whose possession it was found, from the still more infamous person to whose care it had been confided by its mother; and it further appeared that the latter wretch had long been in the practice of *letting out* poor Peggy's child in the way just mentioned, which, we need not add, is a method frequently adopted for exciting charity and imposing upon the humane. Peggy, of course, lost no time in seeking out another guardian for her child, and was at length fortunate enough to find one on whom she could place full reliance. With this person the child remained a twelvemonth, at the end of which period Peggy succeeded, though not without great difficulty and much pleading, in procuring her little boy to be admitted into an orphans' hospital.

During all this time, her worthless husband never once looked near her, or took the smallest interest either in her own fate or that of her child. She indeed for a long time did not know even where

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he was, or what he was about, but at length heard that he was working in a quarry in the neighbourhood ; and she was soon made aware of his vicinity, by his frequently coming to her in a state of intoxication to demand money of her ; and she was often compelled to give it to him, to prevent him affronting her, or probably depriving her of her employment by his obstreperous conduct. Such torments, however, cannot last for ever. Peter was at length found to be somehow implicated in a drunken scuffle at Cramond, in which one of the parties was deprived of or lost a few shillings. Whether Peter was guilty or not in this affair, is of little consequence. He was seized by a sheriff's officer, and removed to the county jail at Edinburgh. Up to this point of Peter's career, he had been simply a worthless wretch, and perhaps not past being reclaimed ; but being now lodged in one common receptacle with twenty villains more or less criminal, for a period of about three months previous to trial, he embraced the opportunity of becoming a thoroughly confirmed blackguard. A notorious swindler, who happened to be confined in the same ward, acted as instructor in crime to the party, and Peter was a most apt scholar. On his trial, he was not convicted, and was therefore set at liberty ; but his excellent schooling in jail soon led him into a desperate affair of housebreaking, for which he was in due time tried and despatched to Botany Bay.

In the midst of these troubles and trials, something like better fortune smiled on poor Peggy. A respectable elderly gentleman, a bachelor, to whom she had been warmly recommended by one of the ladies who were in the habit of employing her, took her into his service ; and here for two years she found a peaceful and comfortable home. But at the end of this period the old gentleman died, and Peggy was again thrown upon the world, friendless and houseless ; and, to add to her misfortune, the changes which even a very short period rarely fails to bring about, had, during the two years of her service, effected such alterations in the families by which she was formerly employed, that they were no longer open to her. It is true she had saved a few pounds during her service ; but this sum, she felt, would soon disappear ; and before it was all gone, she fortunately obtained some employment in the way of washing shop-floors, three of which she cleaned out at sixpence a week each, and a writer's office at a shilling, and this was now pretty nearly all she had to live upon.

Inadequate as these means were, Peggy was thankful of them. Half-a-crown, however, was but a miserable sum to live upon for an entire week, to clothe her, feed her, and pay house-rent. It could procure her none of those comforts to which she had been accustomed when in service, and it was a sum on which she would not then have placed much value ; but times were changed with her, and poignantly did she feel this, and bitterly did she regret the unhappy step which had at once taken her from a comfortable and

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happy position, and plunged her into that misery with which she was now struggling. As she thought on these things, poor Peggy's heart sank within her, and she began to despair of ever again enjoying happiness in this world. Reflections such as these preyed so much on the unfortunate woman's mind as nearly to unfit her for the little work she had to do, and threatened to lay her on a bed of sickness ; and, added to all this, what a change had taken place in her personal appearance ! Her once neat and well-shaped form was now thin and emaciated : her dress, though still clean and tidy, bore but too evident indications of the extreme poverty which had overtaken her ; and her once ruddy and cheerful countenance was pale, haggard, and deeply marked with the grave melancholy lines of thought. No one, in short, could now have known the once pretty Peggy—the little, lively, handsome servant-girl. But although poor Peggy had now begun to despair of ever being better, Providence had not deserted her.

On passing through the market-place of the city on a day when it is frequented by people from the country, Peggy was suddenly accosted by a decent elderly man in such a dress as is generally worn by the smaller order of farmers. This person was Peggy's uncle. He was in easy circumstances, but having been highly displeased with his niece's marriage (against which he had remonstrated in vain), in consequence of his having heard very unfavourable but too well-founded reports regarding the character and habits of her husband, he had withdrawn his countenance from her, and she, aware of this, had never once thought of seeking his assistance in her distress. Although of a somewhat stern temper, Peggy's uncle was yet a worthy and kind-hearted man, and his unfortunate niece's sadly altered appearance, which his keen eye at once detected on thus accidentally meeting her, instantly excited his sympathy, and banished all his resentment, and determined him in the step he now took.

'How are ye, Peggy?' said the old man, taking her by the hand, and looking earnestly but kindly in her pale emaciated face. 'Dear me, lassie,' he went on, 'what's the matter wi' ye? Ye're sairly changed sin' I saw you last ; ye're no like the same woman. Are ye well enough?' Peggy made no reply, but burst into tears. 'Come away, lassie,' said her uncle ; 'this is no a place for giein' vent to feelings o' that kind ; come in by here, and tak some kind o' refreshment, and we'll speak owre things at leisure, and away frae the public eye.' Saying this, he led Peggy into an adjoining public-house, and there learned the whole story of her wedded life.

The old man's feelings gave way before the recital of the humble but affecting tale ; a tear started into his eye ; he took Peggy by the hand, and told her that his house was open to her whenever she chose to enter it ; and added, that he thought, under all the circumstances, the sooner she did this the better. In short, before the

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uncle and niece parted, it was fixed that Peggy should, on the very next day, repair to Braefoot, her uncle's farm, which she accordingly did; and as he was a widower, and without any daughters of his own, she soon shewed herself to be worthy of all the kindness shewn her by her relative, by the activity she displayed in the superintendence of his dairy and household affairs, of which she obtained the sole and uncontrolled management, and thus once more found herself in the enjoyment of comfort, and of, at least, comparative happiness.

With a due consideration for her maternal feelings, as well as for the 'credit of the family,' Peggy's uncle speedily removed her child from the charitable institution in which he had been placed, and brought him home to his own house, greatly to the delight both of mother and son. Only one cankering care now preyed on Peggy's mind, and that arose from the possibility of her husband returning to his native country to blight her prospect of future quietude. Even from this unlikely occurrence, however, she was at length happily relieved, by intelligence of Peter's death. For repeated misdemeanours in the family of a respectable settler near Sydney, he underwent summary transportation to the penal settlement at Macquarrie's Harbour. Here, among a gang of desperate felons, loaded with chains, and labouring ten hours a day to the knees in water, he was not long in sinking under the effects of a broken moral and physical constitution. The report of her husband's unhappy death was not unfelt or unwept by our humble heroine; but the load of uneasiness which was now removed from her mind, soon led her to be grateful for the relief; and she was with little difficulty brought to agree with her uncle and the sympathising neighbours around, that her loss was, on the whole, 'a light dispensation.'

Such is the story of Peggy Dickson; but let it be recollected by those of her class who may read it, that while all of them are liable to the miseries which she endured, by entering into a rash and inconsiderate marriage, few have such an uncle to rescue them from the last consequences of that unhappy step as she had the good fortune to be blessed with.

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STORY OF ISBEL LUCAS.

A NUMBER of years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that or any more juvenile period of life in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about: she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the

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best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice outlook upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital bedroom, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be 'put off one's hand.' One press, Mr Fordyne shewed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of short-bread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New-year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day—namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sank into her chair; the sounds died away in the distance; and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action, in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature; yet

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knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a 'warning;' yet conceiving that her best course was to go on, and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds—for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and by this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the greatest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission-house in Leith with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotchwoman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected,

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that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time. 'Why do you ask that question?' asked Isabel. 'Because,' replied the other, 'I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steamboat at the Broomielaw.' This was enough for Isabel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steamboat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging on the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject he pressed very lightly; and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had

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induced her to undertake the journey. 'It is all very well,' said Fordyne, with affected complaisance: 'you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring *you* with me.' Isabel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked, in the dusk of fast-approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isabel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, was fully alive to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclasped penknife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isabel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue, which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers.

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An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour Isbel stood at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far, when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steamboat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned in a few days to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

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STORY OF NELL FORSYTH.

NELL FORSYTH was in our young days a handsome and good-looking lass, who acted as only servant to a small family in a country town, and was well known beyond the circle of her master's home for her discreet and steady character. Like all other lasses, Nell had had sweethearts of various orders; but it did not happen that she came within the danger of matrimony with any of them till about her thirtieth year. She was then courted by a man named Smail, who had recently inherited a little property, and though of vulgar manners and appearance, was looked upon by individuals in Nell's rank of life as a rather eligible match. This man had not been remarkable in his early years for industry, or good conduct of any kind. While it was generally admitted that his prospects were such as to have entitled him to enter into society a little higher than that in which he had been reared by his parents, he coveted rather the distinction which his little patrimony of old houses gave him in the eyes of those who had no such advantages, and liked nothing so much as to sit smoking and drinking for whole evenings with low wretches, who, in addressing him, would use the term 'laird,' and, for the sake of a free share in his base indulgences, did not scruple to applaud everything he said as the height of wisdom. When it was understood that Laird Smail was to get Nell Forsyth, the general feeling was that Nell was a fortunate lass; but one or two, who reflected more deeply, expressed their dissent from that conclusion. Smail, they allowed, had almost enough to support him without work; but then his habits were not good; and if he should run in debt, and require to sell any part of his property, as was by no means unlikely, there was little reason to expect that he should be able to supply the deficiency by his labour. Nell, they thought, though apparently the humbler of the parties at present, was likely to be the soonest to complain of the bargain.

Nell, who in this alliance had rather yielded to the advices of a few ordinary-minded relations than acted from her own good sense, soon found that five or six old thatched cottages, producing a rent of from two to four pounds each, were but a poor compensation for the decent behaviour which was wanting in her husband. The very second evening of his married life he spent in a low hovel in the neighbourhood, with a few coarse companions, from whom he did not part till near midnight. It may be conceived with what feelings poor Nell saw the maudlin wretch enter the home which she had that night spent two hours in burnishing and arranging for his comfort. There are many erring natures which it is possible to correct, many uncultivated natures which may be improved, and a vast number which are neither particularly good nor particularly bad, and to which the wife may, without great difficulty, accommodate

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herself. But with a truly low and ungenerous nature, all the feminine merits on earth are of no avail. Such was Smail's. The man was utterly incapable of feeling that he was doing wrong; he could neither perceive nor appreciate the force of his wife's remonstrances; he neither cared for her love nor for her anger. 'Will *you* speak to me?' such was his answer to every rebuke; '*you* who had nothing, and whom I have made a lady! You are the last person on earth that should complain.' He seemed to think that gratitude for his having married her was the only sentiment she was entitled to entertain.

Not long after his marriage, the branch of manufacture in which Smail had been engaged began to decline, and he deemed it expedient to enter into trade. He therefore converted his property into about four hundred pounds of ready money, and set up a grocery shop and public-house. For this line of life his wife was well qualified; and if success had depended upon her alone, it would have been certain. Smail, however, marred all by his irregular and absurd habits. He only appeared in the shop to give offence to customers, to consume, to break, and to spoil. Into every festive company he would intrude, whether the individuals might be above or beneath him; and all alike he displeased by his behaviour. It soon became almost the sole business of the wife to keep her husband from doing harm; and notwithstanding all her exertions, much, it may well be believed, was done. He delighted in her occasional in-lyings, for then, without the least feeling for her situation, he would indulge for a week in unrestrained debauchery; while 'the lass,' the only surviving minister of good, would vainly endeavour to keep matters square in the shop, and at the same time pay some attention to her mistress. To every complaint, his only answer was: 'What! isn't it all mine—all my property? Didn't I make you Mrs Smail, Nelly?' The monster had fixed the idea in his mind that his half-dozen old houses, inherited from an industrious father, had given him a perpetual immunity from all labour, as well as all control; and nothing could convince him of the contrary. Even when ruin came, and the whole proceeds of 'the property' were found dissipated, he had the hardihood to tell his forlorn wife that she was well off in having connected herself with a man so much superior to herself in station. He had *been* 'the laird,' he said, and nothing could divest him of the title, or her of the respectability of being his wife.

With the wrecks of their little stock, and some small assistance from Nelly's friends, they removed to a small village a few miles off, and commenced the same line of business in a humbler way. Smail was full of promises of well-doing. He was to work at whatever came in his way, while his wife should attend to the business. He would also make all her markets. As for his drinking any more, that was entirely out of the question. He had hitherto been led away solely by his acquaintances; and as he had none at the place

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where they were to set up, he would be quite free from temptation. In fact, taking everything into account, they would be better now than ever. The place was on a much frequented road, and he should not wonder but they would do more business there than even in a town. The fellow had a sanguine way of looking at things, and a plausible, boasting manner of speaking of them, which was very apt to impose on those who did not know him well. Nell was quite aware of his temperament, but nevertheless could not help encouraging a hope that poverty would work some change in him for the better. Whatever might have been her thoughts, she knew that there was no alternative. She already had four children, who, wanting her protection, would have wanted everything; and for their sake she felt that she must still struggle on, let her husband behave as he might.

For a short time Smail did seem a little steadier in his new situation. As soon, however, as the first difficulties were over, he grew as bad as ever. Old acquaintances found him out, and he was at no loss in forming new ones. Even the passing vagrant found a friend in Laird Smail. It was, by the way, one of his peculiarities, that he liked the company of vagrants. Under the pretence of studying men and manners, he would descend to the society of the most vicious, and many a person whom others would have passed by as an outcast wretch, *he* respected as 'a man who had seen something of the world,' and would entertain gratuitously with the best he had. 'They often cheat me,' he would say carelessly; 'but then it is always seeing life.' The man was, upon the whole, more absurd than wicked, and his principal faults seemed to arise from a kind of intellectual imperfection, which prevented him from seeing his duty to his family and to the world. Even when his wife was working like a slave amidst a complication of household and mercantile duties almost sufficient to overturn her reason, he—who was sitting coolly all the time with his tankard, enjoying a newspaper or a friend—would remark, in reply to any complaint she might make: 'Nelly, you know I am the *head* of the concern. I think for you, you know. You're a very active woman; but it would be all in vain, if you had not some one to *plan* for you. You can sell; but it is I who buy, lass. I meet with the merchants, you know.'

'Ay,' she would remark—for the poor woman was not above making a tart reply—'you like to get among the samples—fient else you're fit for.'

'Nelly,' he would say quietly, 'you are very wrong to disrespect the *head* of the concern. This gentleman here'—and here he would turn to his crony, perhaps a poor travelling Irish labourer—'this gentleman here will tell you that, without the head, the hands—that's yourself—are useless.'

'Tut; sit about till I put on the pot,' she would say, 'or, faith, the hands will come owre the head wi' the ern tangs!'

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Such violence on Nelly's part may seem derogatory to her character, and take away some of the sympathy which would otherwise be felt for her situation. If we were to pursue the usual practice in fictitious writing, we would represent her all submission and gentleness, while her husband was all wickedness. In the actual world, however, characters are invariably found composed of many various and perhaps hardly consistent properties. Nelly was a most worthy, respectable, assiduous woman, devoted to the interests of her children, and who executed every duty of life in a creditable manner; but her temper had been broken a good deal by her husband's conduct and its consequences—and no result could be more natural. A constant mild submission to a series of harrowing wrongs and troubles was not to be expected of a woman of her education and habits.

The Smails spent several years in this situation, without making matters any better. Their debts grew larger, their family more numerous, the habits of the father more indolent and self-indulgent. Nelly's heart was almost broken. 'Oh, ma'am,' said she one day to a lady who took some interest in her circumstances, 'I daresay, if it werena for the bairns, I would just lie down at some dike-side and die. Mony a time, when I gang to rest, I wish that I may ne'er waken again; but yet when I do waken, and hear their little voices spunking up in the morning about me, this ane for a piece, and that ane for his claes, and another ane, maybe, gaun yoving and lauchin through the house wi' mere senselessness, I just get up and begin again, and think nae mair about it.' They at length lost their license, through the ill-will of a neighbouring gentleman, who had seen Smail carrying the bag for a shooting customer, and enjoying the sport with too much of the appearance of a practised relish. Hereupon, their creditors, finding there was to be no more traffic, seized upon their furniture and stock, and sold off the whole by auction, leaving them with seven helpless children to seek a new habitation. They took the course which is generally pursued by destitute and ruined people—they hid themselves and their shame in one of the dens of the neighbouring city. Smail commenced labour at a public work, but soon tired and withdrew. The mother was then compelled to come forward once more as the bread-winner. By the recommendations of some individuals who knew her, she obtained employment in washing. She also got her eldest son, as yet a very tiny creature, hired as an errand-boy at a small salary, the whole of which he brought every week, and placed in his mother's lap. For another series of years she persevered in this course of life, suffering inconceivable hardships of almost every kind, and daily struggling, whether well or ill, through a quantity of hired labour and domestic drudgery, under which the strongest constitution might have been expected to sink. Smail would occasionally work a little, but he invariably spent his earnings on the indulgence

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of his own base tastes. Nelly made many ingenious attempts to wile a little of his money from him, but seldom with any considerable success. She had instructed one of her children, who was a favourite with him, to watch his movements on the pay-day, and try to save a little from the general wreck. This child would follow him to all his haunts, and use every kind of expedient that could be devised for bringing him home with a pocket not altogether exhausted. The little shivering creature was heard one night saying to him—and it was the pure language of nature—‘O father, get fou as fast as you can, and come away, for mammy will be wearying for ye!’ Nothing, however, could melt the hardened heart of this man. His selfish and uncontrollable desire for exciting liquors had deadened every good feeling within him, if any such ever existed. He could, without the slightest sympathy, see his wife work sixteen hours a day within a week of her confinement. If a shilling of his own gaining could have spared her the necessity of such exertion, it would not have been given—to the tavern it must go. She, on one occasion of exigency, was obliged to employ him on an errand for some medicine, which was necessary for herself; and instead of hastening back with what was wanted, as it is to be hoped the most of husbands would have done, he spent the money on the gratification of his own base appetite, and did not reappear till next day. Under every humiliation, and though living the life of a very dog, or worse, he would still talk loftily of *his* house, *his* wife, and *his* children; and still he kept up his visionary title of ‘the laird.’ He would take his seat as majestically at a meal as if he had provided it himself; and if anything of an irritating nature was said by his wife, he would, with one sweep of his arm, drive every article that stood upon the table into the fire. This he esteemed a grand discovery for the exaction of civility, and no consideration of the deplorable poverty of his household could prevent him on any occasion from putting it in practice.

One of the very few things which the unfortunate woman had saved from the last wreck of her household was a hen, which she designated Peggy Walker, out of respect for the person who had given it to her. Peggy was a remarkably decent, orderly, motherly looking hen, of uncommon size, and so very good a *layer*, that for whole seasons she would produce one egg a day, and on some occasions two. Even in the straitened purview of a low suburb, Peggy found it possible to pick up a livelihood: the neighbours indeed had a kind of respect for the creature. They knew of what service she was to Mrs Smail, in enabling her to support her family, and not only would abstain from hurting or persecuting her, but would throw many crumbs in her way, which they could not well spare. It was seldom that Peggy Walker did not contribute a shilling in the fortnight to the poor family who owned her; and the value of a fortnightly shilling in such a case who can estimate!

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Many a time did Nelly acknowledge that, were it not for 'that dumb creature,' she did not know what would come of her family; for it was almost the only source of income upon which she could depend.

The laird was one day on the ramble, as he called it, with some of those low abandoned acquaintances in whom he took so much delight. The party had exhausted all their pecuniary resources, but not their appetite for that base fluid upon which they fed their own destruction. Already they were a sixpence short of the reckoning, and till that was settled, the landlord told them peremptorily they could get no more. What was to be done?

'I say, laird,' quoth one of the wretches, 'haven't you a fine chucky at hame? What's to hinder you to thrav its neck and sell't in the market there? Ye'll get at least eighteenpence for't. That wad answer fine.'

'What! Peggy Walker?' said Smail, not relishing the idea much at first. 'Man, the gudewife wad never stand that—it wad break her very heart.'

'Gae wa', said the other; 'aren't ye master? isn't the hen yours?'

'O yes; everything's mine,' cried the tippy fool. 'Nelly must not get everything her own way. Od, I'll do it!' And away he went, seized the meritorious Peggy as she was stalking in her usual quiet respectable manner up the close, and in half an hour rejoined his companions, having sacrificed, for another hour of infamous enjoyment, what would have helped, for years to come, to put bread into the mouths of his children.

The loss of Peggy Walker was a severe blow to Nelly, but it was nothing to another tragedy which soon after took place. During one of Smail's rambles, and after he had been absent for rather more than a week, his favourite child, the youngest but one, was seized with a severe illness, under which he quickly sank, notwithstanding all the exertions of the mother. This fair-haired child was the first that Nelly had ever lost, and, notwithstanding the distressing number of her family, she could not see him stretched out in the miserable bed where he had died without the usual bitterness of a bereaved mother's grief. It was not her least distress, however, that her husband was absent, and would neither see his darling before the interment, nor render the assistance in that ceremony which was so nearly indispensable. A poor sick joiner, who lived next door, rose out of his bed to make a coffin, which he gave her upon credit—for he was poor. The gravedigger required his fee, but she contrived to obtain it. A sum would have also been necessary to hire a man to carry the infant to the grave; but this she could not furnish. She was therefore obliged, after dressing herself in something like mournings, to take the coffin in her apron, and, with fainting steps, proceed with it through the crowded streets of the city towards the place of sepulture. Many an eye turned with wonder to follow her, as she pursued her melancholy walk—for, in Scotland, women are

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never seen in funeral matters—but the bustle of a large city teaches the eye to treat every extraordinary thing with only a transient curiosity. No one interfered to help her, or to procure her help. She passed on with the coffin in her lap and the tear in her eye, and laid her child in a grave where none was present besides herself and the sexton, to do honour to the common form of humanity, as it was consigned to kindred dust. When the mournful duty was done, she was seen returning through the same crowded streets, bearing, amongst the figures of the gay and unreflecting, as sad a heart as ever beat in mortal bosom.

Three days after the burial, Smail came home—quite sober, for a wonder—and had no sooner sat down than he called as usual for his darling son. 'Where is the dear boy? Bring my sweet Harry!' such were his exclamations; and the rest of the children stood aghast at what they saw and heard. 'Dinna tak the name o' the deid, Johnnie,' said his wife at length; 'your Harry is lying in the kirkyard, puir lammie, these three days past.' Smail, who at the same time saw confirmation of the words in the black ribbon she wore in her cap, and in the tear which was beginning to glisten in her eye, was struck speechless by the intelligence. He covered his face with his hands, and wept bitterly, while his wife, in as gentle terms as possible, related the circumstances of the child's death. From that day he was an altered man. He sat pining by the fireside, apparently without an aim in life, or a power of action, only now and then asking his eldest daughter to read a 'chapter' to him—it is needless to say out of what book. He survived his child little more than a month, and truly was his death described by a neighbour as 'a light dispensation.'

When relieved from the oppression of her husband, Nelly became comparatively prosperous. By dint of incredible exertions, she gathered enough to buy a mangle, and furnish a room as a lodging for a single man; in both of which concerns she was successful to admiration. Her children also, as they grew up, got into employment, and contributed to their own and her support. Nothing, however, can compensate the twenty prime years of her life spent in utter misery, or repair the damage which sorrow and poverty have wrought upon her frame. She is evidently one of those beings—alas, how numberless are they!—who seem born only to the worst that life can give, who spend the whole of their days in bearing ills through and for others, and are unusually blessed if they can only find a little quiet space at last, to enable them to prepare for another, and, it is to be hoped, a happier state of existence.

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JERRY GUTTRIDGE,

A TALE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.*

'WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mr Guttridge?' said the wife of Jerry Guttridge in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into the log-hovel from a neighbouring grog-shop about twelve o'clock on a hot July day.

'Oh, pick up something,' said Jerry; 'and I wish you would be spry, and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over by an' by to swop horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir round: I can't wait.'

'We haven't got anything at all in the house to eat,' said Mrs Guttridge. 'What shall I get?'

'Well, *cook* something,' said Jerry; 'no matter what it is.'

'But, Mr Guttridge, we haven't got the least thing in the house to cook.'

'Well, well, pick up *something*,' said Jerry rather snappishly; 'for I'm in a hurry.'

'I can't make victuals out of nothing,' said the wife: 'if you'll only bring anything in the world into the house to cook, I'll cook it. But I tell you we haven't got a mouthful of meat in the house, nor a mouthful of bread, nor a speck of meal; and the last potatoes we had in the house we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast neither.'

'Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon,' said Jerry, 'that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr Whitman's, and borrow some meal?'

'Because,' said Mrs Guttridge, 'we've borrowed meal there three times that isn't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again till that was paid. And besides, the baby's cried so, I've had to 'tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out.'

'Then you a'n't a-goin' to give us any dinner, are you?' said Jerry with a reproachful tone and look. 'I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?'

'Why, Mr Guttridge,' said his wife with tears in her eyes, 'you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it, and haven't tasted anything but potatoes these two days; and I'm so faint now, I can hardly stand.'

'Always a-grumblin',' said Jerry: 'I can't never come into the house but what I must hear a fuss about something or other.—'

* This half-serious, half-comic tale appeared in the *Kuickerbocker*, an American monthly magazine, for May 1839. Slightly abridged, we have thought that it will form an appropriate conclusion to the subject of the present sheet—sufferings from imprudent marriages.

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What's this boy snivelling about?' he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy—a little ragged, dirty-faced, sickly-looking thing, about six years old—at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him at his length on the floor. 'Now, get up!' said Jerry, 'or I'll learn you to be crying about all day for nothing.'

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor, and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

'What is Bob crying about?' said Jerry fretfully.

'Why, Mr Guttridge,' said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, 'the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He's eaten nothing to-day but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half-starved.'

At this moment, their neighbour, Mr Nat. Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy man, made his appearance at the door, and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat. He knew the destitute condition of Guttridge's family, and had often relieved their distresses. His visit at the present time was partly an errand of charity; for, being in want of some extra labour in his haying-field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry was doing nothing, while his family was starving, he thought he would endeavour to get him to work for him, and pay him in provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sullenly on a broken-backed chair, the only sound one in the house being occupied by Mr Frier, towards whom he cast sundry gruff looks and surly glances. The truth was Jerry had not received the visits of his neighbours of late years with a very gracious welcome. He regarded them rather as spies, who came to search out the nakedness of the land, than as neighbourly visitors calling to exchange friendly salutations. He said not a word; and the first address of Mr Frier was to little Bobby.

'What's the matter with little Bobby?' said he in a gentle tone. 'Come, my little fellow, come here and tell me what's the matter.'

'Go, run, Bobby; go and see Mr Frier,' said the mother, slightly pushing him forward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth, and the tears still rolling over his dirty face, edged along sideways up to Mr Frier, who took him in his lap, and asked him again what was the matter.

'I want a piece of bread!' said Bobby.

'And won't your mother give you some?' said Mr Frier tenderly.

'She han't got none,' replied Bobby; 'nor 'taters too.' Mrs Guttridge's tears told the rest of the story. The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forbore to ask any further questions, but told Bobby if he would go over to his house he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he: 'Neighbour Guttridge, I've got four tons of hay down, that

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needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by to-morrow, and I've come over to see if I can get you to go and help me. If you'll go this afternoon and assist me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half-bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork.'

'I can't go,' said Jerry; 'I've got something else to do.'

'Oh, well,' said Mr Frier, 'if you've got anything else to do that will be more profitable, I'm glad of it, for there's enough hands that I can get; only I thought you might like to go, bein' you was scant of provisions.'

'Do, pray, go, Mr Guttridge!' said his wife with a beseeching look; 'for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that won't do no good: you'll only spend all the afternoon for nothing, and then we shall have to go to bed without our supper again. Do, pray, go, Mr Guttridge; do!'

'I wish you would hold your everlasting clack!' said Jerry; 'you are always full of complainings. It's got to be a fine time of day if the women are a-goin' to rule the roast. I *shall* go over and ride them horses, and it's no business to you nor nobody else; and if you're too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that's all I've got to say.'

With that he aimed for the door, when Mr Frier addressed him as follows: 'Now I must say, neighbour Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over at the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbour Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty.'

Upon this Jerry whirled round, and looked Mr Frier full in the face, and grinning horribly, he said: 'You old meddling vagabond! who made *you* a master over me, to be telling me what's my duty? You had better go home and take care of your own children, and let your neighbours' alone!'

Mr Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face without uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors, and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to 'pick up something' if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation.

Mr Frier was a benevolent man, and a Christian, and in the true spirit of Christianity he always sought to relieve distress wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense, and knew something of human nature; and as he was well aware that Mrs Guttridge really loved her husband, notwithstanding his idle habits, and cold brutal treatment to his family, he forbore to remark upon the scene which had just passed; but telling the afflicted woman he would send her something to eat, he took little Bobby by the hand and led him home. A plate of victuals

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was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

'Poor cre'tur!' said Mrs Frier; 'why, he's half-starved!—Betsy, bring him a dish of bread and milk; that will sit the best on his poor empty starved stomach.'

Betsy ran and got the bowl of bread and milk, and little Bobby's hand soon began to move from the dish to his mouth with a motion as steady and rapid as the pendulum of a clock. The whole family stood and looked on with pity and surprise until he had finished his meal, or rather until he had eaten as much as they dared allow him to eat at once; for although he had devoured a large plate of meat and vegetables, and two dishes of bread and milk, his appetite seemed as ravenous as when he first began.

While Bobby had been eating, Mr Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed that something should be sent over immediately; for they all said Mrs Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so.

Accordingly, a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk, and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner; and Betsy ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins, and asked her mother if she might not put that in, so that the poor starving creatures might have a little taste of something that was good.

'Yes,' said her mother; 'and put in a bit of cheese with it. I don't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."'

'Yes, yes,' said Mr Frier; 'and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones, and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin' to last till pumpkins come again.' So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed into the basket, and the pie laid on the top; and George was despatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time; and if they were left alone much longer they would starve. He told his wife he had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand-jury against Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that didn't provide for his family. 'The court sits at Saco to-morrow; and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?'

His wife thought he had better go over first and talk with Mrs Guttridge about it; and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr Frier said he could go over and talk with her, but he didn't think

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it would be of the least use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court.

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly, he took his hat and walked over. He found the door open, as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine-table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into two pieces, and one half of it, and he thought rather the largest half, was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits, and divided among the children. Mrs Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part, with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed very much in the same proportion.

Mr Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control; but he always confessed, for years afterwards, that for a minute or two he thought he felt a little something like anger rising up in his stomach!

He sat and looked on until they had finished their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread and meat and vegetables enough for two common men's dinners, and swallowed his half of the pie, and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert; and then rose, took his hat, and without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the house, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

Mr Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs Guttridge. He told her the neighbours could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work, he didn't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs Guttridge began to cry. She said she didn't know what they should do: she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow, Mr Guttridge didn't seem to love to work. She believed it wasn't his nature to work.

'Well, Mrs Guttridge, do you believe the Scriptures?' said Mr Frier solemnly.

'I'm sure I do,' said Mrs Guttridge: 'I believe all there is in the Bible.'

'And don't you know,' said Mr Frier, 'the Bible says: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat?"'

'I know there's something in the Bible like that,' said Mrs Guttridge with a very serious look.

Mr Frier now represented to Mrs Guttridge the impropriety of her husband's behaviour—cruel towards her and her family, and unjust towards her neighbours. In short, though somewhat against her will, he reconciled her to a plan he had in view for bringing Jerry to his senses; namely, that of suing him before the court.

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Mr Frier returned home, but the afternoon was so far spent, that he postponed his visit to the court till next morning. Accordingly, next day, as soon as breakfast was over, he wended his way to court, to appear before the grand-jury.

'Well, Mr Frier, what do *you* want?' asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

'I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the grand-jury,' replied Mr Frier, taking off his hat

'Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?' said the foreman. 'I didn't think he had life enough to do anything worth complaining of to the grand-jury.'

'It's because he *hasn't* got life enough to do anything,' said Mr Frier, 'that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr Foreman, he's a lazy idle fellow, and won't work, nor provide nothing for his family to eat; and they've been half-starving this long time; and the neighbours have had to keep sending in something all the time to keep them alive.'

'But,' said the foreman, 'Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr Frier: has anybody ever talked to him about it in a neighbourly way, and advised him to do differently? And maybe he has no chance to work where he could get anything for it.'

'I'm sorry to say,' replied Mr Frier, 'that he's been talked to a good deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family almost a week; but I couldn't get him to; and he went off to the grog-shop to see some jockeys swop horses. And when I told him calmly I didn't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old meddling vagabond!'

'Abominable!' exclaimed one of the jury. 'Who ever heard of such outrageous conduct!'

'What a wretch!' exclaimed another.

'Well,' said the foreman, 'there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if anybody in this world ever did.'

Accordingly, the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court to answer to the charges preferred against him. Mrs Sally Guttridge and Mr Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honourable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following; namely: 'We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family; and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reprov'd him for his idleness.'

'Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?'

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'Not guilty,' said Jerry; 'and here's my wife can tell you the same any day.—Sally, haven't I always provided for my family?'

'Why, yes,' said Mrs Guttridge; 'I don't know but you have as well as——'

'Stop, stop!' said the judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness—'stop, Mrs Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn.'

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward and hold up their right hands. Mr Frier advanced with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs Guttridge lingered a little behind; but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, towards the court, and exhibited her careworn features, which, though sunburnt, were pale and sickly, the judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs Guttridge was called to the stand.

'Now, Mrs Guttridge,' said the judge, 'you are not obliged to testify against your husband anything more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The court will ask you questions touching the case, and you can answer them or not, as you may think best. And in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?'

'Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time,' said Mrs Guttridge, trembling; 'but I don't know but Mr Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get a good deal of the time.'

'Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?'

'Why, as to that,' replied the witness, 'Mr Guttridge don't work much; but I don't know as he can help it: it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow, he don't seem to be made like other folks; for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time: the natur' don't seem to be in him.'

'Well, well,' said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with mouth wide open and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that shewed he began to take some interest in the matter—'well, well, perhaps the court will be able to *put* the natur' in him.'

Mrs Guttridge was directed to step aside, and Mr Nat. Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point—clear and conclusive. But as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Suffice it to

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say, that the judge retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair, said the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The court, out of delicacy towards the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called, and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows: 'Jerry Guttridge! you having been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness, the court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith by the constables at the whipping-post in the yard adjoining the court-house.'

Jerry drooped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colours, sometimes red, and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and, unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms round the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promise better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court-house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side-window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well-nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good-bye, he made for home as fast as he could.

Mrs Guttridge met him at the door with a kind and piteous

WOMEN'S TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

look, and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied for dinner; for Mrs Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to 'pick up something,' that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr Nat. Frier might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits; and little Bobby became a fat hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterwards, Mrs Guttridge was heard to say, that 'somehow, ever since that trial, Mr Guttridge's nature seemed to be entirely changed!'





SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN
POETRY.

I.—FRENCH.

PRAYERS FOR ALL MEN.

I.

MY daughter, go and pray ! See, night is come :
One golden planet pierces through the gloom ;
Trembles the misty outline of the hill.
Listen ! the distant wheels in darkness glide—
All else is hushed ; the tree by the roadside
Shakes in the wind its dust-strewn branches still.

Day is for evil, weariness, and pain.
Let us to prayer ! calm night is come again :
The wind among the ruined towers so bare
Sighs mournfully : the herds, the flocks, the streams,
All suffer, all complain ; worn nature seems
Longing for peace, for slumber, and for prayer.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak ;
While we are rushing to our pleasures weak
And sinful, all young children, with bent knees,
No. 112.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer
On our behalf, to Him who all things sees.

And then they sleep. O peaceful cradle-sleep !
O childhood's hallowed prayer ! religion deep
Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed !
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at shut of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.

II.

Pray thou for all who living tread
Upon this earth of graves ;
For all whose weary pathways lead
Among the winds and waves ;
For him who madly takes delight
In pomp of silken mantle bright,
Or swiftness of a horse ;
For those who, labouring, suffer still ;
Coming or going—doing ill—
Or on their heavenward course.

Pray thou for him who nightly sins
Until the day dawns bright—
Who at eve's hour of prayer begins
His dance and banquet light ;
Whose impious orgies wildly ring,
Whilst pious hearts are offering
Their prayers at twilight dim ;
And who, those vespers all forgot,
Pursues his sin, and thinketh not
God also heareth *him*.

Child ! pray for all the poor beside ;
The prisoner in his cell,
And those who in the city wide
With crime and misery dwell ;
For the wise sage who thinks and dreams ;
For him who impiously blasphemes
Religion's holy law.
Pray thou—for prayer is infinite—
Thy faith may give the scorner light,
Thy prayer forgiveness draw.

—VICTOR HUGO.

D. M. M.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

A H Y M N.

THERE is an unknown language spoken
By the loud winds that sweep the sky ;
By the dark storm-clouds, thunder-broken,
And waves on rocks that dash and die ;
By the lone star, whose beams wax pale,
The moonlight sleeping on the vale,
The mariner's sweet distant hymn,
The horizon that before us flies,
The crystal firmament that lies
In the smooth sea reflected dim.

'Tis breathed by the cool streams at morning,
The sunset on the mountain's shades,
The snow that daybreak is adorning,
And eve that on the turret fades ;
The city's sounds that rise and sink,
The fair swan on the river's brink,
The quivering cypress' murmured sighs,
The ancient temple on the hill,
The solemn silence, deep and still,
Within the forest's mysteries.

Of Thee, O God ! this voice is telling,
Thou who art truth, life, hope, and love ;
On whom night calls from her dark dwelling,
To whom bright morning looks above ;
Of Thee—proclaimed by every sound,
Whom nature's all-mysterious round
Declares, yet not defines Thy light ;
Of Thee, the abyss and source, whence all
Our souls proceed, in which they fall,
Who hast but one name—INFINITE.

All men on earth may hear and treasure
This voice, resounding from all time ;
Each one, according to his measure,
Interpreting its sense sublime.
But ah ! the more our spirits weak
Within its holy depths would seek,
The more this vain world's pleasures cloy ;
A weight too great for earthly mind,
O'erwhelms its powers, until we find
In solitude our only joy.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

So when the feeble eyeball fixes
Its sight upon the glorious sun,
Whose gold-emblazoned chariot mixes
With rosy clouds that towards it run ;
The dazzled gaze all powerless sinks,
Blind with the radiance which it drinks,
And sees but gloomy specks float by ;
And darkness indistinct o'ershade
Wood, meadow, hill, and pleasant glade,
And the clear bosom of the sky.

—LAMARTINE

D. M. M.

ODE TO THE HAWTHORN.

FAIR hawthorn flowering,
With green shade bowering
Along this lovely shore ;
To thy foot around,
With his long arms wound,
A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
Red ants have ta'en
Their fortress beneath thy stock :
And in clefts of thy trunk,
Tiny bees have sunk
A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,
When to woo his bride
The nightingale comes again,
Thy boughs among,
He warbles the song
That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
His nest he weaves
Of moss and the satin fine,
Where his callow brood
Shall chirp at their food,
Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
And for ever alive
Mayst thou blossom as now in thy prime ;
By the wind unbroke,
And the thunder-stroke,
Unspoiled by the axe or time !

—RONSARD.

Anon.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

HOW TO BEAR WITH FORTUNE.

OH ! fools of fools, and mortal fools,
Who prize so much what Fortune gives;
Say, is there aught man owns or rules
In this same earth whereon he lives?
What do his proper rights embrace,
Save the fair gifts of Nature's grace?
If from you, then, by Fortune's spite,
The goods you deem your own be torn,
No wrong is done the while, but right ;
For you had nought when you were born.

Then pass the dark-brown hours of night
No more in dreaming how you may
Best load your chests with golden freight ;
Crave nought beneath the moon, I pray,
From Paris even to Pampelune,
Saving alone such simple boon
As needful is for life below.
Enough if fame your name adorn,
And you to earth with honour go ;
For you had nought when you were born.

When all things were for common use—
Apples, all blithesome fruits of trees,
Nuts, honey, and each gum and juice,
Both man and woman too could please,
Strife never vexed these meals of old :
Be patient, then, of heat and cold ;
Esteem not Fortune's favours sure ;
And of her gifts when you are shorn,
With moderate grief your loss endure ;
For you had nought when you were born.

ENVOY.

If Fortune does you any spite—
Should even the coat be from you torn—
Pray, blame her not—it is her right ;
For you had nought when you were born.

—CHARTIER, 1386—1447.

Anon.

THE WILD-FIRES.

O SUMMER eve, and village peace,
Clear skies, sweet odours, gushing streams !

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

Ye blest my childhood's simple dreams ;
To cheer my age, oh, do not cease !
World-wearied, here I love to dwell,
For even these merry wild-fires tell
Of youth and sweet simplicity.
Oft did my heart with terror swell
As from their dance I wont to fly.
I've lost that blissful ignorance ;
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

On wakeful nights the tale went round
Of Jack-a-lantern, cunning, cruel,
With watch-fires of no earthly fuel,
Guardian of treasures under ground.
They told of goblins, unblest powers,
Ghosts, sorcerers, and mysterious hours,
Of dragons huge that ever flitted
Around all dark and ancient towers :
Such tales my easy faith admitted.
Age hath dispelled my youthful trance ;
Dance, pretty wild-fires, dance, dance.

Scarce ten years old, one winter night,
Bewildered on the lonely swamp,
I saw the wild-fire trim his lamp ;
'It is my grandame's cheerful light—
A pretty cake she has for me,'
I said, and ran with infant glee.
A shepherd filled my soul with dread ;
'O foolish boy, the lamp you see
Lights up the revels of the dead.'
Dispelled is now my youthful trance :
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

Love-stirred, at sixteen once I stole
By the old curate's lonely mound :
The wild-fires danced his grave around :
I paused to bless the curate's soul.
From regions of the slumbering dead,
Methought the aged curate said :
'Alas ! unhappy reprobate,
So soon hath beauty turned thy head !'
That night I feared the frowns of fate.
Still let the voice my ear entrance ;
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

* * * * *
Now, from such pleasing errors free,
I feel the chilling touch of time :

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

The visions of my early prime
Have bowed to stern reality.
But oh ! I loved fair nature more,
Ere I was taught the pedant's lore.
The dear delusions of my youth,
Which bound my heart in days of yore,
Have fled before the torch of truth.
Dearest to me my youthful trance ;
Dance, merry wild-fires, dance, dance.

—BÉRANGER.

TO MY OLD COAT.

BE faithful still, thou poor dear coat of mine !
We, step for step, are both becoming old.
Ten years these hands have brushed that nap of thine,
And Socrates did never more, I hold.
When to fresh tear and wear the time to be
Shall force thy sore-thinned texture to submit,
Be philosophic, and resist like me :
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Full well I mind, for I forget not much,
The day that saw thee first upon me put :
My birthday 'twas, and as a crowning touch
Unto my pride, my friends all praised thy cut.
Thy indigence, which does me no disgrace,
Has never caused these kindly friends to flit.
Each at my fête yet shews a gladsome face :
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

A goodly darn I on thy skirts espy,
And thereby hangs a sweet remembrance still.
Feigning one eve from fond Lisette to fly,
She held by thee to balk my seeming will.
The tug was followed by a grievous rent,
And then her side of course I could not quit :
Two days Lisette on that vast darning spent :
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Have e'er I made thee reek with musky steams,
Such as your self-admiring fools exhale ?
Have I exposed thee, courting great men's beams,
To levee mock or antechamber rail ?
A strife for ribbons all the land of France,
From side to side, well nigh asunder split :

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

From *thy* lapel nothing but wild-flowers glance :
Mine ancient friend, we must not sunder yet.

Fear no renewal of those courses vain,
Those madcap sports which once employed our hours—
Hours of commingled joyfulness and pain,
Of sunshine checkered here and there with showers.
I rather ought, methinks, thy faded cloth
From every future service to acquit :
But wait a while—one end will come to both :
Mine ancient friend, we shall not sunder yet.

—BÉRANGER.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

(REGARDING NAPOLEON.)

OF his glory they shall tell
Many a night by cottage fire :
The hut, when fifty years expire,
No name shall know so well.
There the villagers will hie,
To some aged dame to say :
' By a tale of days gone by,
Grandame, while the time away.
Heavy was his yoke, 'tis true,
Still the people hold him dear,
Ay, hold him dear.
Speak *of him*, good grandame, do—
Of him we love to hear.'

' Children, through this very town,
King-attended, he did ride.
I had just become a bride ;
Many a year since then has flown.
By-and-by he climbed the hill
Where for better view I sat.
His coat of gray, I see it still—
And the small three-corner hat.
I was troubled as he came ;
But, " Good-morn, my dear," said he—
" Good-morn, my dear," said he.'
' Then he spoke to thee, grandame !
He spoke, grandame, to thee !'

' After that—next year it was—
I a day in Paris spent.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

As to Notre-Dame he went
With his court I saw him pass.
Joy was felt by every one;
All his splendour viewed with pride.
"Look how brightly shines the sun!
Fortune helps him still!" they cried.
How his smile was sweet to see!
Heaven had blessed him with a boy—
Had blessed him with a boy.
'What a day, grandame, for thee!
What a day of joy!'

'But at length, when wearied France
Fell a prey to foreign power,
He, alone, in danger's hour,
Toiled to check the foe's advance.
One eve I sat in pensive mood,
A knock assailed the cottage door;
I opened—Heavens! 'twas *he* who stood,
Followed by an escort poor!
He sat him in my humble chair;
And, "Oh," he cried, "this cruel war!"
He cried, "This cruel war!"
'Grandame, was he seated there?
There, grandame, where you are?'

"I am hungry." Quick I ran;
Wine and homely bread I brought;
Then to dry his clothes he sought;
Soon his eyes to close began.
When he woke my tears did fall;
But he said: "Let hope be strong;
For I haste, 'neath Paris' wall,
To avenge our country's wrong."
He went; and need I tell you how
I've prized his glass for many a day—
His glass for many a day?
'Grandame, and you have it now!
You have it now, you say!'

'Tis there. But ill the hero sped:
We have lost our chief renowned.
Whom a holy Pontiff crowned,
On a desert isle is dead!
Long we disbelieved the tale,
And hoped he would return once more;
On sea, we said, he spreads his sail,
Woe to the haughty strangers' shore!

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

When, alas, that dream was o'er,
How my heart was sad and drear!
My heart was sad and drear!
'God will bless thee, grandame, dear,
Will bless thee evermore.'

—BÉRANGER.

W. ANDERSON.

ROGER BONTEMPS.

To souls of melancholy mood
A bright example meant,
As o'er their miseries they brood,
Roger Bontemps was sent.
A merry life to lead, and free—
Your grumblers fools to hold—
Ha, ha! was the philosophy
Of Roger Bontemps bold!

In his papa's chapeau so grand,
To shine on festal days;
(With rosy wreath his skilful hand
Renewed its youth always!)
His threadbare mantle on to throw,
At least a score years old;
Ha, ha! now the attire you know
Of Roger Bontemps bold!

To own, within his little hut,
A bed and bench of pine;
Cards, flute, and flask wherein to put
What Heaven might send of wine;
A portrait of his mistress dear,
A press which nought did hold;
Ha, ha! these all the riches were
Of Roger Bontemps bold!

To shew the children of the town
Full many a trick of skill;
With tales of interest and renown
Their youthful ears to fill;
Each opera step to caper gay,
As jolly song he trolled;
Ha, ha! like you the learning, pray,
Of Roger Bontemps bold?

For want of wine of vintage proved,
Vin-ordinaire to quaff;

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

Since him no glittering countess loved,
With Mag to love and laugh ;
Each swiftly flying hour to load
With joys more prized than gold ;
Ha, ha ! behold the wisdom shewed
By Roger Bontemps bold !

To say to Heaven : ' I trust in Thee,
Father, by whom I live ;
Do Thou of my philosophy
The gaiety forgive !
May my last season blossoms bear,
A second spring new told !'
This ever was the humble prayer
Of Roger Bontemps bold !

Ye poor, who pine in envy keen ;
Ye rich, who hoard and store ;
Ye who have smiling prospects seen
Which now ye see no more ;
And ye who courtly honours lose
Round which your heart-strings hold ;
Ha, ha !—ha, ha !—for pattern choose
Our Roger Bontemps bold !

—BÉRANGER.

W. ANDERSON.

THE OLD CORPORAL

NOW, comrades, onward let us go !
Each man his musket firmly bear.
My pipe is lit—your love I know ;
Come, close this life of toil and care.
Dolt, in the service to grow gray !
But then you young recruits had need
Of your old corporal many a day.
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention ! march—quick march !

A cornet struck me—raw young fool !
I cut him down—he quickly healed.
I am condemned—you know the rule ;
The corporal to death must yield !
With rage and wine so fiercely nerved,
Nothing could stay my furious arm ;
Besides, Napoleon I had served !

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention ! march—quick march !

Recruits, you 'll scarce endure the loss
Of leg, or arm, for medal prized.
In those brave wars I gained my cross,
Where we so many kings capsized.
The ale-house scot you gladly free,
When I our bloody fights narrate ;
Well, that 's what glory means, you see !
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention ! march—quick march !

Robert, my fellow-townsmen—thou
To thy quiet flocks must get thee home.
Hold ! see these garden buds ; ere now,
In our sweet cantons they 're in bloom !
From early dawn, on woody hill,
I 've often strayed the live-long day :
Oh, my poor mother lives there still !
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention ! march—quick march !

What woman weeps and murmurs so ?
Ah ! 'tis the drummer's widow Jane !
In Russia, 'mid the sleet and snow,
I bore her son, with toil and pain,
Whole days and nights ; I saved her, too,
From her poor husband's frozen grave.
Pray for my soul, good Jeannette, do !
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention ! march—quick march !

See, my old pipe 's smoked out and dry !
No matter. Now, my comrades kind,
We are arrived ; good-bye—good-bye—
I beg my eyes you will not bind.
One favour still 'tis yours to give :
Be firm—aim well—God keep you all ;
And long and happy may you live !
Cheer, comrades, cheer !
Nay, shed no tear—
Attention ! march—quick march !

—BÉRANGER.

W. ANDERSON.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

THE MARSEILLAISE.*

COME, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurled ;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde ;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those banded serfs—what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought ?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought ?
You, Frenchmen, you, they would enchain ;
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire ;
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again ?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those marshalled foreigners—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth ?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth ?
God ! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands that slavish fetters wear ?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate ?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

* The history of this famous national war-song is the following : In the spring of 1792, when France was arming to resist the invasion of the country by the other powers of Europe who had leagued to put down the revolution, a body of volunteers was being organised in Strasbourg, and at a banquet given on the occasion, a young officer of engineers, named Rouget de Lille, who was known to be an amateur poet and musical composer, was asked to produce a war-song. The request was complied with, and in one night he produced a piece—words and music—which he called *The War-song of the Army of the Rhine*, the effect of which was electric, and whose fiery words soon resounded through the whole army of the North. Nevertheless, the song continued unknown in Paris, and was first sung there by the armed bands brought thither from Marseille by Barbaroux. It was received with transports by the Parisians, who, ignorant of its authorship, called it first *Hymne des Marseillais*, and finally *La Marseillaise*. Although no correct idea can be given in English of the beauty of the song in the original, the above may be regarded as a fair rendering of its spirit.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

Then tremble, tyrants—traitors all—
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise ;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might ;
And when our youthful heroes die,
Our France can well their place supply ;
We're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Yet generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows ;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.
But oh, those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey—
Death to the savage tiger-brood !
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the self-same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave ;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might ;
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents, haste ;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

LE RHIN ALLEMAND.

WHY, we have had it, your German Rhine ;
It has served to rinse our glasses ;
The boasting ballad you think so fine,
Will it heal the scar that passes,
Where our charging horse spilt German blood like wine ?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine.
There is a wound that is open ever,
Where Condé in triumph rent the vine-
Green robe of your sacred river.
Shall the son not follow the sire of his conquering line ?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine.
What availed your German virtue
When the Cæsar of France, that soul divine,
With his eagle talons hurt you ?
Where fell the bones of the men whose loss ye pine ?

Yes, we have had it, your German Rhine.
If you quite forget your history,
Your girls remember—their eyes would shine—
Of their glee they made no mystery,
As they brimmed our goblets with your weak white wine.

If it is yours, this German Rhine,
Why, lave your livery in it ;
But don't keep up such a boastful whine ;
In our eagle's fatal minute,
Your myriad ravens pecked at his sunny eyne.

Let it peacefully flow, your German Rhine,
Reflecting tower and steeple ;
But keep within a moderate line
The yell of your frantic people,
Lest ye wake our mighty dead from their rest divine !

—ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Globe newspaper.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

I I.—GERMAN.

CHIDHER.

SPOKE Chidher the immortal, the ever young ;

I passed by a city, a man stood near,
Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung ;

I asked : How long has the city been here ?

He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,

There was always a city on this spot,

And so there will be till Time is not.

Five hundred years rolled by, before

I was standing upon that spot once more.

Not a trace of the city could be seen ;

A shepherd lay piping his song alone,

His flocks were browsing the herbage green ;

I asked : How long has the city been gone ?

He said, while still on his pipe he played :

Fresh flowers spring up as the others fade ;

Here I and my flocks have ever strayed.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before :

I was standing upon that spot once more.

I found there a sea, with billows crested ;

A man was shooting his fishing-gear,

And as from the heavy draught he rested,

I asked : How long has the sea been here ?

He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke :

As long as these waves in foam have broke,

It has been the haunt of us fisher folk.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before :

I was standing upon that spot once more.

A tall spreading forest there I found,

And a woodman old in its shadows drear ;

The strokes of his axe broke the silence round :

I asked : How old is the forest here ?

He said : All the days of my life I've known

This forest a forest, and dwelt alone

'Mong trees, that ever were growing or grown.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before :

I was standing upon that spot once more.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

'Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
Of crowds on a festive holiday :
I asked : What time was the city founded ?
The forest, and sea, and pipe, where are they ?
They cried, of my question taking no thought :
'Twas always the same as now—this spot,
And so it will be till time is not.
And when five hundred years have rolled by, as before,
I 'll be standing upon that spot once more.

—RÜCKERT.

LOVE AND SUPERSTITION.

OH, never rudely will I blame this faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow ; yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace :
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths ; all these have vanished.
They live no longer in the faith of reason !
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names,
And to yon starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
With man as with their friend ; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
Shoot influence down : and even at this day
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings everything that 's fair !

—SCHILLER's *Piccolomini*.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

THE ABSENT.

LONELY—nay, that am I not !
Loving spirits and confiding,
By my distant hearth abiding,
Hover round me here.

Happy—nay, that am I not !
For these silent tears and burning
Witness well a secret yearning
For the far and dear.

Mournful—nay, that am I not !
For the friends of my affections
Wreathe me in their recollections,
And are ever near.

Hopeful—yes, that mood is mine !
Once again in home's sweet union
With the loved to join communion,
Fills my heart with cheer.

—*Anon.*

REV. H. THOMPSON.

THE FISHER.

THE water rushed and bubbled by—
An angler near it lay,
And watched his quill, with tranquil eye,
Upon the current play.
And as he sits in wasteful dream,
He sees the flood uncloze,
And from the middle of the stream
A river-maiden rose.

She sang to him with witching wile :
' My brood why wilt thou snare,
With human craft and human guile,
To die in scorching air ?
Ah ! didst thou know how happy we,
Who dwell in waters clear,
Thou wouldst come down at once to me,
And rest for ever here.

' The sun and lady-moon they lave
Their tresses in the main,
And, breathing freshness from the wave,
Come doubly bright again.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

The deep-blue sky, so moist and clear,
Hath it for thee no lure?
Does thine own face not woo thee down
Unto our waters pure?’

The water rushed and bubbled by—
It lapped his naked feet;
He thrilled as though he felt the touch
Of maiden kisses sweet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him—
Resistless was her strain—
Half-drawn, he sank beneath the wave,
And ne’er was seen again.

—GOETHE.

T. MARTIN.

THE MINSTREL.

‘WHAT sounds are those I hear, along
The drawbridge sweetly stealing?
Within our hall I’d have that song,
That minstrel measure, pealing.’
Then forth the little foot-page hied;
When he came back, the king he cried:
‘Bring in the aged minstrel!’

‘Good-even to you, lordlings all;
Fair ladies all, good-even.
Lo, star on star! Within this hall
I see a radiant heaven.
In hall so bright with noble light,
’Tis not for thee to feast thy sight,
Old man, look not around thee!’

He closed his eyne, he struck his lyre
In tones with passion laden,
Till every gallant’s eye shot fire,
And down looked every maiden.
The king, enraptured with his strain,
Held out to him a golden chain,
In guerdon of his harping.

‘The golden chain give not to me,
For noble’s breast its glance is,
Who meets and beats thy enemy,
Amid the shock of lances.
Or give it to thy chancellor—
Let him its golden burden bear,
Among his other burdens.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

'I sing as sings the bird, whose note
The leafy bough is heard on.
The song that falters from my throat
For me is ample guerdon.
Yet I'd ask one thing, an I might,
A draught of brave wine, sparkling bright
Within a golden beaker !'

The cup was brought. He drained its lees ;
'O draught that warms me cheerly !
Blest is the house, where gifts like these
Are counted trifles merely.
Lo, when you prosper, think on me,
And thank your God as heartily,
As for this draught I thank you !'

—GOETHE.

T. MARTIN.

THE KING OF THULE.

THERE was a king in Thule,
Was true unto the grave ;
A golden cup his lady love,
When dying, to him gave.
Nought prized the king so dearly
When drinking with his peers ;
As oft as his lips would touch it,
His eyes were filled with tears.
When death at last drew near him,
His towns he reckoned up,
Gladly he gave them all to his heir,
But not the golden cup.
Around the monarch's table
His knights were feasting free,
In the great hall of his fathers,
In his castle by the sea.
Rose up the hoary reveller,
And in his life's last glow,
He drank, and tossed the holy cup
Into the flood below.
He watched it plunge and bubble,
And sink deep into the sea,
And then his own eyes sank for aye,
And never more drank he.

—GOETHE.

J. M. ROSS.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

THE CASTLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

THERE stands an ancient castle
On yonder mountain height,
Where, fenced with door and portal,
Once tarried steed and knight.

But gone are door and portal,
And all is hushed and still;
O'er ruined wall and rafter
I clamber as I will.

A cellar with many a vintage
Once lay in yonder nook;
Where now are the cellarer's flagons,
And where is his jovial look?

No more he sets the beakers
For the guests at the wassail feast;
Nor fills a flask from the oldest cask
For the duties of the priest.

No more he gives on the staircase
The stoup to the thirsty squires,
And a hurried thanks for the hurried gift
Receives, nor more requires.

For burned are roof and rafter,
And they hang begrimed and black;
And stair, and hall, and chapel,
Are turned to dust and wrack.

Yet, as with song and cittern,
One day when the sun was bright,
I saw my love ascending
The slopes of yon rocky height;

From the hush and desolation
Sweet fancies did unfold,
And it seemed as they had come back again,
The jovial days of old.

As if the stateliest chambers
For noble guests were spread,
And out from the prime of that glorious time
A youth a maiden led.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

And, standing in the chapel,
The good old priest did say :
'Will ye wed with one another ?'
And we smiled and we answered 'Yea !'

We sung, and our hearts they bounded
To the thrilling lays we sung,
And every note was doubled
By the echo's catching tongue.

And when, as eve descended,
The hush grew deep and still,
And the setting sun looked upward
On that great castled hill ;

Then far and wide, like lord and bride,
In the radiant light we shone—
It sank ; and again the ruins
Stood desolate and lone !

—GOETHE.

T. MARTIN.

MIGNON'S SONG.

KNOWEST thou the land where the pale citron grows,
And the gold orange through dark foliage glows ?
A soft wind flutters from the deep-blue sky,
The myrtle blooms, and towers the laurel high.
Knowest thou it well ?

O there with thee !

O that I might, my own beloved one, flee !

Knowest thou the house ? On pillars rest its beams,
Bright is its hall, in light one chamber gleams,
And marble statues stand, and look on me—
What have they done, thou hapless child, to thee ?
Knowest thou it well ?

O there with thee !

O that I might, my loved protector, flee !

Knowest thou the track that o'er the mountain goes,
Where the mule threads its way through mist and snows,
Where dwelt in caves the dragon's ancient brood,
Topples the crag, and o'er it roars the flood.
Knowest thou it well ?

O come with me !

There lies our road—oh, father, let us flee !

—GOETHE.

T. MARTIN.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine :
' Long live the Swabian land !

' The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men,
And the nut-brown maidens there.'

' Ha ! ' cried a Saxon, laughing—
And dashed his beard with wine—
' I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

' The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !'

' Hold your tongues, both Swabian and Saxon !'
A bold Bohemian cries ;
' If there 's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

' There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle
Over mountain-gorge and bourn.'

• • •
And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said : ' Ye may no more contend—
There lies the happiest land !'

LONGFELLOW.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

W H I T H E R ?

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave ;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave ;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside ;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going ?
Whither, O brooklet, say !
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur ?
That can no murmur be ;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur
And wander merrily near ;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

—MÜLLER.

LONGFELLOW.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

' HAST thou seen that lordly castle,
That Castle by the Sea ?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

' And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below ;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.'

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

'Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.'

'The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
'The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?'

'The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.'

'And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

'Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there;
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?'

'Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!'

—UHLAND.

LONGFELLOW.

THE GERMAN NATIONAL SONG.*

WHICH is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussian land? Is't Swabian land?
Is't where on Rhine the red grapes hang;
Where o'er the Baltic sea-mews clang?
Oh, no, no, no;
His Fatherland must wider go.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Styrian or Bavarian land?
Is't where the Marsen's herds do wind?
Is't where the Markers iron find?
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

* The above is a literal translation of Arndt's famous national song, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

Which is the German's Fatherland—
Westphalian or Pomeranian land?
Is't where the sand from sea down blows?
Is't where the Danube foaming flows?
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So name to me that mighty land—
The land of Hofer or of Tell?
Both land and people love I well!
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So name to me that mighty land.
The Austrian land it sure must be,
With glory crowned, and victory.
Oh, no, no, no, &c.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So name me finally that land.
Wide as the German free tongue springs,
And hymns to God in heaven sings—
That shall it be!
That land, brave German, given to thee.

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where foreign folly scorn doth brand;
Where all that's brave 'neath hate must bend;
Where all that's noble name we friend.
That shall it be!

That whole the German land shall be.
That whole the German land shall be.
Oh, God of heaven! hither see,
And give us genuine German soul,
That we may love it high and whole.
That shall it be!

That whole the German land shall be!

THE RHINE-WATCH.*

A ROAR like thunder strikes the ear,
Like clang of arms or breakers near.

* The *Rhine-Watch*, which, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, suddenly became the favourite patriotic hymn of the whole German nation, superseding, in a manner, the former one by Arndt, was called forth in 1840 by the threatening attitude of France. The author was Max Schneckenburger, a native of Württemberg, who died in 1851. The translation is by Mr G. Solling.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

'On for the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, my beloved Rhine?'
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from every eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil,
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

The heart may break in agony,
Yet Frenchman thou shalt never be.
In water rich is Rhine; thy flood,
Germania, rich in heroes' blood.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

When heavenwards ascends the eye
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows,
And German marksmen take their stand,
No foe shall tread our native land.
Dear Fatherland, thou needs not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

We take the pledge. The stream runs by;
Our banners, proud, are wafting high
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We all die for our native Rhine.
Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here.

THE LORELEI.

I KNOW not the source of my sadness,
Nor what can its meaning be;
A legend of far-off ages
Comes strangely back to me.

SELECTIONS FROM FRENCH AND GERMAN POETRY.

The air is cool in the gloaming ;
And softly flows the Rhine ;
Afar on the peak of the mountain
The evening sunbeams shine.

Lo ! yonder the loveliest maiden,
Bedecked with jewels rare,
Alone, on a rock in the river,
Sits combing her golden hair.

She combs it with comb all-golden,
And sings a song the while ;
'Tis a strange and wondrous music ;
For the heart it can beguile.

A wild dread suddenly seizes
The sailor in his skiff ;
He sees not the black reefs before him,
He looks but aloft to the cliff.

Under the darkening waters
The boat and its master are gone ;
And that with her fatal singing
The Lorelei hath done.

—HEINE.
28

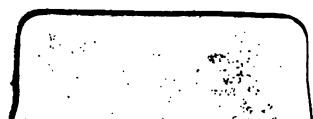
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